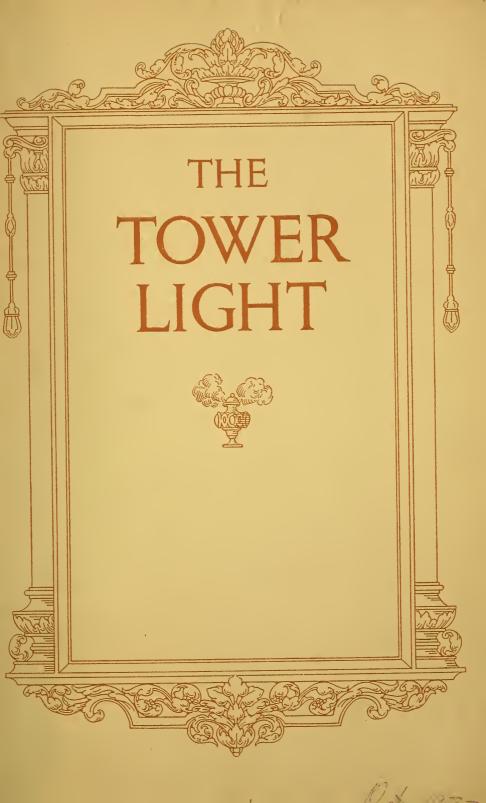






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# The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School at Towson

Towson, Md.

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## The Tower Light

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No 1

### Registering and Registering

R EGISTRATION DAY may just mean registration day to the outsider but the freshmen and juniors at Normal find special and vastly

different meanings for it.

As a freshman on the morning of registration day one steps down from the street car and somewhat hesitantly wends one's way toward the spacious temple of erudition. One wonders if all those people are going to the school or if the other freshmen have just brought along a few of the family and relatives to ward off that first lonely feeling; for, despite the crowd, it is a lonely feeling. It's not like going back to the old school, so supremely assured and at ease. Seeing others warmly welcome old friends doesn't help matters much, either.

Well, anyway, one has reached the top of the steps, what now? Perhaps you ask a fellow sufferer what to do and perhaps his response gives you only that satisfaction we humans find in mutual helplessness or —let's be optimistic and say that one finally finds oneself in line with many others. After that, it's not quite so bad. It's surprising how much better others' smiles and little attempts to help, make one feel in those first moments of bafflement. And so through the maze of tags, cards, questionnaires, receipts, schedules, appointments and whatnot, the ordeal proceeds.

To the junior, registration comes so easy. The warm feeling of old friendship supplants that of wonder and bafflement. Even the gravel of the driveway seems to have the power of bringing to mind so many past experiences though we glance at it so casually, hardly noticing. It seems just like another day, except that the street car wasn't crowded. In fact, if one hadn't recognized a vaguely familiar face or so, one would have been sure it was a mistake and this wasn't registration day after all. But upon entering the building one is assured. At least some of one's friends—for they are all friends now—have made their appearance. "Where's the crowd?" they reply to your query, "Why, we have until four this afternoon to register. There's no hurry, you know."

Then there's the usual "awfully glad to see you back again," "Have a good time this summer," "Fine, thanks, are you glad to be back?"

and so on. Aside from the excitement of greeting old friends again it's like mid-year registration day. You've become so accustomed to school that its atmosphere is a part of you. And so through the round of tags, registration cards, receipts, schedules, and more, all culminating in one grand fuss about the "tough schedule", Registration day is over for the junior, too!

Adelaide Tober, Junior 4

# "The Freshman; His Nature and His Needs"

RESHMEN are curios. There is no doubt about that. Everyone admits it and almost everyone has attempted to explain in writing the freshman phenomena, from the high-school senior as a last minute inspiration, to the noted psychologist who explains the various complexes of the minds of freshmen. The freshman at Normal is undergoing a complete renovation of his intellectual powers and, at the same time, is burdened by overpowering cross currents racing through his head.

A freshman has an inferiority complex. After the first two days, the bright, shining casing of his brain is considerably dulled due to vigorous attempts to dig up fossils of per cent, decimals, half-note rests and many other inhabitants of his brain in the elementary years. At the beginning of the next week, he is a total wreck all around. To begin, he doesn't know where to find the theory of mitosis. He feels, however, that, after two library instruction periods, he should know and that if he doesn't, something is wrong somewhere. Yet, due to his bashfulness, he refrains from asking and begins to formulate his own ideas about mitosis. And thereby hangs another tale. He becomes a victim of "beating around the bush." He flounders hopelessly but, still hoping to make an impression of one kind or another, he keeps on trying. After a day or two, he realizes that beating around the bush is just one circle after another. Seeing one of his classmates in the library, he starts to go over and question him as to the whereabouts of mitosis. The question arises, what will the classmate think—I've been around here four days and I'm still hunting for mitosis; maybe I'd better not go over to him because he will think I'm hopeless. Mitosis hangs low over the head of the freshman, causing him to walk slowly with a bent back but still harboring a feeble hope in his already hopeless brain.

The library is not the only influence in a freshman's life. Clubs and their try-outs shadow him continually. I can't try for Mummer's because of my cowlick and my pug nose, he thinks—they would look terrible from the stage. Little does he realize that he would suit a butler or a gangster role perfectly. Glee Club try-outs are enough to give even a junior an inferiority complex, especially if he has a voice that resounds on his larynx with a nervous pulsation. Hunting up his locker also nourishes an inferiority complex. This sounds silly but after one has followed green lockers up and down on both sides of the hall several times and still finds that after 476 comes 238, he begins to lose confidence in himself. He begins thinking up games to acquaint himself with the number system in order not to appear too stupid. But when a prospective teacher begins playing counting games in the middle of the second floor hall, things commence to look dark and dreary.

But the things that are stumping most freshmen are the orientation courses. It's rather a difficult problem to find anything oriental about math or education. One ambitious freshman consulted Webster as to the meaning of "orient" and found it to mean a "turning toward the east." The problem was to decide next just what "east" would mean at Normal School. With that step, the freshman dropped the matter entirely, summing the episode up by mumbling to himself, "What I don't know won't hutt me."

An inferiority complex tends to cover all the charms of a freshman. He has sincere ambitions and earnestly tries although his conception of the word "tries" is rather vague. Many a freshman is hoping that he will be signed up on the hop scotch team so that he will be able to prove his ability in that line. Others are hoping that some day they will overcome their backwardness of one form or another. A form of backwardness is overtalkativeness in order to cover bashfulness. No doubt there are others who likewise hope for the same.

The great problem facing the world today, that is, the school world, is how may a freshman become his natural self. It takes a great deal of will power and determination to pull one's self up to his own level after having been placed in an inferior position by one's self. But the freshman himself is the answer to his own needs. He must realize that he is not the only one suffering but that many others are keeping him company. He has simply to orient himself to his surroundings.

The sooner he realizes this the quicker he will become more like a junior. However I hope that time is not in the near future, because, after all, one must have *something* to write about!

ELEANOR GOEDEKE, Freshman III

#### A Castle

TN THE SOMBER darkness of night, the towers of the ancient castle loom up into an opaque, cloud-filled sky. These lofty citadels have creeping about them the grim atmosphere of ghosts and spectres. The spookiness of the shadows crawling past the tall, narrow-framed windows gives one a feeling of frenzied horror. At any moment, one expects to see a troop of apparitions come marching quietly and stealthily from behind a portion of the imposing second story. The bushes and shrubbery which surround the mansion add to the strange, deep gloom by the murmur of their incessant rustling, a movement caused by a slight, mild breeze. The winding paths and especially some steps, which slope mysteriously down the embankment, lead to different entrances to this castle. The heavy doors are guarded by strong locks, lest some foreign goblin try to gain admittance. Steps lead down to the slimy waters which surround the slope. It seems as if the castle is situated on a deserted, haunted island. From the depths come the faint sounds of the dark waters rolling upon the grassy part of the slope, and the soft splash on the stones. But in the midst of this gloomy quietude stands out the everlasting impression of something supernatural.

ANNETTE LIEBERMAN, Junior XI

#### Sonnet

You made me cry today as 'tho I'd met Perhaps, a tragedy, wherein too soon Some noble soul and dear was lost at noon Of life, when 'twas but for your pain I let My heart be shown. Your little care is set Into a world so full of cares. The tune Of joy you sang has waned as some pale moon Has waned and died—just that, so trite, and yet Somehow your smiling lips which hide a heart So sad, have made me feel as if some one Had chipped a piece from off the earth. Believed I once, I'd hate the one who took a part Of me for grief. They'd say my strength was gone. Today I smile amidst my tears, relieved.

SARA KORNBLATT, Junior 4

#### Autumn

Autumn is a gypsy maid, Surely you must know; Don't you see the colors bright? And feel her cool breath blow?

The pumpkins glist'ning in the sun, Are gold this maiden gives,— The corn stalks stacked up in the field, Are tents in which she lives.

See! Her cloak, once new and green, Is now a dingy brown,—
The leaves now turning red and gold, Are trimmings on her gown.

Poor Gypsy maid, she's torn her dress! See the fragments fly? Some drop down upon the earth, The rest whirl toward the sky.

Of course you know this maiden, Who comes but once a year! She tells us that there's fun on hand,— For Autumn days are here.

RIBERO WILLEY, 1931

#### Morning

Morning opens her drowsy eyes
Dazzles the world with her smile
Awakes life with her song
Takes the dew from the hillsides
Stirs the city into bustle and din
Then gracefully gives way to afternoon.

A. WILHELM, Junior 4

### "My Picture of Santa Catalina"

FF the coast of Southern California lies a mountainous island of rare charm. As is truly advertised there is "No trip in all the world like this."

Part of the lure of Catalina is its island courtesy. As the steamer approaches the shore, airplanes and speedboats come out to greet the passengers and to cut capers for their amusement. From the slopes of a mountain the old carillon chimes forth "I'm Going Back to Avalon," and the people in their picturesque beach costumes gather behind chalk lines to welcome old friends and newcomers. There is a happy feeling of expectancy, for this island breathes of adventure and romance.

Yachts and sailboats roll gently on Avalon Bay; they are old friends of the island. A small craft glides by the wharf, a scimitar shaped boat trimmed in red, "The Gray Dawn" painted on the sides. A strong youth paddles it gracefully thru the clear water. There is a glimpse of a gleaming paddle;—Catalina is casting its spell. Far down thru the green waters there is a flash of pearl from an abalone shell, the silvery streak of a smelt, or the sudden splash of a coral perch dying the waters around with its reflections. There is much of beauty in Avalon Bay and the charm of it lingers long.

A group of excited onlookers out at the end of Pleasure Pier are discussing the merits of the latest big catch, a four hundred pound swordfish. This time the honor goes to a woman. The old fishermen wag their heads in reluctant approval and with little encouragement are soon reminiscing. The thrill of deep sea fishing holds the crowd together for a while until the voice of a ticket agent breaks in upon the reveries of the old "Salts."

The motorboat trip to Cataline Isthmus is presented so vividly that many are soon comfortably seated in the "Betty O," and looking forward to a delightful scenic ride of thirty miles. "One good turn deserves another," and there seems to be no end to the twistings and curvings of the shore as the coves, inlets, and caves come into view. Pirate caves, such as adventurous boys dream about, are the source of many blood-curdling legends. Indians, too, once roamed the island and left their traces in the peculiar names of some of the quarries. Two bald eagles from their vantage point on the mountain peaks look arrogantly down at the small boat as it passes Twin Rocks. A school of silver fish ruffles the calm sea ahead of the boat. A flying fish sails suddenly out of the water in a sweeping arc—leaving only the memory of dark gleaming wings. A huge whitish rock in the distance turns out to be Birds' Island, where all varieties of sea birds make their home. Evidently they

believe in a "shining palace" built upon the rocks! A white fishing smack looms up. There is a view of the small Isthmus harbor with yachts, motorboats, sailboats, and rowboats crowding each other in friendly fashion.

Palm trees fringe a pebbly beach. An Hawaiian movie "set" adds a bit of atmosphere. Many abandoned sets interest the visitors and shatter a few of their pet illusions about moonlight and romantic Hawaii. A trail leads across the island which is only a quarter of a mile wide at this point. Desert scenes—a few sparse palmettos, sand, and a cactus proudly displaying a single vivid flower livens up the scene. In the distance lies an old Chinese junk, resting in the shallowness of a low tide. The walk is pleasant, and many lovely shells are found along the beach. After a while the "Betty O" chugs back to Pleasure Pier. Along the homeward trip a school of flying fish, excited by the boat, and three fat seals crowding each other on a buoy, delight the passengers.

The undersea gardens are at their best in August when the purple kelp bursts into bloom. At other times the glass bottomed boats "reveal the wonders of the sea" in the form of oddly colored shells, queer formations of sea weed and many bizarre tropical fish.

Although the attractions of Catalina are many, the sunsets are unforgetable; palm trees silhouetted against a sky of flame and turquoise, mountain peaks miserly hugging the last wisp of silver, and water of emerald and orchid!

At the close of day when lights along the shore send shining ribbons of color into the bay, a vibrant darkness fills the island. It is hushed. Is it resting then—or whispering its most potent charms? Only true island lovers ever know.

MARGUERITE SIMMONS, Junior 2

#### City Streets

The city streets are loud and gay, With lights and crowds and noise—A million woes and sorrows A million cares and joys—I like to steal off to the park And sit beneath a stately tree, Whose quiet calm and friendly air, Seems to comfort me.

A. L. S., Junior 7

### Out-of-Doors In Autumn

"Now the quietude of earth Nestles deep my heart within; Friendships new and strange have birth Since I left the city's din."

HAVE YOU ever paused in the woods on a bronze autumn day? If you have, and were conscious of the splashes of color displayed you have glimpsed something of the misty twilight of the year, for the golden glow of autumn awakens in us the knowledge that Nature

is saying farewell and soon all will be gray and still.

Look at the brightly colored trees against the velvet azure of the sky. The golden poplars and scarlet maples blend in with the brown of the oaks while the cones of the garnet sumac glow in the sunlight. Noiselessly the dead leaves flutter to the ground only to be picked up and romped along with the breeze. When we watch the leaves at play and see the trees' flame of color across the sky we are reminded that for the present Nature is almost asleep. But we are renewed in spirit when drinking in the brisk autumn air even though we are saddened to realize that through all the splendor and display we can see the closing hour of Nature's life.

Can you feel the spirit of the woods as you pause on a bronze autumn day? If you can, you will find the joy that comes to all true Nature lovers as you travel along the trail that leads through God's great out-of-doors.

EDNA IKENA, Junior 1

#### By The Sea

I like to go down to the seashore When waves dash wild and high When the sting of salt is in my face, And clouds hang low in the sky. I love the cool of the rushing winds— The roar of breakers on the rocks, The swirl of water high and wide Against the lonely docks. The ghosts of ships, the ghosts of sea Of days that are no more A tale of bright tomorrows— Of things all gone before I like to go down to the seashore When waves dash wild and high And sing a song to the speeding gulls As they go winging by.

### New Books

S EPTEMBER is always an exciting time in the library, because there awaits one the joy of prying open big wooden boxes of new books, and seeing what treasures are ready to be haled forth.

Most of our new books ordered in June are requested by the Faculty for the enrichment of the various courses, but there are a few already on the new book shelves, chosen because of their contribution to general information or pure enjoyment.

Among these are the novels "And Now Goodbye" by James Hilton, a story of clerical life and romance in England; "State Fair" by Phil Stone, a picture of Iowa life today and how a prize pig is entangled with the romantic adventure of two young people; "Shadow of the Crown", by Ivy Bolton who writes a historical novel about the Knights of Malta! and "Westward Passage" for those who liked Mrs. Bames' "Years of Grace".

For lovers of mystery and detective stories, there are "What Dread Hand" by E. Gill; "Miss Pinkerton" by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Monkey Boat" by N. Trott; and two collections, "The Supernatural Omnibus" and "Best American Mystery stories of the year", edited by Carolyn Wells.

Juvenile fiction includes "Waterless Mountain", the beautiful and poetic story of a Navajo boy, for which its author, Mrs. Armer, received the Newberry prize. Also Rachel Field's "Calico Bush", a story of colonial days in Maine, as interesting for adults as for girls; The Gays' "Shire Colt" uniquely illustrated and beautifully made, although some may find fault with the pictures because they do not actually look like the little colts we see grazing by their mothers; and Elinor Whitney's "Try all Ports".

In psychology, interesting titles are "Quiz Yourself" and "The Wholesome Personality". There are many educational titles, and in addition several books which will be referred to by many departments, for their valuable material. Such are Hartley's "Mediaeval Costume and Life"; Chapman's "Pony Express"; and Hawks' "Romance of the Merchant Ship".

There were some fine new art books: "The Art Teacher" by Lemos; "Art of the Child", by Pelikan; and "Fine Arts" by Tannahill, besides a

number of other books on gardens and furniture.

Music has some good new titles such as "Singing Cowboys", and the theatre has a new history, "The Theatre from Athens to Broadway". "Capstan Bars" will be used by both English and Music departments for its sea chanteys.

Literature and travel both have their quota of new books; and in

biography we have "Mozart" by Davenport; the autobiography of Lincoln Steffens; and Baring's "In My End is My Beginning", which is a biography of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. This is uniquely told with four separate narratives by Mary Fleming, Mary Beton; Mary Livingston and Mary Seton, who were the four Marys, maids of honor, or ladiesin-waiting to the romantic and beautiful but ill-starred Mary who was successively Queen of France, Queen of Scotland, and claimant to the throne of England.

The library has never enough history to meet all needs, hence additions have been made to ancient history, including "Egypt and its Monuments" by Hichens, a beautifully illustrated book; to mediaeval history; and to colonial American history with Jernegan's "American Colonies", besides duplicates of titles already in use. Gaps in the story of our country have been filled in with such books as Ghent's "The Early Far West" and "The Road to Oregon", up to present day affairs as told in Frederick Allen's "Only Yesterday".

M. L. O.

### Maryland State Library Association Meets at Chestertown

N Monday, September 12th, librarians of the Maryland Library Association met at Washington College, Chestertown. The group from the Western shore met at the pier on Light Street, to take the ferry to Tolchester. There they were conveyed by 'bus and private auto to Chestertown, where they were greeted by Dr. Titsworth. Librarians from the Eastern Shore joined the group in the auditorium, where Dr. Titsworth narrated most entertainingly the history of this college named for George Washington and endowed by him. Dr. Apple of Hood College closed the morning meeting with a short address.

The librarians were served a delicious luncheon by the College, after which there was a symposium around the tables. Many short book reviews were given, including new titles of fiction, biography, and other forms of literature, a particularly fine review of Lewisohn's "Expression in America" being given by Dr. Brown of the Enoch Pratt Library.

The afternoon was devoted to round table discussions of problems in school and public library work, and the day concluded with a delightful trip back to Baltimore across the bay, with a sunset and a moonrise to add their beauty.

### And Life Goes On

#### VICKI BAUM

HEN Vicki Baum wrote "Grand Hotel" she became a literary sensation. Perhaps the most striking feature of "Grand Hotel" was its interesting character portrayal. To say the very least it was tremendously skillful. In her second book, "And Life goes On" Vicki Baum has not failed in her ability to make her characters colorful. She has done this in a comparatively drab setting. In a very small village in Germany, Elizabeth, a doctor's wife, is the real household drudge, dedicating her life to the scientific cause in her husband's work, and her child. One does not see much glamour in the life of this woman who spends her day scrubbing medical laboratories, baths, and instruments, cooking special diets for patients, and trying to make ends meet and at the same time pay for equipment bought by the doctor.

The whole aspect of this woman's life is changed by an accident which takes place outside the little town. The monotonous routine of her life is broken by the care of Peter Karbon, an automobile tire magnate, who is injured in an accident. He is quartered in the doctor's house and eventually becomes the being of Elizabeth, who has tasted so little of

life.

The entire town becomes disrupted by the accident. Trodden factory workers become frenzied strikers; a pampered actress of Berlin knows the bitterness of loneliness and neglect; tyrants become arbitrators—each character, so beautifully portrayed by Vicki Baum, becomes essential in the carrying out of the plot.

Many characters in numerous stations of life become involved in the clutches of inevitable circumstances, are carried into a whirlpool of

emotions, finally to emerge—And Life Goes On.

### Night Flight

#### ANTOINE DE ST.-EXUPERY

Night Flight—ultra modern in its theme, setting, and style.

A night flight for air-mail service is introduced in Buenos Aires by Riviere, chief of the pilots and responsible for the entire service; a man of many emotions but showing none through his mask of stern discipline and duty. Three lines are run: the Patagonia line, the line from Chile, and the Paraguay line, converging from south, west and north on Buenos Aires. In "Night Flight" one lives through the night, sharing the anxiety, problems and satisfaction of this great project.

The author has caught the spirit of aviation even in his style.

Monotonous? No! The book is great.

### Kamongo

HOMER W. SMITH

Publ: Viking Press

Kamongo is the native African name for the lung-fish which is found in Africa in the Lake Victoria Region. The fish is capable of living in a dried river bed for many months, existing in the hard earth without water, kidneys paralysed, blood concentrated, life at its lowest ebb.

Joel, a scientist, endeavors to obtain these fish in a living state to bring to the laboratories for experimentation. The experiences and experiments of Joel, who is working with Kamongo, at times seem utterly incredible.

Aside from the very interesting scientific point-of-view, there is a philosophical theme carried throughout the book, brought about through the conversation of Joel and a very human English clergyman aboard the boat en route to his respective post—Joel, a scientist, the clergyman, a missionary.

Kamongo is unusual in that it is read with the ease of light fiction but leaves one enwrapped in thought, curiosity and perhaps amazement. The book has proved its merit in that it is a selection of the Book-of-the Month Club. Aside from the benefit which you might gain as a teacher, you'll enjoy reading this little book.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE, 1931

#### Resurgence

Each morn we rise to face the newborn day With new ambition surging in our hearts And act our own peculiar, private parts In Life, the only never ending play. We do not let our troubles steal away The joy in life existence still imparts, And yet at times the black, discordant darts Of Sorrow will remind us we are clay.

We rally when we see the glowing dawn.
Sometimes we doubt with hearts in anguish torn;
But still we think that when we journey on
We, like the White Winged Angel, are reborn...
The everlasting spark in human brawn
Lies in the hope of every golden morn.
ERNEST ILGENFRITZ, Junior 3

### Maryland State Normal School as Represented at Timonium Fair

ALIFORNIA OR BUST!" were the words which first attracted the spectator to the Maryland State Normal School exhibit. This was the goal of those young boys in School No. 98 who made the covered wagon bearing this boast. Along with the covered wagon was an Eskimo sled with its Eskimo doll as driver, both of which were products of the activity period in a transportation unit.

Transportation was only one of the many units represented. Among the other work from city training centers were a Holy Land Unit, an Indian Unit, and part of the Colonial Unit. From the county schools came another part of the Colonial Unit, and many fine examples of composition, letter writing, and drawings. The Campus Elementary School had a large representation of art work from the Kindergarten through the seventh grade. The songs written and composed by the sixth grade were quite a marvel to the public. The display of the Campus Elementary School Year Book showing the different drawings and designs made by the children themselves, was of much interest

However, the elementary school children didn't have all the exhibit; we Normal School students also had our share to demonstrate our policy, that we, as future teachers, learn to do ourselves what we shall expect the children to do, so that we may guide with a much greater understanding. There was a large section from the library representing some of the new books for children; how we teach children to read many references on a single subject, then to file their reports. The comparison of new and old readers was of lively interest to our friends who attended the schools of yesterday as were the charts showing our modern method of testing and grading children in reading.

This year a new system was tried out. Each morning and afternoon there were two or three girls from the student body, to explain the exhibit to those who were really interested. In this way the public had a chance to ask questions and be answered intelligently, while Normal School was getting a chance to explain and show some of the new methods of education to a widespread public. This is a far from boring task when you have such distinguished visitors as the Governor, Albert C. Ritchie, as well as all the people of all the state that are interested in the work being done at our various training centers, by the elementary school children under the supervision of the Maryland State Normal School students, who are doing their practice teaching.

DOROTHY BECKER, Junior 8

### "Visiting Georgia Teachers' College"

AN you imagine a student from the Maryland State Normal School going to an assembly period during the summer holidays and enjoying it? Such was my experience when I visited the Georgia State Teacher's College this summer:

I was told that the students in the school were full-fledged teachers who were taking their summer work. As the student-body entered the auditorium, I noticed that all were *young* men and women. Another thing which I noticed was that men students were not scarce but plentiful.

The speaker, Dr. Hastings, had a real message to give to teachers and I wish that every student in my own school might have heard him. Dr. Hastings said, "Be sure that you have an ideal and a goal, but don't let this goal be money or a degree. In the hands of the teachers of the United States, lies the material and framework for the building of a greater America. When you, as teachers, look over the faces of the children in your classrooms, don't see Johnny, who chews gum, or Jane, who passes notes. Look ahead! See those youngsters, not as they are, but as they will become."

The school orchestra played during the programme. While the numbers were not quite as elaborate as "Country Gardens", the fine old pieces such as "My Old Kentucky Home" were a delight to the ear. A quartet of male voices also sang negro spirituals.

Following the chapel period, I was taken for a tour of the grounds. The first building which was exhibited for my inspection was the gym. This was a new building built by the alumni. Under the gym the opportunity summer school was holding classes. The children in these classes were backward children. Here the students of the college observed.

I visited the swimming pool. The instructor told us that classes are held here to teach non-swimmers and to perfect the stroke of swimmers.

The school consisted of eight buildings and several tents. The tents were used by the men students because the school was overcrowded and the women students were occupying the men's dorms.

I was told that the South had only recently provided such opportunities for its teachers. The states below the Mason-Dixon line are awakening and this beautiful school proclaims it to the world. The first step has been taken for better education in the South.

Frances Fantom, Junior 8

#### Instrumental Music

THE Normal School Orchestra organized and held its first rehearsal on Monday, Sept. 19. Virginia Cable, of Junior 2, was elected president and Dorothy Olert, of Junior 4, secretary. At present, the membership is as follows:

Violins Cello Eunice Burdette Leonard Kulacki Cornets Michael Saltzman Vivian Cord Frances Steiner Eleanor Sterbak Erma Grafton Piano Dorothy Hendrix Irma Zipp Raymond Dugan Tympani and Drums Frank Zeichmer Harris Baer Morris Hoffman Woodwind Alice Rodkey Dorothy Olert Louise Wenk Elwood Beam Malcolm Davies Ernest Ilginfritz Organ Virginia Cable Elizabeth Lephardt

There are several applicants for the second cello and the double bass, but the successful contestant has not yet been chosen.

At the Assembly for clubs on Wednesday, September 14, the Orchestra was represented by Virginia Cable who spoke of its activities and Leonard Kulacki who played the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana by Mascagni.

An invitation has been extended to the Orchestra by the Community of Sparks to play in its auditorium for a community gathering. It will be remembered that the Orchestra played at Sparks on an evening early in March of last year.

On October 2, at the Y. W. C. A. candle-light service Leonard Kulacki played the Ave Maria by Bach-Gounod.

For the first time, a saxophone ensemble has been organized. This is an entirely separate organization, meeting for rehearsals during the fourth hour on Tuesdays and Thursdays. These students are practicing school songs and getting ready to attempt larger things. Donald Schwanebeck is chairman. Other members of the ensemble are Elwood Beam, Dorothy Olert, Raymond Dugan, Ruth Kreis and Ida Mae Shipe.

A piano ensemble under the chairmanship of Virginia Cable met for the first rehearsal on Wednesday, Sept. 21 at the fourth hour. Not all of the members have been chosen yet, though several people have tried out. Very soon a violin quartet will be formed with Leonard Kulacki as chairman. The members will be selected from the violinists of the Orchestra.

### Hollywood Birthday Party

(Aug.-Sept.)

HELLO, OPERATOR—give me 708 and get it quick like they do in the movies!"

"Hello, Normal? We had our screen tests for stardom in Richmond Hall Parlor—but first of all, the visiting stars, Laurel and Hardy, Una Merkel, Mary Pickford, Janet Gaynor, Colleen Moore, M. Chevalier, and others were entertained at dinner in Miss Sperry's garden, where tables were arranged informally.

Unique place cards with a hand-painted border of holly, had small pieces of wood attached. A star's picture on one side and the menu on the other—with "such as" Gaynor and Farrell, Melba; Montgomery All Star Number; etc., carried out the Hollywood theme.

After dinner, in Richmond Hall Parlor the lucky birthday guests were given screen tests. To the shout of the director, each passed in front of the camera and represented one of the stars. Connie Bennett was given a retake and ordered to "roll the eyes a trifle more". The business-like director thought M. Chevalier needed "a little more swagger" with his song "One Hour With You". Laurel and Hardy arrived late. They were numbered for a retake but got temperamental. (Sh-h-h! Can you picture Miss Gross playing double?) And can you imagine it, the sassy director asked Miss Colleen Moore for "a little more blase"!

The "gals" got a few pointers from the short talks, especially from Miss Bader's "Why are Blondes so Fascinating?" (because they're modest. Ouch!), and "How to be Exotic" by Miss Shue. "Future Material for Hollywood in M. S. N. S." by Dr. Abercrombie gave us all a wee sma' hope. These talks with, "How to be Sophisticated", and "How Television Will Affect Us", have made the birthday guest wiser, and I hope, more exotic and sophisticated.

N. RITTER

#### Autumn

I walk today through fields
Where softness sweeps in color
deep beneath a dusky sky,
And hills stretch up their blue
and purple shadowed woods
Into the great sweet bowl above.

Some singing spirit of the air
Whose heart is whimsy
And whose step is light,
Has blown her misty breath
in whispers, all about this day
And with her dreaming fingers
cupped the earth,
And softly blurred its colors into depths.

A bird who wings and curves across the sky I yearn to be, And follow her.

"Over the hills and far away"—
"Over the hills and far away"—

MARY ANN DOUGLAS

#### Early Evening

Sunset and shadows
One lone star in the sky
A tree against the deep ning blue
A whippoorwill's lone cry,
A smile from one unknown, unseen,
Lights up the fading day,
A curtain made of dusk is drawn
And night is on its way.

A. L. S., Junior 7

## The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

#### This New Adventure

O YOU REALIZE, class of 1935, that you have started on a new adventure? Not all of you have had the same background: you have come here from different homes, different schools, and with different ideas. It is going to be a trifle hard, perhaps, for you to accustom yourselves to the new environment and the new people whom you will meet. If you are able to adjust yourselves at once to the new situation you will be well on your way towards your ultimate goal, since easy adjustment is one of the primary factors in meeting the demands of life.

Do not think the way is going to be an easy one; it isn't. You will, encounter many stumbling blocks in your path. But what goal is worth achieving that is not worth working for? Everyone of you wishes to make the most of this adventure; so a few suggestions may help you as you travel on. Ask questions, when in doubt, of those older and wiser than yourself; those who have profited by years of experience in the teaching field. Investigate your surroundings, for in them you will find much that is beautiful. Make good use of your spare time and do your level best always.

ELISE SHUE

### Crescamus (Let us Grow)

This is the motto of the Junior class. We have lived by it for one year and are going to live by it for the years to come.

We have grown as a class in understanding and appreciating the school and what it stands for. We have accepted the responsibility that the school and its organization have placed upon us, and have been broadened by the acceptance of such responsibility. If we have grown in the past year let us continue to accept greater responsibilities, and take the steps necessary for the development of continued growth as individuals and as a school so that we may finish all our undertakings in unison and harmony.

Doris Elliott, Secretary
JIMMY DUGAN, President





#### Seen and Heard

(Editorial Note—hereafter to be written "Ed. Note"). The spirit of cooperation that is so evident at the Maryland State Normal School has again evidenced itself in the matter of a substitute for your most humble editor, who will hereafter bore you to death with a large amount of prattle, gossip, and other nonsensities, and incidentally refer to himself by the caption "Ye Editor". Ye Editor is now in the midst of a most interesting experience involving lesson plans, conferences, records, marking papers, teaching, and putting three group reading assignments on blackboards. By this time my most intelligent readers will have gathered that ye Editor is student teaching. MY substitute will forward all contributions to the Tower LIGHT until I return to a regular life.

Dear Ed. (meaning editor)

Here are the concentrated efforts of a constant admirer, who in a most desperate attempt to imitate your writing has failed miserably.

Have you met Fairfax Brooks, our giant among coaches?

We hear there's lots of talent in the Freshman Class. Freshman, prove this statement true.

What has happened to the "Bing Crosby" of last year's Freshman Class? (Give our regards to the Coast Guard, Roger.)

What has happened to our after-lunch dancing? Did the Junior who used to sing in the girl's ears have anything to do with this? (Ed. Note—No!!!! You conceited ——.)

Seniors—student teaching—trials—tribulations—(Ed. Note — You don't know half of it.)

We really must congratulate the Freshmen, they sure are studious, there's a limit you know.

We understood that there is a real athlete among the Frosh. Do your stuff, fellows—these all seeing eyes are watching you.

What do you think of the girl who drives the big blue Buick who

passes another Normalite on the road without even a hesitation or a stop? That's a bad way to make friends, big blue Buick.

Have you heard of our Juniors who went to Hopkins this past summer? If not, ask Miss Gibbons, Junior 4.

Is there another "certain blonde" in the School? (Ed. Note—There may not bo a certain blond but there are many altogether too attractive Freshmen who have almost thwarted our honest efforts to use the time after conference in the library.)

Ed. Note—I don't in the least blame any one who by this time has deposited the Tower Light in a safe spot in the waste basket. But can you imagine my plight? It's bad enough reading this but what if you had to type it. I did. When I started to read this column I attributed the apology in the beginning to mere modesty, I now accept the apology. May I add a few comments? Thank you. Here goes. O. K. Maryland State Normal School—with apologies to Walter Winchell.

Dumbness in Freshmen is to be accepted, I surmise. Listen—At one of the recent conferences I came out the door of the School laden with a bulging brief case, a pile of books, several posters, and a package of slides covered only by a rubber band. On top the pile of books I carried a paper covered book called a "Guide to Student Teaching". Walking down the steps I encountered a very comely Freshman girl. In order to make conversation I asked her how she liked the School, many of her opinions afforded me opportunity to exercise my sense of humor. At last after learning her name and address (don't crowd boys, line forms to the right) I asked her what Freshmen Section she was in. She told me and then she retaliated by asking me what Freshmen Section I occupied. As soon as she asked me this I knew that she filled the description of "Beautiful but---" perfectly. In order not to disillusion the poor girl I kept right on being a Freshman. Even if I do have the look of a poor freshman my load of books should have offered some explanation, but not to this little girl. I offer my apologies for this deed quite publicly. I hope she accepts my apology.

Our men students look promising—"AND when those Normal Men fall in line".

May I also apologise to a certain Miss S. C. for not coming out to the Council fire? More later.

Watch for the return of the Senior Class. The male constituent has been reduced to a "Four Musketeers" group.

May we request your contributions? May we thank our correspondent? May we thank you, gentle reader, for enduring this pish-posh so long? Thank you.

#### The Council Fire

THE Council Fire was held on the evening of Friday, September twenty-third. The committee had planned to have it in the Glen

but due to the rain it was held in Richmond Hall parlor.

As the Normal School Tribe advanced, led by two Îndian maidens, the beat of the tom-tom was heard. The Tribe seated themselves around the blazing fire as the Chief, Mr. Conroy, greeted the group and read the laws of the Tribe. On behalf of the faculty, he welcomed the freshmen and complimented them on their successful freshmen-week. Two Indian warriors, Mr. Nicholas and Mr. Harris, did an Indian war dance. Several popular songs were sung and then members of the Tribe were asked to come forward, and, after being told the subject, were given one minute to pose. When the laughter had died away an Indian maiden, Miss Ashley, sang "Pale Moon". As the fire blazed high the tribe story-teller, Miss Yoder, told the story of how we got fire. Mr. Baer, president of the class of 1932, told how the new council ring in the Glen had been built and the purpose of it. As the fire burned low the tribe sang an Indian prayer. The evening ended with dancing in the foyer of Newell Hall. This marked the close of the Freshmen-week activities.

ELIZABETH MURRELL, Junior 2

#### The Daubers

THE DAUBERS, as the name suggests, is the art organization of the school. Its purpose is to promote interest in the field of art and to provide an outlet for self expression. To become a member of the Daubers, one need not be able to draw well. This mistaken idea has previously kept many people from becoming members. There are enough activities going on to provide every member with some phase of art work especially enjoyable to himself. Perhaps it is stage craft, perhaps outdoor sketching, perhaps wood carving, perhaps—but that is for the members to say. We leave the selection of activities up to the members and, let me assure you, they are always interesting and profitable.

I hope I have not given the impression that the Daubers are a group of eccentric artists who never do anything but slap paint around or bang nails over the head. Emphatically no! We have many social functions, for we firmly believe that all work and no play makes Jack a very dull boy indeed. This year we plan to carry our social program further and we have listed such big events as—but, I am getting ahead of my story. Come, join us and find out about the good times we have,

and the excellent work we are going to accomplish.

SYLVIA BRAVERMAN, Junior 2

### League of Young Voters

THE FATE of a nation is in your hands! What will be its destiny under your guidance?

An intelligent voter is an essential factor in a world of social,

economical and political activity.

Here is your opportunity to become acquainted with the affairs of today in relation to "voting" as a part of every citizen's privilege and duty.

MARGARET LANCIOTTI, Secretary

#### The Rural Club

Have you strolled through the glen? Do you like it? Isn't it a unique and interesting spot? If you wish it, the Rural Club can show you much more of the beauty and romance of the glen. It isn't an elaborate spot with barred doors, but is open to every member of the school. One of the aims of the Rural Club is to make the glen an attractive spot for all. The glen is there for you to enjoy. Although we have many different kinds of wild flowers and trees, we still need more, for we would like to have one of each variety in Maryland.

Another purpose of the club is to understand Rural and Urban life. The Normal School is a good example of these two groups working

and playing together.

We have taken in eleven new members and hope to be able to enlarge our number later in the year. Think it over.

> ELIZABETH ANTHONY, Secretary of Rural Club

### The Campfire Girls

AVE YOU joined the Campfire Girls of Maryland State Normal School? If you haven't do you know what you're going to miss? This year we have changed our program but it is going to be a very interesting one. We have two meetings a month; the first week with a special speaker to tell us how to make various things in Campfire work; the next week to work on the project that has been explained to us. Every other month there will be an informal social gathering. If you haven't joined, you'd better, before you've missed too much.

LOUISE MILLER,
Secretary of Campfire Girls

### The Mummers' League

THE Mummers' League is composed of those students who are attracted by any phase of dramatics:—acting, scenery painting, costume designing, and play writing. Its purpose is, primarily, to afford to all interested in these activities ample opportunities for the expression of their talents in the work of the League. And it hopes to help the members become better acquainted and gain much enjoyment through social afternoons. To help us with the latter purpose, the organization plans to present some performances after school and charge a nominal sum. It also desires to bring speakers to the assemblies of the student body. In presenting the results of its efforts, the League hopes that the student body will reap in enjoyment all that the League has sown in the way of time and effort.

C. LEVIN, Junior 4

# The Young Woman's Christian Association

A well balanced person develops spiritually as well as mentally and physically. It is the aim of the Y. W. C. A. to help to provide for the spiritual life of the students of M. S. N. S. and in so doing better their social life. Join us and let us prove that—

"Religion does not censure or exclude,

Harmless pleasures, harmlessly pursued."

ELIZABETH WATKINS,

Secretary Y. W. C. A.

### Glee Club Notes

The Glee Club held its first meeting on Monday, September 12, opening to its members long vistas of song and fun for the school year just begun. The first meeting of the entire Glee Club, initiating the freshmen into the benefits of the Club, was held on September 26. We aim to make the Glee Club of the Maryland State Normal School a benefit and a joy, not only to ourselves, but also to all those with whom we come in musical contact. If each one does his part, I am sure it will be a grand success.

C. WIECZOREK, Secretary

# Day Students' Association For Cooperative Government

HE Day Student Council is a part of that large organization, the General Student Council. Every day-student automatically becomes a member of the Day Student Council upon his registration as a day student at Normal. The Council, as its name implies, is an association for promoting cooperative government. Its purpose is to meet the needs of the day students in a manner satisfactory to both the faculty and the students. The Council aims to make every individual feel himself a vital part of the school in helping to promote activities, as well as aiding him to develop and attain an outstanding personality.

IDA MAY GIBBONS, Secretary-Treasurer

# Y. W. C. A. Reception To Pastors

T AN informal reception sponsored by the Y. W. C. A. the local pastors met the resident students affiliated with their denominations. After being introduced to all the ministers, each student talked with the pastor of her Church. Soft and lovely melodies, played by Miss Margaret Snyder, added much to the atmosphere of friendliness.

BERNICE HOFF, Junior 8

### Assemblies

Among the most interesting assemblies presented to the student body during the past month have been the Library Assembly, Sept. 20, and the play, the Valiant, Sept. 23.

The library is an organization as well as all the other clubs. It is essentially important to us as students and teachers. Why not use it carefully and with due consideration of the rights of others?

The Valiant, supported by a strong cast, captivated the interest of the entire audience.

E.S.

# Faculty Notes

PACULTY members who taught in summer school this year were Miss Birdsong, Miss Jones and Mr. Walther at the Johns Hopkins University and Miss Grogan at the University of Maryland.

Miss Medwedeff, Miss Crabtree, Miss MacDonald, Miss Durling, Miss Blood, Mrs. Brouwer, Miss Bersch, Miss Byerly, Miss Bader, Miss Giles, and Miss Tansil were among those who spent part of the summer visiting the scenes of their childhood. Miss Crabtree managed also to crowd in two motor trips to Florida, Miss MacDonald one to New Orleans and Miss Tansil one record trip across the new Smoky Mountain Park.

Miss Medwedeff gave her entire time to her rock garden, and according to her accounts of it, it has "personality."

Many members of the faculty spent the greater part of the summer in a return to school—Miss Steele studied under Dr. Babbitt at the University of Chicago, Miss Brown, Miss Owens and Miss Dowell at the Johns Hopkins, Miss Osborne, Miss Munn, Miss Prickett, Miss Logan, Mr. Moser, Miss Treut, Miss Jones, Miss Weyforth, and Miss Rutledge at Teachers College in New York, Miss Cowan at Harvard, Miss Roach at Yale, Mr. Minnegan at New York University, Miss Arthur, under auspices of Columbia U., went on an eulogy trip to Wyoming and Miss Dougherty and Miss Woodward joined Dr. Alexander's travel school and studied education in Europe.

Miss Neunsinger joined a small art colony in Maryland. We're hoping that she will have a "one-man show" for us early this fall.

Miss Holt and Miss Birdsong spent a part of their vacation abroad.

Miss Logan has finished her work for the M. A. degree at Teachers
College and Mr. Minnegan at New York University. Others will be

mentioned later.

Miss Dieffenderfer and Miss Daniels went to their favorite camps for their vacation.

Miss Cook and Miss Sammis, former member of our faculty, enjoyed a trip through the Berkshires.

Dr. John and Dr. Anna Abercrombie had a delightful motor trip through New England to Quebec.

Miss Orcutt reports that she had a wonderful summer visiting friends in the Adirondacks.

Miss Tall spent several weeks at the very interesting Lorne House in Canada.

Miss Kellicott was married during the summer to Dr. E. C. Nelson. She claims to bake a noble angel-food cake.

Miss Harriet-Auld, R. N., a graduate of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, comes to us this year as Resident-Nurse. Miss Auld is deeply interested in the welfare of the Normal School and in its students, and will cooperate in promoting health standards.

The Infirmary Office and service are open to every one—School days from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. Emergencies are cared for at any time. Small injuries and discomforts should not be neglected, their care and treatment prevent more serious ones.

# Campus Children's Vacation Hobbies

Children in the Campus Elementary School wrote of their summer vacations and hobbies in the following manner:

#### CAMPING ON THE MAGOTHY RIVER

His summer I went to camp with a boy scout troop, Number 15, and had a wonderful time; crabbing, fishing, swimming, boating and doing many other things. The many interesting things we did kept us very busy. We got up at six o'clock in the morning. Then we took our daily exercise and went for a dip. By that time breakfast would be ready. After breakfast we cleaned up our tent for inspection. Then we went rowing. By that time we were ready for another dip. We would keep going like this until night. At night we would have a camp fire and tell jokes and stories.

One night they played Snipe Hunting on some of the boys. They told us to go into the woods with a bag and they would run the snipe into our bag. After letting us stand there for a long time, they sent word for us to come back to camp because they could not find any snipe. When we were going back they jumped out from behind trees and scared us.

HERBERT SMITH

#### MY PET DUCK

HIS summer I raised a duck. I got her when she was about two weeks old. Her food is growing mash and corn. She gets fed at eight o'clock in the morning and five at night. The duck does not like any dog to come into the yard. My Aunt has a little bulldog and every time he comes over in our yard the duck runs him home. They also have an Irish Setter. The duck likes him very much. She goes over every morning and tries to wake him up. She knows where her house is because she goes there every night by herself. Later I go and shut the door.

STEWART THOMAS

#### A BLOCK HOUSE

This summer when my mother and I were coming home from Cape Cod we stopped just outside of Troy, New York, at a block house or fort. A block house is a fort where the colonists went when the Indians attacked them. It is built of large logs.

Sticking out of the side of the fort are cannons and there are slits in the sides of the wall for rifles.

The walls of the second story project beyond the walls of the first floor. There are holes in the projecting part of the floor, so if the Indians get close to the building, the men can fire down on them.

DOROTHY RULLMAN

#### **IGLOO**

HILE I was visiting my cousin in Boston, she took me to the animal cemetery in Needham, Mass. The first grave I saw was "Igloo's, Commander Byrd's dog. His stone was four feet tall and around it was a small hedge in the form of a horseshoe. It had English ivy climbing up the stone and engraved upon it were the simple words, "He was more than a friend." In front of this was his name.

This is how Igloo came to Commander Byrd. One day a lady found Igloo on a street in Washington and took him home. Later she sent him to Commander Byrd. With him she sent his bag, a brush and comb, two sweaters, soap, collar, and a leash. In this cemetery also were buried George Arliss's pets and other animals such as monkeys, cats, and five or six canaries.

JEAN DONNELL

#### SHIPS

Y hobby is collecting ships. This summer I got three new ones. Two of them I got in a trade with a boy. The other one I got from my aunt for a birthday present.

My favorite ship is a model of Columbus' ship, The Pinta. I have

a whole lot of little battle ships, which make a fine fleet.

At the Smithsonian Institute and the Museum of the City of New York, I saw many good models of ships. I have a model of a French ship called The Champion.

GWINN OWENS

#### MY SUMMER HOBBY

HIS summer I spent most of my time getting pictures of horses and dogs. I got most of my pictures out of the papers and magazines. One that I got out of a magazine I think is very interesting. It shows on the top a picture of a Roman charioteer. Then below there is a picture of modern horse-racing.

Dolores K.

#### Clouds

Oh my, I wonder why
The lovely clouds are up so high?
Embedded soft, white pillows in velvet blue
Like downy fleece, they float serenely over you.
I could sleep in luxury snuggled in a cloud
And dream ethereal dreams high above the crowd.
That's the life I long for, but then again
I wonder what I'd do if ever it should rain.

A. WILHELM, Jr. IV



### The Athletic Association

The Athletic Association has for its membership the entire student body. The advisory committee, the athletic board, and the managers act as the governing board. The purpose of this organization is to promote athletics in the school and to further interest in athletics, friendly associations between those who participate, and loyalty to the school. The board also has arranged for electives which allow both the boys and the girls to compete in sports after school hours. The awards for attending these electives are arranged and controlled by the different coaches and the athletic board and are given to the students who have shown that they are entitled to them. Inter-class and inter-section games are planned for the girls and the boys; there are inter-school games for the boys. These games and electives are held for the benefit of the students and everyone is welcome to participate in them.

# Normal Starts Right

N September 28, the Normal school booters opened their season officially. The Sparks High team (which by the way, was reported to be the strongest that that school has ever had) was beaten to the tune of 7 to 1. Due to the heat and the fact that the fellows are not in good condition as yet, the game was played in fifteen minute quarters. Normal won the toss and decided to kick downhill the first quarter. Just as soon as the ball was in the possession of the "gold and white" team they fell to their short passing as ordered by Coach Minnegan and after Johnson had made a neat ground pass in front of the goal which Missel pushed through, they seemed to think that Sparks was too easy and relied on individual play. Of course our Alma Mater's

team scored six more goals before the close of the contest, 3 by Johnson, 2 by Kulacki, and 1 by Meyer but they were, and truthfully, attributed to luck by Coach. By this it is meant that getting the ball in shooting

position was luck but the shots were good.

This was a sensational game in that the only goal scored by Sparks was kicked from the right sideline of the field and dropped neatly into the left corner of the goal; in that a freshman, Justice Meyer, came to the front and scored a beautiful shot off his head; and because SCHOOL SPIRIT was in evidence by the number of rooters. Let's keep the team in good spirits by backing them up with yells.

GEORGE MISSEL

# Second Consecutive Play Day Victory For '34

Pollowing the precedent of the last two years the Maryland State Normal School held its third annual play day on September 28. Counteracting the score of the past seasons—the Juniors were victorious over the Frosh by a score of 90 to 60. This gala event was almost postponed due to the weather, but a tip from Mr. Weeks set us on the right track to take advantage of the pleasant day. Incidentally everything went off with flying colors—even the added attraction of the flags on the field.

At 2 P. M. the Junior and Freshman classes were lined on both sides of the campus in front of Newell Hall. Headed by Dr. Tall, Miss Bauer and Mr. Dugan the groups joined and marched down the center of the field. The entire group then assembled and were inspired for their activities by singing "Stand Up and Cheer" and "Alma Mater." Five large circles were formed and everyone played "Looby Loo" and "Did You Ever See a Lassie." The groups disbanded to their teams and the various games were played. All over the field, in the drive ways, and even in the field between Newell Hall and the barracks, individuals were energetically engaged in all kinds of play. After the games had been completed, the Junior versus Freshmen hockey game took place. Quite unexpectedly the Juniors made that one goal they let the Senior get to win from them last year.

This year has seen the addition of several new games to those previously enjoyed on play day. These were shuffle board, bowling, archery, hop Scotch, and paddle tennis. From the appearance of things it seems that these games are destined to remain, for they were quite popular

and held groups long after scores had been handed in. Archery, the exclusive sport that had to have its private field, even had the bull's eye hit by two of the fairer sex—none other than Miss Cook and Nelva Hobbs.

We were indeed pleased by the participation and cooperation of the faculty. We hope you derived the same pleasure we did out of play

day.

Thus another play day is ended and we have something else to include in our reminiscences about Normal. We wonder how events will be next year with the three classes participating? We hope to be here to once again be enriched by a day with the "diversity of sports that has in mind the happiness and success of every individual."

R. SELMA TYSER

# Normal Defeats McGonagle Rangers 7-0

N Thursday, September 22, the McGonagle Rangers opposed the Normal School soccer squad on the latter's field. Although Normal's team was far superior it was a very stirring game from start to finish. Normal kicked uphill the first half and scored three tallies against nothing for the McGonagle outfit. Kicking downhill in the second half the Normal Booters marked up four more counters. Goals were shot by Kulacki (1), Johnson (1), Contoy (2), and Missel (3).

Although only five veterans of last year's team were left for this year, Coach Minnegan has developed the rookies into real booters and with the continuation of such coaching, a record as good, if not better

than last year's, should be obtained.

G. M.

### Play Ball

Accept if you like the cheers
The shouting before the game
Or hate, if you will, the jeers
And take if you must, the blame.
But when there's a whistle's blow
Or when there's an umpire's call
There's only one thing to know—
Play ball!

And far from the crowded stands Whatever the task may be Yes, far from the clapping hands With only yourself to see. Whatever the day may bring Whether it's great or small There's only one thing to do—Play ball!

Frances Karney, '35

# Maryland State Normal School Alumni Association Towson Maryland

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# Alumni Notes

# A Message To The Graduates of The Maryland State Normal School

MEMBERSHIP in the M. S. N. S. Alumni Association provides an opportunity to show your appreciation of the benefits, the ideals, the helpful associations and training that have enabled you to live a happier, fuller and more useful life. It provides the opportunity to meet your old school associates and renew acquaintances. As we grow older it keeps one in touch with youth and advancement, and young in spirit and mind.

A membership in an Alumni Association is an obligation every graduate owes to his Alma Mater.

In days of depression, a strong and virile association of the graduates of the M. S. N. S. can be of great assistance to the teachers of the state.

As your President, I am asking every member to get at least one new member during this year. Among your associates you will find many teachers who have let their membership lapse, or have neglected entirely to join this association.

Under the able leadership of Mr. Harry L. Caples a movement was started to raise funds for a building to be used by students and members of the association as a sort of lodge or club house. It is estimated that this can be done when a fund of about \$40,000.00 is secured.

We expect every graduate of the school, especially those who are employed, to subscribe \$10.00 to this fund. There are many who will give much more, I have on my desk now, a check for \$50.00 from a member of the class of '93. This fund will be handled by trustees and adequately safeguarded.

The Tower Light is the official school paper. By all means subscribe to it. I would suggest as our slogan for the year of '32 and '33 the word "Work."

Sincerely yours,
FRANK C. PURDUM,
President, M. S. N. S. Alumni Association

# Death Invades Our Ranks

The death of Ella V. Ricker, who for many years was a valued member of the faculty of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson, brings to the members of the Alumni Association a deep sorrow.

She was an efficient, inspiring teacher, a loyal friend, and a woman unsurpassed for the nobility of her character.

### Miss Anna Pilson

Iss Anna Pilson, a former well-known teacher of Baltimore County, attended the old frame school house that was located on Alleghany Avenue, Towson, prior to 1873 when the brick building, that is now used as the Towson Elementary School, was built on East Chesapeake Avenue.

Miss Pilson attended the Maryland State Normal School at Carrollton and Lafayette Avenues, Baltimore. From this school she was graduated with the class of 1876.

Her first position was that of assistant teacher at Woodberry school where she taught only one year. She was then transferred to school number five, district three, where she taught two years.

In 1880 she was brought to the primary school at Towson. Here she remained uninterruptedly for forty-four years, until her resignation in 1923, having served under six principals.

Miss Pilson took an active interest in community activities. She was a guarantor of the Chautauqua that helped to enliven Towson every summer for several years; she was a member of the Towson Town Club, a life-long member of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Towson, and for many years, a member of the choir and a valued teacher in the church school.

She was a daughter of the late George W. and Ann Aisquith Pilson. After a life most sympathetic and most useful, and full of honors and of years, she died in October, 1931, and was buried in the Presbyterian cemetery of Govans. To many residents of Baltimore County her name will for years remain a sweet memory.

HARRY L. CAPLES, Class of 1900

# Flag of My Home and Heart By ELIZABETH TOLDRIDGE

America with the dauntless eyes,
Like a warrior maid she stands
For justice, mercy, love and truth
The hope of all the lands!
Her Flag is symbol of a word,
That word is Liberty:
And thro' it men shall dare be men
As long as time shall be!

#### Chorus:

Beautiful flag as brave and bright
'Neath stormy or azure skies!
Vision of hope in the thick of the fight
Joy unto dying eyes
Flag of the youngest, fairest land,
Flag of the noblest part
Now under God, I serve but thee—
Flag of my home and heart!

America-linking East and West,
To heroic stature grown—
Would cull the Dreams of all the world,
And bind them into one.
To Destiny, she must be true,
Unchecked her noble will,
Her white ideal sullied not—
Her Flag can brook no ill!

America—born to round the earth
To a fair and perfect whole—
The Sisterhood of all the lands,
The vision of her soul!
The blood of all flows in her veins.
She breathes the self-same prayer—
Our Father, give us peace on earth,
That in Thy peace we share!

(NOTE) The above poem was written by a graduate of 1880. She composed music for it and it was sung at our Alumni Association banquet by Miss Margaret Ashley, a student.

### 1931 Chatter

T was a grand old reunion in June when the Alumni had their dinner, and dance. It was great to get back again. The old crowd really doesn't change very much.

To begin with the new scholastic year, the class of 1931, in several cases, has made quite a step, despite the depression. Foremost, I think, comes Jake Himelfarb who put in some hard studying, passed Junior High professionals, and got his appointment for history. An example of initiative, plus! Irv Brose attended Penn State this summer and put in a hard two months work in athletics and is appointed to the Vocational School as an athletic instructor. He intends to get his degree and we think he'll do it. Incidentally, he finished up his vacation by spending two weeks in the hospital. Vernon Vavrina took Math. at Hopkins. Other workers were as follows: Augie Jansen, who camped as a sideline, Sid Seidenberg, Jake Himelfarb, Vogelhut, and among the girls: Bertha Cohen, Rosalie Lephardt, Elise Brockman and Mary Blumberg. power to those who have perseverance enough to put through a summer course. A great many 1931 students expect to attend Hopkins this winter. Winnie Weaver, who studied last winter excepts to continue her course this winter. She spent her summer vacationing at Virginia Beach, on the Eastern Shore and at Rehobeth.

Georgia Manlove of the Eastern Shore taught at Perryville last year at a government school and intends to continue this year. Fyfe Riggin, also of the Shore is married and settled. Mabel Comegys is somewhere near Annapolis this year and Slate Bryant, Eleanor Peach, Frances Hall, and Priscilla Emmerick are in or near "Crabtown" too. They say it's a great place to be near.

Paul Yaffe had a ripping experience this summer and though I've only had a drift of it, I fully intend to "cover it" later because it sounds like a real "scoop."

I met a practice teacher this summer who said that the student teachers have gained her utmost admiration for their sincerity and loyalty to the profession, despite the not too brilliant outlook. She feels that the students are improving each year and firmly believes that no one has the right to say that any of today's Normal Students aren't fit to be teachers. That's rather a "set-up" for you. Teachers nowadays are really meeting their steel test. The teachers-to-be have something to live up to.

I've begun the year with a vast amount of gossip, which is a sign of old-age. On the other hand, I think 1931 is holding up its head rather well and we wish the Normal Students the most successful sort of a year and best of luck.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE, 1931



#### WHEN UPPER IS LOWER

Farmer: "Say, what would it cost me t' go in the sleepin' car as far as Chicago?"

Agent: "Upper or lower berth?"

Farmer: "Why, is there any difference in price?"

Agent: "Yes, the lower is higher than the upper. You can take your choice but most people take a lower even though it comes higher. You see, when you take an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down when you get up. The upper is lower than the lower because it is higher and—"

Farmer. "Never mind, young feller, I'll just go in the sittin' car."

#### FROM OUR HYSTERICAL HISTORIANS

The Dark Ages were brought on by the coming of night. General Robert E. Lee was either for the North or the South during the Civil War (but they aren't sure).

Cop: You're under arrest for driving that old flivver.

Pop: Why? What's wrong with that?

Cop: It's against the law to operate a squeek-easy.

"Now, Jimmy," the teacher said, "I'll give you an easy question: What do you know about the ark?"

"Please, miss," answered Jimmy, after a moment's thought, "it's what the 'erald angels sings."

—Tit-Bits

Teacher (much exasperated by one pupil): "Look here, are you the teacher in this class?"

Pupil: "No, sir, I'm not."

Teacher: "Then why do you keep talking like a numbskull?

-Nebels palter.

#### FROM OUR UNENLIGHTENED ENGLISH STUDENTS

A cloister is an oak tree.

If "post" as a prefix means "after" and "ante" as a prefix means "before" then "anti" as a prefix means "in the middle of."

A stanza of 3 lines of poetry is a triplet, so the stanza of 2 lines is a

twin.

"Oy, I am dying—send for a priest, quveeck."
"Vat, Abie, you don't vant a priest, you vant a rabbi."
"Vat, I should gif heem smallpox? Call for a priest."

#### SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN

Some men think they have an inferiority complex, when, as a matter of fact, they're just inferior.

The wife of a man who had enlisted in the Navy handed the pastor of a church the following note: "Peter Bowers having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

The minister glanced over it hurriedly and announced: "Peter Bowers, gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his

safety."

#### ONE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS

"Our economics prof talks to himself. Does yours?"
"Yes. but he doesn't realize it—he thinks we're listening."

#### CHECKING OVERPRODUCTION

Mrs. Crabbins: "Here is an interesting article on 'What a Woman Should Weigh."

Husband: "Does it, by any chance, mention her words?"

#### IN THE CORN BELT

"Doesn't that soprano have a large repertoire?"

"Yes, and that dress she has on makes it look worse."

#### GAVE HIM THE MITTEN

"Were you one of the many fooling with the stock market?"

"Not me, I was serious, the market did the fooling."

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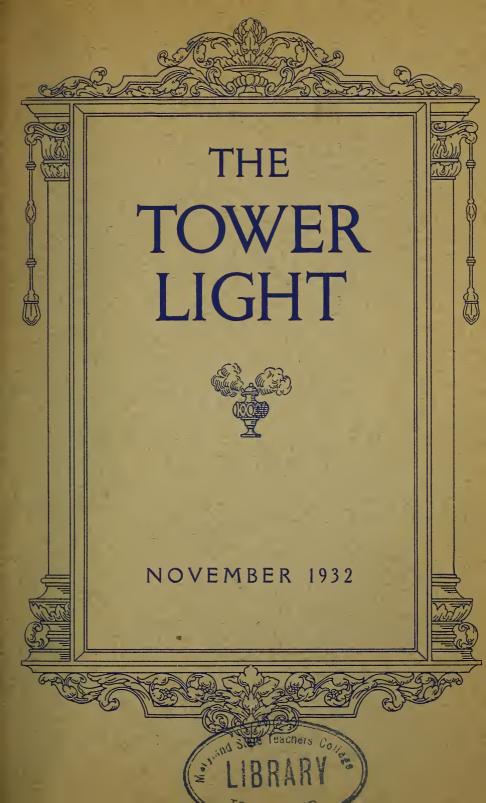






















# The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School at Towson

Towson, Md.

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# The Tower Light

Vol. VI

NOVEMBER, 1932

No. 2

#### A Friend

N WEDNESDAY, October 5, J. Charles Linthicum passed away. His funeral services were held the following Saturday morning in Old Saint Paul's Church. How briefly this is stated! A man is born into this world, lives for a brief lapse of time and then passes out of this existence as suddenly as he came into it. Some who are born into this life never break its flow or stir a ripple in the great river. They live, die, and are soon forgotten. There are some who do not accept life as it is, but take it up, as in their two hands, and change it, leaving it better than they found it. This is hard to do. The heavy currents, and the treacherous undercurrents are stronger than one man—one ordinary man. But a strong man, a wise man, stands off and watches his opportunity, then leaps in and grapples until he tears away a crag that obstructs the straight flow of the current. Or, if he desires the stream deeper, he builds the shallow part high to direct and deepen the stream.

A man who is stronger than the ordinary man can do this. Such a man was Charles Linthicum. I shall not enumerate here the many, many things he did to direct and deepen the stream. That is not necessary. It is sufficient to say that he was a wise man, a good man, a man who bettered life about him, and stirred the stream so greatly that he will be well remembered.

Especially vital to us, he was our friend, not a man mildly interested in the Maryland State Normal School, but a man who was deeply inspired by his training in the Normal School and the people who constituted the school personality. He himself was a student at our Normal School. He has always been proud of that—he told people he was proud of it.

Also, he was in charge of the erection of our present school. Wherever we walk, or look, here at school, it is as though we are meeting his friendly spirit.

We who are young, tend to rush through our days (for they stretch before us in a long, rich flood), grasping at that which lies closest and is most gaudy. We, in our impetuous haste, do not seek the stored riches beyond. We do not value sufficiently those friends whose

3



wisdom has been garnered rich over many years, and strained through much experience. True, we must experience much for ourselves, but what a wealth of friendship, of treasure, we miss when we fail to make or strengthen bonds between ourselves, who are young, and those who have lived long, and well before us.

I attended his funeral services. I was impressed, and even thrilled by their beauty. Had I not known who he was, what nature of man he had been, I think I should have known. There were many, many people there from all walks of life. Men of state and letter, and ordinary, every-day people who had loved him. They had all come, not as fellow officials, to pay official tribute, nor as curiosity-seekers, but all, to pay alike the tribute of friendship to one well beloved as a friend.

There was no sentimentality, no glorification of past deeds, not great lamenting.

There was dignity, beauty, and deep feeling. One felt, this man has lived a good life, and fought hard for those things which he believed right, had been a sincere friend, and died. His body has ceased to breathe, but his spirit breathes with us, always.

M. A. D.

#### One Gift

There's but one gift that all our dead desire, One gift that men can give, and that's a dream, Unless we too can burn with that same fire Of sacrifice; die to the things that seem;

Die to the little hatreds; die to greed; Die to the old ignoble selves we knew; Die to the base contempts of sect and creed, And rise again, like these, with souls as true.

Nay (since these died before their task was finished) Attempt new heights, bring even their dreams to birth:— Build us that better world, Oh, not diminished By one true splendor that they planned on earth.

And that's not done by sword, or tongue, or pen, There's but one way. God make us better men.

ALFRED NOYES

## White Eagle: Man of the Last Frontier

NE DAY, not long ago, there walked into a shining office in a New York skyscraper a tall, dark man. His bright eyes were as black as his straight hair which was braided into two little pigtails. He stepped lightly, toes pointed ahead. He wore long trousers like the city man behind the desk, but his belt was a colored sash, and from it stuck out two leather holders, empty. Anyone can imagine what he sometimes carried in them.

On the office table was spread a pile of papers. Some sheets were covered with handwriting, some with typewriting that looked half French, half English. On other sheets were drawings of men on snow-shoes and Indians dancing around an open fire.

The tall man, as you have guessed, was an Indian. The Ojibways had named him White Eagle. The other man was a man who prints books, a publisher. And now you know what the papers were: a story that White Eagle had been writing for years. Sometimes he wrote in his mountain tepee, sometimes snowed in deep in his winter hut. Always he lived beyond the last settlements in the northwest, far away from cities and skyscrapers. The only land he loved was this far-away land of the Last Frontier.

Though he spent his days walking the northern trails in sight of the mountain goat and slipping silently down western rivers where few white men go, White Eagle was often sad. He could not keep from thinking of what had happened to the other Indians whose stories we know. He could not keep from thinking of Pontiac and Tecumseh who had fought the white man in the land east of the Mississippi River, of Black Hawk who had tried to keep the white man from plowing up the graves of the Indian fathers on the plains that rise up to the Rocky Mountains, of the way Sitting Bull had given up the buffalo country to the railway men and the miners. Often he felt as Black Hawk did when he said to President Jackson, "I am a man: you are another."

Even now, in the white man's skyscraper, White Eagle was still thinking of his own people. His father had been a Scot like the fearless hunters who had trapped otter for the great Astor fur company before the Civil War. Where were their hunting lands now?

White Eagle's mother had been an Apache Indian of New Mexico. There the daring explorer, Coronado, had come leading the first white men who took the land for Spain. While his mother was still a girl the

railways had rushed in with their black smoke and thundering noise. Suddenly tourists and towns sprung up till the blue hills and dazzling plains seemed to belong to the Apaches no longer.

The story of White Eagle's friend, who had done the typing "half French, half English," was the same. His father's people had come to the St. Lawrence with Champlain and they had gone west and north, with the Indians and the courier de bois, till now they were face to face with the Eskimo.

It had been the same with White Eagle himself. All his life he had been moving on as the white man and his fields closed in around him. He had started on the Rio Grande and he had tried one frontier after another. When he had reached the Ojibways they had taken him in and made him their blood brother, White Eagle. But he had to move again, always sad to leave his friends, always sorry to see how the birds and the animals fled from the settled lands. Where would they go in the end?

The white-faced, glossy-haired man at the desk was talking . . . . White Eagle tried to listen. "Your book . . . . Five thousand dollars . . . ." White Eagle could not follow him. Strange, he thought, how much these soft, pink-skinned men talk, and about money!

They were like all the other white men, Coronado, Champlain, Lewis and Clark, whom White Eagle's fathers had guided up the rivers, ever westward. They were always hunting for lakes or mountains or mines . . . riches . . . money. Money! It would not bring back the buffalo, nor the slender white-tipped fox, nor the great heavy grizzly.

"Wake up, White Eagle, old man!" There he was, talking again. "You're here in New York, you know, the world's greatest city. And you can stay and read and write us another book. You're a lucky man, White Eagle. You know as much and more than any of us, and you can write. Your little brown Apache and Ojibway brothers and sisters are happy 'way out in our Indian schools. Come, get yourself an apartment, up here in the sky."

Talk! Talk! White Eagle could not stand it. If the city man would only stop talking, White Eagle could smell the smoke of his own camp fire, see the cool, white mountain and hear the rushing stream. His mind was made up. He would take the train for the northwest tonight. Like Daniel Boone he would follow the trail to his last day. He would care for the beaver and the deer and the quiet forest trees till the trains and the mines and the towns pushed him to the farthest valley in the north. There, perhaps, he could write another book. Not here.

So White Eagle went back to the Last Frontier. There he breaks camp when the stars in the east go pale and the sun comes up like a red globe over the dark, still trees. Easily he runs his canoe into the water, shoots the churning rapids and glides into the mountain lake lonely and hushed as it was before the white man came to conquer the continent.

H.C.



# The Beginning of a Day

T WAS FOUR O'CLOCK in the morning and a slight breeze was stirring as the boat nosed its way into the wharf. I stood alone in the bow; watching the small fishing schooner and motor boats as they stole from their sleeping places. The still water broke into many furrows as the boats skimmed along. The hum of the motors seemed harsh in the stillness. The lights along the shore began to go out. The sun crept slowly over the horizon. Dawn was breaking. All at once everything seemed to become alive. The boat had docked. The negroes, with their noisy carts, began to line the wharf. The gangplank was swung out and the darkies came aboard to carry away the smelly barrels of crabs and oysters. People appeared on deck. Children, with their nurses, came out to play. The stillness and quiet of dawn had been transgressed, and the work of the busy world had begun.

IDA M. GIBBONS, JUNIOR IV.

## The Junior—His Nature and His Needs

THE JUNIORS are jolly—that is at times. They started the year with that comfortable feeling of superiority that an "Ask Me" band lends to one's equanimity. Some of them have yet to recover from the bombardment of questions asked by these "curious freshmen." (Here's hoping the juniors recover before they go student teaching.)

As a further blow to their naturally jolly dispositions came the shock of the eternal triangle—theory, methods and units, with the cheer-

ful haunt of student teaching lurking in the distance.

While we're on "the subject" bear with us as we give vent to certain emotions, feelings, and attitudes. The juniors are continually being harassed by the problem of how aggressive Agnes or retiring Richard will react to this or that stimulus. Occasionally they have doubts as to their ability to cope with the suitable situation from which will arise

this proper stimulus.

Their feelings when presented with specific instructions for making a unit are somewhat complicated. There is a combination of dismay, fear, resolution, confusion and other delightful reactions. When they see our present student teachers pacing the corridors with puckered brows deep in thought and arms weary with carrying "work for little hands to do," fear and anticipation rises from pale pink to leaf red. But they secretly desire to emulate these seniors (by the way has a freshman ever seen one?) and look forward to the time when they can produce their own pet story of Lucy, or Johnny, or Mary. A certain pride glows within, and something of the jolliness returns, when they consider "their" class—but not, strange to say, when they consider being supervised!

All juniors have a picture complex. If an eager-eyed junior snatches a magazine from you suddenly and triumphantly shouts, "Eureka, I have found it!" do not jump to the obvious conclusion. It is merely his complex popping out. All friends are considered in the mercenary light of the number of magazines to which they subscribe. Every one devoutly hopes that Harper's is not included in the list, because Harper's doesn't have pretty pictures which could be used in the attractive school-

room.

The juniors are sympathetic. After having had many tumultuous experiences in these halls of erudition they can readily sympathize with the similar plights of the freshman. After such a soul-revealing article, perhaps the freshman, too, will understand the junior who for nothing else to do goes in for depression plants.

M. S. E. S.

E. I.

### Forty Singing Students

"IMA NOYES"

Across the Sea of Studyland to Unitville we plodded Forty singing students in a barque of woe

In the moonlight and the dawnlight how our heads and senses nodded When we thought and when we pondered how our voyages would go:

If our trip out on the new deeps Would be full of far and few weeps,

We were only simple students, so of course we didn't know.

#### CHORUS

We were simple singing students, so of course we didn't know!

The place on which we landed showed the bones of others stranded, Former singing students of the years ago;

And we stared long and we mused long how the frames alike were branded

With a kind of hopeless visage that was nigh a blank zero, And we shivered lest our own stay Would reduce us to a bone weigh;

We were only simple students, so of course we didn't know!

The Outline Demon was the host—he saw that we were taunted; Forty seeking students wond'ring where to go,

And his first aides (aye the curs't aides) soon made sure that we were haunted

By the (C) and (D) and (F) signs from the head down to the toe
We were dazed; our brains were foggy
And we feared lest we were groggy;

We were only simple students, so of course we didn't know!

But suddenly there came a breeze that swept to us from seaward; Forty stirred-up students glad for winds that blow.

And the hazes and the dazes vanished instantly to leeward

And my senses 'wakened promptly to the bell (so sweet and low)

That declared my sleep was over

And that I'm a dream sea rover,

For that dormitory rising bell (much as all such bells will go) Doesn't wait for sleepy students, as most anyone will know!

### Fish Hooks

THAT WOULD you do if you had a fish hook and a good sized piece of bait stuck in the back of your cranium? This amusing and yet painful situation was the result of my great desire to go fishing. While I was at Ocean City this past summer, the fishing bug, among numerous others, bit me. After procuring hook, line, sinker and bait, my friend and I set out one morning in late August. We had decided to fish off the bridge, which was the one and only way to get to Ocean City. The very first time I dangled my line in the water, I was successful. I am not exaggerating or telling a fish story, but my first and only fish measured exactly four inches. After jiggling the line and watching fellow-anglers pull in fish, I became impatient. I resolved to throw out my line as far as possible to see if this brought results. It most certainly brought results. I caught the biggest fish landed that day or any other day-myself. Can you imagine anything more embarrassing than to be on a public thoroughfare with a big piece of bait stuck in your head? The only way to get the thing out was to walk about a quarter of a mile to the doctor's. When I arrived there the doctor was not in, but my spirits were kept up because I was the source of much amusement for everyone I met. The medicine man finally arrived and removed my fish hook, not exactly painlessly, and presented it and a bill to me. Even such a hazardous experience as this did not quench my thirst for angling, for I went again, but without either success or calamity.

TRUEHEART CRALLE, JUNIOR IV.

# Intelligence Question

(NOTE)—We invite correct answers. Hand in to Tower Light office.

Ten books, consisting of one hundred pages each, are placed in a book-case. A theoretical bookworm begins at page one of volume one, goes to and through page one hundred of volume ten. How many pages does the bookworm go through?

J. DUGAN.

### On Cutting Out a Pattern

TAKING AN original pattern for an evening wrap from a newspaper sketch is not one of the easiest things to do, I have discovered. Although the design of the wrap which I attempted to copy was apparently very easy, I found myself perfectly helpless when it came to cutting it out. For the best part of an afternoon I tugged here and pulled there at the white cotton fabric flung about my shoulders, which reflected from the mirror anything but the sketch I had visualized in my mind. In despair, I sought help from mother, who frankly admits she can't sew a stitch. However, I happened to remember that mother's older sister once had a reputation for being clever at designing wearing apparel. Hence, I called mother, in hopes that there was latent ability which could very conveniently be brought out. It was after about an hour's struggle that the ability which had all the while been lying dormant slowly but surely awakened. The cotton material was actually taking on the appearance of the stunningly smart wrap in the sketch. The black caracul fur which had last year adorned a winter coat was basted on the hem to give the general effect. This, to add to our mutual joy, was exceedingly pleasing. Success at last! How soon, however, I did not realize was the brilliant success to turn to disappointment, for it was mother who first realized that the construction of the wrap was such that it afforded little or no protection from the chills of October nights. Immediately I realized the truth in mother's remark. Slowly I picked up the scraps of material from the floor where they had fallen and placed the completed pattern in the lowest bureau drawer. All the while, however, I was seeing not the scraps and the folded pattern, but me—in a white velvet wrap edged in black caracul—on a night in June.

MARY-STEWART LEWIS, JUNIOR IV.

Mistress (to new maid)—"You will find white soap on the shelf."

Maid—"Ah'll have to ask foh yellow soap, Miss. White allus gives
me neuritis."

## Has Literature Any Effect on Mankind?

ITERATURE, to many individuals, may be the mere reflection of life in words of truth and beauty. To others, when the word literature is brought to the mind, a vast stage is immediately pictured. The stage is large, and by name it is called Earth. The production represents the experiences of mankind relived. Who make up the audience? You, we, rich, poor, young, aged, sick at heart, invalidsall make up the audience. The director or designer of the production strives to direct his presentation so that the innermost thoughts and ideas of the listeners are spoken in exquisite form. As the presentation advances an experiment is taking place. Let us think of the audience as a large test tube into which we place sensitive chemicals, these being the words and ideas of the actors. There is a reaction. A few members of the audience may be comforted—the reaction soothing—yet others may have become highly emotional or stirred over the same presentation—such reaction is almost an explosion. Thus, let us say, that we see the stage's presentation for the beauty, the comfort, or whatever good literature can give to us.

Young was I when an aged man said to me, "Yes, my child, it is history that paints the past." If the same man were to say those words to me this very day, I would tell him just as Michelangelo told his pupils—objects or figures in a picture are obvious and not of utmost importance. In the background, one finds feeling, ideas and joy woven or expressed by the blending of paints in the picture. Michelangelo might have said the same of literature in contrast to history. The facts and figures of history merely tell us who existed in the past, but literature fills in the background with the feelings and ideas of those who existed in the past. Life itself is not a stilted or factual sort of existence, but rather a series of man's emotional, physical, or mental experiences. In order to vision man's progress and struggle in the past, one must get the conditions and situations that existed.

The ballad is one of our deepest and richest sources from which to draw typical situations of the past in order to appreciate conditions. I refer in particular to the traditional ballad such as The Cruel Brother. On first reading this ballad one might think it worthless, yet upon further consideration one can readily see a picture of some customs in the past. A text of history perhaps would say—the people of this time—were severe and strict in relation to their marriage customs. To this a curious, interested person may ask: What marriage customs? How were they severe? The reading of the ballad answers this person's question by giving him the situation and a human story.

In conclusion to my second point, I would ask a question: "Have you ever had the pleasure of reading Dickens' Tale of Two Cities or David Copperfield?" Charles Dickens, an English novelist, gives us a better picture of the French Revolution or period of history centering around the years 1831-1867 than does any one history text. Most of Dickens' novels were inspired by a firm purpose to accomplish some reform. His social creed has been formulated in these words: "Banish from earth some few monsters of selfishness, malignity, and hypocrisy, set to rights a few obvious imperfections in the machinery of society, inspire all men with a cheery benevolence, and everything will go well with this excellent world of ours." Dickens with inimitable humor and rare optimism was presenting the cause of the submerged poor. I bring out the above points because I feel that one can see how very often literature can give a very truthful aspect of a period of history.

"Literature presents the inner life of thought, emotion, and ideals." That quotation intrigued me because it so cleverly brings in that part of a human being which I feel mankind often neglects—the emotional part of man. It is neglected, I think, because it is intangible, cannot be visioned by the naked eye, cannot be defined. Arlo Bates says that man's actions are to a large extent his emotions physically expressed.

An illustration perhaps would clarify the statement. A woman was in mourning over a lost child. She was sick at heart, and although she was seemingly comforted by friends, still inwardly the sorrow was as great as the day the child had departed. One day, in an effort to erase the burden of sorrow temporarily, this sick at heart mother read a letter of a man (who was an author) to his wife, who, too, had lost her child. The author, because he had lived through the experience, had much the same feeling inwardly as the first woman reader. This letter provided a deeper, stronger type of comfort than the mother's friends could offer. From that time on the mother was brave in dealing with life's trials and troubles, realizing that her misery was shared by others who felt as she did. Have you ever been depressed or in sorrow and yet comforted as this poor mother was? Life and its struggles wouldn't be half so trying if more of us would turn to our three great friends for sincere sympathy—God, mother, and literature!

MARGARET MINAHAN, '32.



#### November

Gaunt black trees, leafless and bared to the November winds, The thin calling winds, the great swooping winds Of November.

Cold empty sky with dark clouds Peering through the purple mists. Soft mounds of hills, tall cruel hills Of gray and silver, all gray and silver.

In the mystical half-quiet of the twilight Huge dusky wings with dovelike gentleness descend To still the harshness of the day.

M. SIMMONS.

#### Exultation

Break down, you walls, Oh, let me flee! October's rustle's calling me, It grips so irresistibly. Vanish! and let me go.

I see a flash of autumn gold; 'Tis not the like that misers hold, But 'tis the kind that poets enfold Into their priceless store.

I want to run, I want to shout, I want to call my comrades out. This beauty is so wild, I doubt It will stay permanently.

ISABEL ENEY, JUNIOR IX.

#### **Prayers**

Dear God, please make me a boy, That untold freedom I may enjoy! When I was a little tow-head child I longed to climb trees and freely run wild; I bated to sit down and be nice and good And play with dolls as little girls should. A ball of cord, a stick of gum, a bag of marbles, a bebe gun, That's all a fellow needs for fun. I bate my shoe-imprisoned feet; Cool earth between my toes is so sweet. Mother says, "Be nice and polite, And don't stay after dark at night." Now that I'm older, I must keep slim, I must be peppy and bubble with vim. You mustn't smoke, if you're a nice girl; It matters so if your hair just won't curl. No sweets between meals, no, I don't dare, And it's of paramount importance what I wear. A girl must be dainty, pretty, and coy; Dear God, please make me a boy.

A. WILHELM, JUNIOR IV.

#### To a Violin

Ah, sweet thought never to cease,
A thought to cherish without release;
A thing so sweet, so tender, so dear,
A thing in my heart, always near;
Never to part with it, it's never to die,
Never do I think of it without a sigh;
To take it up when day's work is done,
To guide the bow and to hear its sweet tone;
To pick out a melody, to play it with zeal,
Ah, a violin is my ideal!

DOROTHY C. FASTIE, '35.

### **Assemblies**

DURING THE past month some very interesting assemblies have been promulgated for the benefit of the student body.

On September 26, Miss Van Bibber favored us with a talk on the Constitution of the United States: Its History and Its Flexibility.

Margaret Alltucker Norton, special research representative of the N. E. A., on October 4, gave a very delightful talk on the beauty of character. She stressed the elements of beauty as a part of our educational development. She spoke of the intangible effects of charming surroundings on character.

Junior XI presented an assembly of merit on October 12, Columbus Day. The historical attitude toward Columbus, his personal appearance and character were depicted by poems and readings. Atmosphere was provided by a large Spanish flag, pictures representing the time of Columbus, and a model of one of his ships.

On October 13, Dr. Painter, of Johns Hopkins University, talked on the place of mediæval history in education. He said that teaching requires a love of knowledge and a desire to impart that knowledge. He spoke also of the chief reason for mediæval history; no one can understand modern history unless he understands what has gone before.

On October 17, Dr. Tall conversed about the weavers of the unbroken thread of intellectualism through the years. She traced the phases of evolution of thought; the various periods of history, showing how each age has left some mark on the fabric of our modern thinking.

On October 18, Dr. Edward Winslow, of Goucher College, lectured on The Campaign. He spoke of the presidential campaign as a quadrennial circus. His speech centered about the influences affecting straw ballots, especially those of the Literary Digest. He deplored the tendency to overstress attention to politics in the presidential election period, pointing out that municipal and state elections are bound to affect us more nearly, yet we tend to pass over this without a thought.

Elise Shue.



### Stage Fright

AN YOU imagine my dismay? The complete strangers, who had asked if they might join us to make a foursome, turned out to be a "pro" and his wife. And it is said that first impressions are lasting! They had insisted that I drive off first. As I looked at the ball, I thought of the four times I had played golf previously. How often I had taken a seemingly perfect swing yet so completely missed the ball! Finally, I gave one despairing glance in the direction of my partner, then, without any of the customary practice swings, I swung my club. I heard the welcome swish of the ball as it sailed down the fairway. The "pro" said, "Not bad!" His wife commented, "It wasn't a long drive, but I wish I could hit a ball that straight." I realized that I had made a lucky shot and probably would not get many more good drives all day. But, why should I care? I had made my first impression. My bad case of stage-fright was cured.

DOROTHY GLADSTONE.

#### Bermuda

White—
Like the purity
Of nuns;
The comfort
Of a clean soul,
The beauty
Of a young child.

Green water—
Crystal clear;
Exposing
As a woman's eyes
Exposes her soul,
But mysterious
In its hidden depths.

Flowers—
Rare perfume
Like new treasure,
And color
That enchants—
And then leaves
One's soul bare.

Heat—
The bitter agony
Of suffering
Intensely,
Yet seeming to purge
All unrest—
One leaves tranquilly.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE.

# The Tower Light

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Normal School at Towson

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### Enthusiasm

To have enthusiasm means to do all we undertake with all our might. It is one of the outstanding qualities of leadership because it is irresistible and sweeps people along with it. Some people call it pep, but it seems to me that this is a weak expression for something that means energy and willingness and sincerity all in one. Enthusiasm makes a seemingly impossible job possible and a monotonous one interesting.

We cannot be enthusiastic by pretending something we do not feel. But we can develop the quality of enthusiasm as a result of our experiences through earnestness and interest. We can even become enthusiastic about our home assignments (believe it or not) if we go at them with energy, determination, and, if possible, cheerfulness. Indifference is the opposite of enthusiasm, and to most of us it means laziness and sometimes selfishness. No indifferent person ever achieved success that was real or lasting, because to him most things seem disagreeable.

Hobbies are a good outlet for our enthusiasm, and most of us have them. Our hobbies are the things in life that we do not look upon as jokes and the enthusiasm we have for them is sincere and genuine. We think more about what we put into them than the fun we get out of them.

It is easy to start something with enthusiasm, but it takes real character to keep it up and carry it through. It isn't the thing you do, but the spirit in which you do it that counts, so "let's be up and doing."

EDNA IKENA, JUNIOR I.

# Freedom With Responsibility

THAT IS FREEDOM? Are you ever wholly free? Some will say, "What an absurd question to ask. Of course I am." But I wonder if, after reading the following definition, you will think you know anything at all about the subject.

John Dewey in his "Democracy and Education" says: "Freedom means essentially the part played by thinking—which is personal—in learning; it means intellectual initiative, independence in observation, judicious invention, foresight of consequences, and ingenuity of adaptation to them."

The fundamental concept in the above paragraph is, of course, the statement that freedom is the part played by thinking. You are free in so far as you consider the rights of others and use your mentality to contribute to group interests. Herein lies the idea of responsibility. Are you a member of an organization of this school? Do you fully appreciate the value of extra-curricular activities? Do you help the marshals and proctors in the execution of their duties? Do you offer intelligent criticism for the betterment of the student government, and do you substantiate your criticism with constructive ideas? To sum up, do you do your best to lift the law of averages, in this, your school?

If you are and do, you are using your freedom to the fullest extent and coupling with it responsibility.

ELISE SHUE, JUNIOR X.

### Our Writing Inhibitions

Is IT TOO SOON to inquire if the Freshmen have overcome their inferiority complex? One form of Freshman inferiority, according to Eleanor Goedeke, of Freshman III, is "overtalkativeness in order to cover backwardness." That trait evidently did not extend to the October issue of Tower Light. We wonder if the Freshmen, after all, weren't just a little tongue-tied?

"What shall I write about? I haven't anything to write about." Sad, if true, but seldom true. There is an aversion to writing about things that matter most to us, despite the fact that the type of thing we don't write is the type we like to read. Why feel a magazine is a kind of social writing which is skimmed through and forgotten as soon as read.

Then there is a fear of having our ideas, points of view, etc., ridiculed by older persons as being immature. You do not have to worry about them, if their thoughts go no further than that.

Are you one who insists that you can't write? Have you tried? There is poetry in any genuine striving for expression, although the result is not poetry at all, or good writing, or good music.

Have you any reasons for not wanting to write? And are they reasons, or only reasonable excuses?

RUTH CAPLES.

### Seen and Heard

Our column, we are afraid to say, will be unusually short. In fact, we are almost sure that nothing will be written at all. But, in view of the fact that we are confronted by an individual week, we know that the gentle reader will excuse a miserable student teacher. Watch for the next issue. Ye editor will be back in school with his eye ready to cover any guilt or read anybody's column.

EDITOR.



### Glee Club Notes

At THE REQUEST of the Music Committee of the Maryland State Teachers' Association the Junior members of the Glee Club sang for the Music Association on Friday afternoon, October 21. The meeting was held in the Music Room of City College. The program included:

Omnipotence—Schubert.

Lullaby-Hauser.

Czechoslovakian Dance Song.

As the titles suggest, the program was varied. Three distinct moods were represented. Schubert's Omnipotence is a stately hymn of praise to the greatness of God. A gentle, soothing Lullaby presented a quiet mood—an atmosphere of peace and rest. The Czechoslovakian Dance Song with the lilting, captivating rhythm so distinctive of Southern European folk songs, furnished an unusual and effective climax.

Our audience reacted quite favorably and the chairman expressed the thanks of the Committee to Miss Weyforth and to the Glee Club.

MARGARET ASHLEY, Vice-President.



## Maryland State Teachers' Association

The Sixty-Fifth annual meeting of the Maryland State Teachers' Association was held Friday and Saturday, October 21 and 22, 1932. The program consisted of visitation of the City Schools on Friday, meetings at the Baltimore City College, the Clifton Park High School, and the Polytechnic Institute; the City State Dinner, held Friday evening at the Lord Baltimore Hotel; and a Luncheon the next day at the Southern Hotel.

The meetings were divided into three groups, namely: the Secondary Education Group; the Intermediate Group; and the Kindergarten Primary Group. These groups held general meetings before adjourning to the sectional meetings. The meetings were addressed by nationally noted personages. The Secondary meeting was addressed by Dr. George S. Counts, Associate Director of the International Institute and Professor of Education, Teachers' College, Columbia University. Dr. George R. Cutten, President Colgate University, addressed the Intermediate Group, while Miss Alice Temple, Associate Professor of Kindergarten Education, University of Chicago, who chose as her topic "What the Young Child Has a Right to Expect of His School" addressed the Kindergarten Primary Group.

The sectional meetings which dealt with the subjects of Agriculture, Art, Classical, Commercial, Educational and Vocational Guidance, English, Grammar, Geography, History, Home Economics, Industrial Education, Library, Music, Parent Teacher, Physical Education, Science, Secondary Special Education, and Teachers Training were addressed by many nationally known personages also. The Faculty of the Maryland State Normal School was well represented by Mrs. Brouwer, Miss Steele, Miss Blood, and Miss Weyforth, who addressed various sectional groups.

E. G.

### Science Section—Maryland State Teachers' Association

In the Science Section a most interesting meeting was conducted by Miss Mary C. Carroll, Chairman and Supervisor, Baltimore. Mr. Edward G. Stapleton, Principal, was the secretary of this section. The Speakers on the program were: Mr. Carleton E. Douglass, Assistant Superintendent, Baltimore; Dr. Howard A. Gray, Research Associate, Western Electric Company, New York; Mr. Woodfield, Maryland Academy of Science; Miss Clark, Conservation Committee, Garden Club; Miss Stidham, Miss Grace Rawlings, Miss Margaret Hirschman, Miss Grace Vogel.

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Mr. Douglass addressed the group with the subject "A Science Teacher or an English Teacher." Mr. Douglass emphasized the point that Science calls for a Scientific method of thinking and that clear, consecutive thinking goes along with good English expression. He also discussed the fact that in English we learn to be interesting and accurate and that there is no subject better suited than science to satisfy these demands. He closed his address with the thought that everyday life calls for expression and that no subject in the curriculum better satisfies this need of life than science.

Dr. Gray presented two talking films dealing with "Pitcher Plants and Mushrooms." These films, Dr. Gray explained, were used in the schools of several of the largest cities in order to experiment with the effect of moving pictures on the group. Would the group using moving pictures gain more than the group taught by some other methods? Dr. Gray proved conclusively by statistics showing a comparison of homogeneous groups, that the growth with the classes using the films was greater than the groups taught by other methods.

The remaining speakers on the program explained the various exhibits which were on view in the room. An unusually fine piece of work was explained by Miss Hirschman, principal of Brehms Lane School, Number 231. This exhibit dealt with the work done by a group in the course of a study on evergreen trees. The activities represented in this unit were attractive and purposeful. The exhibit consisted of charts, photographic prints, plaster of paris impressions, pine cushions, poems and stories written by the children, and a very fine piece of needlework.

E. G.

### Autumn Dance

THE FIRST DANCE of the school season was held in the Administration Building, Saturday night, October 8. Jacobs' Orchestra from Baltimore furnished the music. Autumn leaves and bright-colored pennants carried out the seasonal theme. The alumni and the three classes were well represented. Especially did our Freshies blossom out.

N. M. R., JUNIOR VI.

# Men Students Meet at Principal's Home

THE MEN STUDENTS of Normal held their first meeting of the year on Wednesday evening, October 12, at Miss Tall's house. The following officers were elected for the present semester: Harris Baer, president; Tom Johnson, vice-president; Ray Harter, secretary; Ellwood Beam, chairman of the program committee, and Donald Schwanabeck, chairman of the entertainment committee.

'Mr. William Sceman, a graduate of last year, presided at the meeting until the election of Mr. Baer. Ray Townsend, another alumnus, was a guest.

After the business was disposed of, refreshments were served, and there was entertainment by Howard Seidman, Sol Liss, Al Smelkinson, Gerson Woolf, Don Smith, Isadore Cohen, Bob Norris, Herman Miller, and others.

RAY HARTER, Secretary. HARRIS BAER, President.

## Saturday's Children

"Saturday's child must work for a living, And that's the sort of social we're giving; So wear the garments of toil and labor, And see if you can't look worse than your neighbor."

So reads a brightly colored poster on the bulletin board, for every Saturday night "Saturday's Children" gather in Richmond Hall Social Room for an hour of fun and enjoyment. Around the cheery fire the blues are banished and even units are forgotten. (Junior VIII and X, take notice.) Whether the time be spent in singing peppy songs, playing quiet games, or watching amusing skits staged by our talented classmates, the social committee assures a good time to all who come. And remember, everyone is invited!

Bernice Huff, Junior VIII.

# Faculty Notes

M Iss Brown, Director of Rural Practice, and three students motored to Wheeling, West Virginia, recently in order to participate in The American Country Life Association. A very profitable time was enjoyed, and Miss Brown proved a masterly pilot on the way home through the storm.

Miss Van Bibber spent Saturday, October 15, in Philadelphia attending the meeting of the Council of Middle State History Teachers' Association, of which she is secretary and Professor Nicholls, of the University of Pennsylvania, president.

Sir George Adam Smith, principal of Aberdeen University in Scotland, preached in Catonsville, September 18, and was much enjoyed by Dr. Anna and Dr. John Abercrombie, Miss Sperry, Miss Tansil and other members of the faculty. Sir George is the author of one of the best known commentaries on Isaiah and Jeremiah and of the Historical Geography of the Holy Land.

Shortly after M. S. N. S. opened, Miss Daniels made a busy trip to New York by train. She returned in her own car, and since then finds that Baltimore has assumed its old proportions.

Mrs. Brouwer, Miss Blood and Miss Steels were speakers on the program of the Maryland State Teachers' Association in Baltimore, on Friday, October 21.

Miss Birdsong talked on "Attitudes" at the October meeting of the Stoneleigh Parent-Teachers' Association.

Miss Daniels, Miss Roach, Miss Medwedeff, and Miss Blood spent the week-end of October 14-16 with the Athletic Association in camp on Bush River. A pleasant time and the customary excitements were reported.

While the trees were showing the first blush of autumn and the October moon was still young, six faculty members discovered a spot ideally secluded for camp fires on the slopes of Loch Raven. There Miss Byerley showed her skill at negotiating mud puddles, Miss Daniels her dexterity at chopping wood, and Miss Bader at peeling onions.

Miss Tansil motored to Washington for the week-end of October 8-10.

Professor John Dewey, of Columbia University, began a series of lectures at the Johns Hopkins University, Thursday, October 3, at four o'clock. Miss Brown, Director of Rural Practice, and a number of faculty members are attending.

The annual dinner of the State Teachers' Association was held Friday evening, October 21, at the Lord Baltimore Hotel. Members of the M. S. N. S. faculty who attended were Miss Tall, Miss Bader, Mrs. Stapleton, Miss Van Bibber, Miss Munn, Miss Tansil, Miss Woodward, Dr. Abercrombie, Miss Scarborough, Miss Rutledge, Miss Jones, Miss Osborne, Miss Prickett, Miss Treut, Miss Brown, Miss Birdsong and Miss Sperry.

# News Notes From the Campus Elementary School

THE FATHERS of the elementary school children—about seventy of them—met at Miss Tall's residence to hear Dr. William Burdick speak on playground work in Maryland schools. The Campus School was used as one example of how the organization of numerous teams within a single school provides for development of all the children.

The Men's Meeting is a new feature of the Te-Pa-Chi Club program this year. Other plans for enlisting the interest of the fathers include a school visiting day on February 22 and the Father and Son Dinner in May.

The Te-Pa-Chi Club has a well-planned, attractively printed program for the year. At the first meeting Dr. Margaret Alltucker Norton, formerly research associate of the National Education Association, spoke on Modern Trends in Curriculum Making. A number of other meetings will also be devoted to curriculum. On November 1, the teachers will discuss the curriculum of the Campus School. At the following meeting, the parents will conduct a round table on the same subject. Other topics to be considered later are Art, Character Education, and Use of Leisure Time.



THE SECOND GRADE is interested in science. Are you? We have a box turtle in a cage. What do you know about a box turtle? We have a science table where you will find goldfish, caterpillars, snails, shells, earthworms, walnuts, horse chestnuts, a wasp's home, and cactus plants. Have you seen our collection? We enjoy our collection so much we keep adding to it.

We like the beautiful coloring of the trees as much as grown folks do. We are watching the ginkgo, maple, dogwood, oak, magnolia, and locust take on their beautiful colors before they shed their leaves for winter. Are you watching these trees?

### Seventh Grade News

#### **ATHLETICS**

ABOUT SEPTEMBER 20 the league games started at school. Most everyone was cheerful as the girls started kick-ball and the boys baseball. There were four teams for the girls called: Squaws, Eagles, Black Panthers, and Wildcats. The girls played kick-ball just about one month. They are going to start touchdown ball as soon as the weather is better. Eagles and Wildcats have played one game of touchdown ball already, and two other teams were to play Monday, but couldn't on account of the weather. As soon as it is dry and clear enough the other teams will play and have a grand time.

JEAN GEORGE.

#### THE BOYS' LEAGUE GAMES

At the Beginning of the year the boys, with the help of Mr. Moser and Mr. Minnegan, chose four captains for the teams. Jimmy Carson was elected captain of Navy, Sam Cook of the Mohawks, Donald Wilson of the Athletics, and Carter Parkinson of Southern California.

The first league we played was baseball. Our first few games were poor, but as they went on, the playing gradually became better. At the end, Navy was first with one game lost and five won, Mohawks second with two lost and four won, Athletics were in third place with three lost and three won, and last of all, Southern California with six lost and none won.

The soccer league started Tuesday, and for two days we had practice games. I think we shall have a good soccer league, although we have only played one game.

SAM COOK.

### Our Weather Forecast

The seventh grade has been studying about the world we live in. One of the sub-topics under that was the weather. First, we learned about the principles of the air motion such as hot air rises and cold air descends. We also learned that air pressure is measured in inches by a barometer. If the barometer went up to 31 inches we shall know that the weather will be clear and dry. If the barometer went down to 29 inches we shall know that the weather will be cloudy and probably rain. Mr. Moser gets weather maps sometimes so we can tell with the help of the barometer whether or not we are going to have rain. Mr. Moser has been giving weather forecasts for the last week. He has been right most of the time. I think this is one of the most interesting things a person could study. I hope people will soon learn more about the weather than what they know now. Then perhaps newspapers will print daily weather maps and each person can forecast his own weather.

Donald H. Wilson, Jr.

# Fencing Team to be Introduced

Club, a new step is being made this year to have Normal represented by a regular team. The sport seems to have been very dormant in the school, yet it is obvious that there is good material present. Matches are being considered with McDonogh, Navy Plebes, Poly, City, University of Baltimore, Y. M. C. A. and Y. M. H. A. All those desiring to learn to fence and who would like to be on the team should not hesitate to come to practice. Jacob Epstein has been appointed manager of the fencing team. For information see Theodore Woronka of Freshman III.



### Sport Slants

By RUTH E. OHEIM, JUNIOR V

H ockey season in order! In preparing for inter-class games on elective days, some splendid material has come to light—especially from the freshmen. There have been no contests to date, but strong competition insures fast, close games to come.

Both juniors and freshmen go in for tennis on Tuesday and Thurs-

day, the second and sixth periods, respectively.

Swimming and basketball have their day after the hockey season,

which will end some time in early December.

The A. A. Week-End seems to have caused some stir of interest throughout the school. In addition to eighteen students and alumna, four faculty members, the Misses Roach, Daniels, Medwedeff and Blood, comprised the party. Swimming, rowing, hiking, cards, stories, songs, picnics all held the interest of the twenty-two for two days. Miss Roach and Miss Daniels, with two alumna, marathoned a card game on Saturday. Whenever time lay heavy on their hands, a deck of cards was brought in evidence. Each and everyone asked, strenuously assured me that a marvelously enjoyable time was had.

Hidden talent in the gym department! One of our erstwhile gym instructors was discovered by Miss Weyworth, quite, oh, quite by accident, to have a charming singing voice! Why not rush the faculty for

Glee Club membership!

Coach Minnegan, 1932 champion dresser, has an equal in Jimmie Dugan! The coach informed the men students, who always take from twenty to thirty minutes showering and dressing after class, that he (the coach!) could dress six times in thirty minutes. Now, Dugan informs us that he can dress in six Minnegans! Jimmie, you're losing money here with that talent.

Shades of D'Artagnan! Woranka, better known as McGonagle on the campus, challenged that prominent senior, Joe Haggerty, to a duel. Haggerty employs the Italian method; McGonagle, French! Date to be announced.

By the way, what's become of the men's class football games? We wonder!

Numbers do lie! True, Western Maryland proved superior by technical points, but Normal won by intricate play, as observed by spectators. Western Maryland, 2; Normal 1 (!!!).

## Normal Wins Again

N FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, the Kenwood soccer team visited Normal for a game. Sad to say, the Normal booters were not very aggressive in the first half, and as a result the score was 1 to 0. The "Gold and White" boys received their lone tally from a penalty kick which Missel put through.

At half time Coach Minnegan gave the team a "lecture" which brought results. The final score was 6 to 0 by virtue of goals by Kulacki (2), Tear (1), Conroy (1), and Matz (1).

# Western Maryland Stops Normal

THE WESTERN MARYLAND "Terrors" invaded Towson and gave the Normal School soccer team their first, and, it is hoped, the only setback of the '32-'33 season. The Normalites outplayed the Terrors, but were unable to score in the first half, but the Western Maryland team secured a penalty. Early in the second half they were awarded another penalty and made good, and it seemed as though it would be a shutout. The tide changed, however, when late in the second half Missel scored Normal's only tally on Johnson's assist.

G. M.

## Normal Beats Williamsport

Towson Normal School defeated the Williamsport (Md.) soccer team at Towson, 2 to 0. Coach Minnegan's "prescribed" short ground passes enabled Kulacki and Missel to register a goal apiece in this exciting game. Heretofore I have been writing about the scoring. I think that it is about time to give the complete lineup of the team in order that due credit may be given to the backfield for their defensive play. After all, if there is no defense, all the work done by the offense is useless. Here is the team:

Wheeler and Dugan—Goal.
Fost—Right Fullback.
Haggerty—Left Fullback.
Gonce—Right Halfback.
Cole—Center Halfback.
Schwanebeck—Left Halfback.
Missel—Outside Right.
Kulacki, Smith, Meyer—Inside Right.
Conroy—Center Forward.
Matz—Inside Left.
Johnson—Outside Left.
Fear, Bear, and Dalton—Utility Men.

## Normal Defeats Towson High

N OCTOBER 18, 1932, the State Normal booters defeated Towson High School in soccer on Normal's field. In defeating Towson the Normalites did something that is very seldom accomplished by Normal (in soccer). The field was very slippery due to two days of continuous rain, and it was as much of a comedy as a soccer game for the few rooters who braved the dampness to root for the boys. The final score in this one-sided affair was 7 to 0 in favor of Normal. Goals were kicked by Conroy (1), Smith (1), Kulacki (2), and Missel (2).

G. M.

### Normal Carries On

T SEEMS as if the soccer squad of '32-'33 is trying to duplicate the feat of last year's squad by winning eight straight games. They have won all three of the scheduled games played and if they are able to down Western Maryland and Williamsport A. C. they stand a fine chance to break last year's record and even to set up a new one.

Catonsville was the latest victim, having been defeated by a score of 5-2. The score indicates that it may have been easy sailing but—well that was just the score. Catonsville arrived with three or four complete teams and I believe every one of the players saw action.

Normal started the scoring when Kulacki headed the sphere into the net after it had been kicked from the corner. Then Catonsville tallied from a corner kick and followed up not long after with a goal which slipped through our goalie's hands. This put Catonsville in the lead at half time by a score of 2 to 1. It seems as if the last half is always Normal's, for in this game, as in the other two, Normal won the contest. The total scoring was: Kulacki (3), Johnson (1), and Haggerty (1). Haggerty's, by the way, was shot from outside the penalty area.

### Normal Beats Park

N FRIDAY, OCTOBER 7, the Normal Booters annexed their fourth straight victory by defeating Park School by a 2 to 0 score. Although the victory was received with joy it also carried a trace of sadness, for "Judd" Meyers had his collarbone broken. "Judd" was playing inside right and got a bad bump in front of the goal, but continued playing the rest of the game, not knowing that he had a broken bone. Here's hoping the break heals rapidly, "Judd."

The game was fast and fairly well played by both teams, and especially by Junkers, the Park goalie. Only two went by him, and these were shot one direct from the corner and the other on a follow-up of a penalty. On Wednesday, October 12, the "Normalites" will play Western Maryland College. If a victory results, Normal will be recognized by the Intercollegiate Soccer Association.

# Alumni News

AMONG THE MARRIAGES of the past year have been those of Elizabeth Lowman Potter, Elizabeth Nicely Barton, and Lolita Downin Brown. Mrs. Potter is residing in Hagerstown, Md.; Mrs. Barton in Washington, D. C.; and Mrs. Brown in Bethlehem, Pa.

## Miss Morin is Elected Head Normal Association

Miss Virginia Morin, class of 30, was elected chairman of the Hagerstown Alumni Association of Towson State Normal School at its ninth annual business meeting held last night at the Y. M. C. A.

She is a teacher at Surrey School. She succeeds Miss Laura King, who has held that office for the past eight years. Miss King was unanimously elected honorary chairman.

Other officers elected were: Miss Jean McLaughlin (Wayside), vice-chairman; Miss Tiny Horst (Surrey), secretary; Miss Martha Seaman (South Potomac Junior High), assistant secretary; and Mrs. Alice Garver Hoffman (Antietam), treasurer.

There were sixteen active members of the association present of the fifty members.

It was decided to continue the annual banquet in the spring, for which Miss Morin, the chairman, will appoint an executive committee to make arrangements.

-From Hagerstown Daily Mail.



#### Trees

Swift lightning, thunder, crash of storm! It was the judgment day;
The trees went marching up to God,
In orderly array;
Twisted and knotted, stately, tall—
He greeted all of these;
But those He pitied most of all,
Had once been gallows trees.

These bowed their heads and wept in shame, That they had been so used; That lovely things that God had made, By man had been abused; He passed each onward to its place, Whether in shade or sun; But one He kept close by His side—The tree He died upon.

Luleta B. Caples Morris, Class of 1891.

### The Fountain

CHARLES MORGAN
Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York

T WAS RECENTLY announced over the radio, in a literary comment, that to say that one has not read "The Fountain" is to commit a grave social error. Disregarding the question of etiquette, if you haven't read "The Fountain," you've missed the literary sensation of 1932.

"The Fountain" is a scholarly book—but a most delightful scholarly book. Charles Morgan, an English author, has very beautifully put before you a very modern plot. Lewis Alison, an English officer, is interned during the war in Holland. Contrary to the emotions of his fellow prisoners, he welcomes this solitude that has been thrust upon him and becomes deeply absorbed in the writing of a history of the contemplative life. Most of Lewis' life had been a harrowing performing

of duty—to his mother, his brothers and sisters, to his father's publishing house, and his work. His being interned meant that he at last was to live his own life. His serene solitude is broken when he is sent to Enkendale, the castle of the Van Leydens, a Dutch family of ancient lineage. Here he becomes enrapt into the life of Julie, his former pupil, and stepdaughter of his host. Julie is the English wife of a Prussian nobleman who is "at the Front." The lives of Lewis and Julie become one, only to be torn apart again with the return of Julie's husband. It is a strange plot in a strange setting.

The book is distinctive for its unusual plot, superb style, and excellent portrayal of characters. It is a modern book—but a book that prom-

ises to live on-and on.

E. LASSELL RITTENHOUSE, '31.

### A Little Boy's Essay on Geese

"A geese is a low, heavy-set boid which is mostly meat and feathers. His head sits on one side and he sits on the other. A geese can't sing much on account of the moisture. He ain't got no foot between his toes, and he's got a balloon on his stomach to keep him from sinking. Some gooses when they gets big has curls on their tails and is called ganders. Ganders don't have to sit and hatch, but just loaf and eat and go swimmin'. If I was a goose, I'd rather be a gander."

#### Submitted by Arthur Shapiro, Junior III

This gag appeared in Walter Winchell's column in The Baltimore News of October 4, 1932.

A small town newspaper had the misfortune of having all its "S's"

stolen. An article in the paper the next day read as follows:

"Latht night thome thneaking thoundrel thtole into our compothing room and thwiped the cabinetth containing all the letter eththeth. Therefore we would like to take advantage of thith opportunity to apologize to our readerth for the general inthipid appearance of the newth in the paper. We would altho like to thate that if at any time in the yearth to come we would thee thith dirty thnake in the grath about the premitheth it will be our complete and thorough thatithfaction to thoot him full of holeth. Thankth."



### Dear Diary

- September 30—So sorry I couldn't write you about the first three weeks at school. I am still, getting adjusted. The library is ever a constant source of knowledge—from it flows an ocean of learning, but so far I've only wet my ankles. I can put myself to sleep at night by reciting the position of books on the shelves—especially science and mathematics. When I recite the books, I usually skip over the Math booth because I know that section so well. Some day when I feel plucky I shall put a notice on the bulletin board announcing my ingenious sleep plan. However, that will never be, will it, diary dear? You alone know how meek I am.
- September 31—Will write nothing today, since I wrote so much yester-day.
- October 5—Made bangs for myself today, diary, and you should see me. I look positively Garboish! Really I am too nervous to write. I wonder what the girls will say.
- October 6—One of my school pals spoke to me. "So you've gone in for bangs, too?" she said. I am still not sure I get her point.
- October 12—We had a most interesting observation class today about Gulf streams. The teacher kept referring to Christopher Columbus, but I couldn't get the connection. The assembly today was about him, too. Queer—both observation class and assembly should talk about him on the same day.
- October 15—In gym we played a game called "Automobiles and Pedestrians." We certainly did enjoy ourselves. The teacher advised that we see the soccer game to really

get the technique. I went and yelled rather boisterously. The fellows were quite amusing. However, I couldn't see where soccer was anything at all like "Automobiles and Pedestrians." As a point of fact, I prefer our own game to soccer.

October 18—Checked up on that Christopher Columbus coincidence to satisfy my curiosity.

Someone is spreading quite a few "Phoebe" jokes around the school which are good for me. After a good laugh I feel much better.

October 19—Played hockey again today in gym, and, being center forward, I was right in the thick of things. Coach asked me where my inside was, but, due to a skirmish nearby, I never got around to answer her.

October 21—Just a line to let you know my Music course ended with a grand finale—what a test!

But, then, what can you expect, dear diary?

ELEANOR GOEDEKE, FRESHMAN III.

Little Jimmie, age three, watched his mother serving cooked strawberries in their thin red juice, and requested her, "Please do not put any mercurochrome on mine, mother."

#### SHE KNEW

The teacher had written 92.7 on the blackboard, and to show the effect of multiplying by ten rubbed out the decimal point. She then turned to the class and said:

"Now, Mary, where is the decimal point?"

"On the duster, Miss," replied Mary, without hesitation.—London Tit-Bits.



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# Christmas Eve

Tonight I will place one burning candle at my window

And hope that passersby will see it bravely shining there.

And turn

And look again to find in it a special meaning As though a prayer had been spoken, at its lighting.

"Traveler, hurrying through the night Within are those who wish you well.

Peace is here

In spite of fear, and doubt, and gathering disappointment.

(For this, the eve of Christ's birth.)

And love, a warmth that deepens through the years.

Stranger, hurrying through the dark, Bless you!"

M. A. D.



# The Tower Light.



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

T O W S O N, M D.

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# The Tower Light

Vol. VI

DECEMBER, 1932

No. 3

# St. George and the Dragon

HRISTMAS AGAIN! The day of mirth and gladness, of hearts warmed by the love of dear ones, of hands clasped over time and tide! Blessed, blessed day when peace and good will dwell in all the land, and every cruel and ugly thing is hidden. Hidden? Why not destroyed? The English flag waves the red cross of St. George, the Union Jack waves it. The flag of Maryland waves it. At home and abroad we live under that emblem of courage. Yet the dragons are still with us. At Christmas in our mumming, St. George again slays the dragon. We laugh. We do not search for the meaning of the story which made St. George the tutelary saint of Russia, Portugal and England. St. George was English only by birth. He lived in Cappadocia in the fourth century. One day he saw a vision which bade him go to the town of Silene in Libya in Asia Minor. Without fear he answered the summons, traveling day and night until he arrived at the outskirts of the town. There a strange sight met his eyes. A fair maiden clothed in sunny bridal robes knelt in prayer beside the waters of a black lake. Far up the bank huddled hundreds of fearful people, sobbing and staring with horror-stricken fascination at those dark waters and the solitary maiden. Even as he looked, the waters moved and from them rose the figure of a scaly monster, a dragon so terrific in its venom that even those far up upon the bank gasped as the poison of its fiery breath assailed them.

The maiden waited—hopeless, despairing, as the monster approached; with a ringing cry St. George sprang to her side.

"Fly, fly," she cried.

"Courage! It was for this I was sent." Saying these words, St. George leaped upon the dragon. With a mighty stroke he drove his spear through its neck. It lay writhing and slashing the sand with its great tail, but the sword of St. George had pinned it fast to the shore.

Then the people ran down to see this strange thing. They told St. George that the maiden he had rescued was the beloved daughter of the king, that daily the dragon had been fed the sheep and cattle of the farmers till none were left, and then by lot the people had been forced to give their children that the city might be saved from the devouring jaws of the monster. At last the lot had fallen upon the king's only child, Cleodolinda the Beautiful, and he, perforce, must do what he had demanded of his subjects. The princess clung to her rescuer speechless from wonder and joy.

"Take thy girdle," said St. George, "and bind it about my sword."

When the maiden did so, the sword was released, and the creature followed her, the poison gone from it, but its great unwieldy body terrifying the watchers so that they fled back to the king upon the city walls. There, in front of all, St. George again drew his sword and hacked off the dragon's smoking head.

The scourge of Silene was no more. The king, the princess and the people, wild with joy, showered gifts upon their deliverer.

"Let me distribute these among your poor," said St. George. "I wish for naught, save that the image of the Princess Cleodolinda be emblazoned upon my shield."

So he left, no richer than he had come but for the image upon his shield and the blessings of the people, watching the last gleam of the setting sun light the cross upon his banner as he galloped away over the hills.

After performing many other brave deeds and miracles, St. George became the captive of Dacien, proconsul of Judea, who ordered him beheaded at the block. Unafraid he bared his neck for the axe and uttered his last words, "I have fought the good fight."

So died George of Cappadocia, destined to live forever as the symbol of courage and of service.

The dragon with an armor of scales, with a fiery furnace belching sulphurous fumes from its maw, with webbed feet, an equal terror by land or sea, has vanished from the earth. But other dragons are still with us. No less dangerous are they because they are not seen. They live within the hearts and minds of man. Their names are Fear and Greed and False Ambition; Fear that makes the coward, shrinking from bodily or spiritual pain; Greed that seeks gain at any price; False Ambition that places self-aggrandisement as the lode star of life. These are dragons more terrible than those of Silene for they destroy the soul of man. The venom that they breathe destroys man's love for man. Peace

and good will cannot enter where they dwell. At this time of high and holy thoughts look within. If there lurks in some dark recess of your heart one of these destroying dragons, summon the courage of St. George and with the sword of Truth hew it down in its hiding place. Then will you truly know the spirit of Christmas. Then, following the vision of Love of Truth and Service to mankind, will you go forth as did St. George to fight the Good Fight.

HELEN STAPLETON.



#### Prayer

I'd like to be a pool wherein

The souls of men could sink,

Where thoughts and spirits of the world

Would gather at my brink.

I'd like to know and understand Just why and what they be; I'd like to know and mirror back All things in Light of Thee.

ORA BUSSARD, Junior IX.

# Christmas Carols

Their origin and extent, together with a list of those we have sung here at Normal

HRISTMAS, season of the year beautiful in spiritual and social significance, has brought to the world a wealth of appropriately beautiful song. Christmas has created this music during the course of time, and now, as if in a fair spirit of reciprocity, this music recreates Christmas. Every year it is the carol singing which perhaps more than any one other Christmas custom brings us happiness at this blessed season.

The word "carol" originally designated either a ring-dance or a song to go with a ring-dance. St. Francis of Assisi, in an effort to make the Christmas story more concrete to his humble Italian congregation, is said to have originated the custom of placing a representation of the Savior's crib in the manger of Bethlehem in churches and private homes. Carols according to some authorities were sung and danced around it. They were originally songs of the masses, apart from the church service. The carol singing has continued in places where the crib is not used, though it is said that in Yorkshire the children who go round as waits, carol-singing, still carry with them "milly boxes" (My Lady Boxes), containing figures of the Virgin and Child.

Strictly speaking, because of the origin of the term, the word "carol" should be applied to lyrics written to dance measures. But in popular acceptance, the word is applied to songs written for the Christmas festival.

Carols have been sung through the ages, but there has been a special revival of interest in singing them in modern times. Scholars and publishers have made it possible for us to obtain carols from many lands, and carols of the past and present. The study of this material is fascinating, especially from the standpoint of the folk contributions of the different nations. One feels that the carols are one of those influences that help to make the whole world kin, and we love to contemplate their universality as expressed in the poem by Phillips Brooks:

Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine, Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine, Christmas where snowpeaks stand solemn and white, Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright; Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight.

#### THE TOWER LIGHT

Below is a list of carols from various countries. It includes only those we have used here at the Normal School within the last seven years. All of these are beautiful, and we give you the list with publishers, in the hope that it may prove useful to you. When you know all these, you will still be able to find many more.

| ENGLISH                                 |                          |
|---|--------------------------|
| The Boar's Head Carol (Twice 55-Green)  | Birchard                 |
| Good King Wenceslas (Twice 55-Green);   |                          |
| (Gray Book of Favorite Songs)           | Hall & McCreary          |
| The First Nowell (Twice 55 Plus)        | Birchard                 |
| The Great God of Heaven                 | E. C. Schirmer           |
| The Wassail Song (Christmas Caroling    |                          |
| Song); (Twice 55—Green)                 |                          |
| God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen           | G. Schirmer              |
| The Twelve Days of Christmas (Twice 55  |                          |
| Plus)                                   |                          |
| I Saw Three Ships                       |                          |
| What Child Is This? (Greensleeves)      | G. Schirmer              |
| WELSH                                   |                          |
| Deck the Hall (Twice 55 Plus)           | Birchard                 |
| RENCH                                   |                          |
| A Joyful Christmas Song—Harmonized      |                          |
| by Gevaert                              | G. Schirmer              |
| March of the Kings                      | Birchard                 |
| Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella       | E. C. Schirmer; Birchard |
| Sleep, Holy Child—Harmonized by Gevaert | Birchard                 |
| Now Is Born the Child Divine            |                          |
| Masters in This Hall—Arranged by Holst  | E. G. Schirmer           |
| Bethlehem-Arranged by Gounod            | H. W. Gray               |
| Boots and Saddles—Arranged by Saboly    |                          |
| ICILIAN                                 |                          |
| O Sanctissima                           | Carl Fischer             |
| (Christmas Song)                        | Foresman III             |
| GERMAN                                  |                          |
| Silent Night, Holy Night-Grüber         |                          |
| (Twice 55 Plus)                         | Birchard                 |

S

G

#### THE TOWER LIGHT

| O Tannenbaum (O Faithful Pine) Carl Fischer; Dann VI   |
|--|
| From Heaven I Was Sent to Earth—Luther Carl Fischer  |
| Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming—Arranged by Praetorius  |
| While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks—  Melody by Praetorius G. Schirmer  |
| AUSTRIAN   |
| Shepherds' Christmas Song  |
| POLISH   |
| Lullaby, Jesus Dear G. Schirmer  |
| HUNGARIAN  |
| The Christ of the Snow—Arranged by Gaul  |
| BOHEMIAN   |
| Let Our Gladness Know No End—Fifty Christmas Carols of All NationsWillis   |
| RUSSIAN  |
| Carol of the Russian Children—Arranged by Gaul   |
| In addition, here are hymns and songs which have not so much of folk flavor. Some of these are of the community type; some are mor difficult. You will not go wrong in entrusting the recreating of Christ mas to these. |
| O Come All Ye Faithful (Twice 55 Plus) Birchard Words from an old Latin hymn— Tune by Reading  |
| Hark the Herald Angels Sing—Mendelssohn (Twice 55 Plus)Birchard  |
| It Came Upon the Midnight Clear—Willis (Gray Book of Favorite Songs)Hall & McCreary  |
| O Little Town of Bethlehem—Redner  |
| (Gray Book of Favorite Songs) Hall & McCreary  |

| We Three Kings of Orient Are—Hopkins    | TT 11 0 14 0          |
|---|-----------------------|
| (Gray Book of Favorite Songs)           | . Hall & McCreary     |
| A Day of Joyful Singing—Jackson         |                       |
| (Twice 55 Plus)                         | . Birchard            |
| Christmas—Schulz                        | . Congdon             |
| Joy to the World-Handel (Twice 55-      |                       |
| Green)                                  | . Birchard            |
| Cantique de Noel (O Holy Night)-Adam    |                       |
| (Twice 55 Plus)                         | . Birchard            |
| Hail Ye Tyme of Holie-dayes—Branscombe. | . Schmidt             |
| Adore and Be Still—Gounod               | . Presser             |
| Gesu Bambino—Yon                        | . J. Fischer          |
| The Virgin at the Manger—Perilhou       | . Ditson              |
| March of the Wise Men-Gaul              | . Church Music Review |
|   | EMMA WEYFORTH.        |



### Christmas Giving and Christmas Living

What is the underlying spirit of Christmas living? I think everyone knows that the sharing spirit, the giving spirit, is the true Christmas spirit.

The climax of the whole year of living falls on Christmas Day. An atmosphere of kindliness prevails. It seems strange that only on Christmas Day do we fully think of others and find in them worthy qualities hitherto unsuspected. A hush lies over the roar of the cities. The very air seems sweeter. New vision clarifies the turbulent spirits which have been troubled all through the year with worry and strife. On this day everyone ceases to think of only his own happiness and has a thought for the happiness of his neighbor.

"In a story of the Gesta Romanorum the wisdom of Christmas is written above the dead: 'What I kept I lost; what I spent I had; what I gave I have.'"

ELISE SHUE.

# Christmas Gardens

Many of us when we have planned flower gardens have worked with the thoughts of only the beauties of summer. In winter, the gardens are barren and unsightly.

In winter the most beautiful gardens are found in the deep woods. They are made up of evergreens, mistletoe and red berries. Nature has woven these into a beautiful lace work in the forest.

"We should plan for winter effects as the Japanese do. They plant a pine tree or graceful branch that will cross a stone lantern so that when the snow falls they will have a beautiful picture, or they place some bush that bears berries where the low winter sun will touch them, or set a shrub with colored branches where it will make a fine, lacy tracery against a dark evergreen tree." There are many ways to get cheerful color and life in winter gardens.

Red-dogwood, cardinal willow, golden ozier trees blended in our garden with their beautiful red, orange and yellow bark will fill the garden with life.

At Christmas many of us buy artificial wreaths and decorations. How much more in the spirit of Christmas we would live if in our gardens were planted pines, juniper, cedars, large-leaved evergreens, rhodoendrons and laurels. These give us many shades of greens.

Holly is a plant which should be in the garden. Many years ago before Christmas Eve a bit was taken into the house to keep away witches and evil spirits. If it was not taken out again before Candlemas Eve it meant misfortune. The Celts planted holly in their gardens to cover the elves and fairies. In England we find holly being grown as a hedge.

Fortunately we need not confine ourselves to just the plants mentioned above, but instead, we have the Winter berry with its green leaves and black berries clinging in a thick cluster like a jet ornament. The Guelder rose adds to our picturesque scene, leaves of brown, purple and dull red among which cling many berries of yellow and scarlet. The garden would not be complete without the Wayfaring tree displaying its berries rich in dark blue color. Bittersweet wins a place in the garden because its chief beauty is its crimson berries.

After these plants and trees have been planted we find the ground looks very bare so we turn to the Kninikinic, a creeping evergreen

which will trail its scarlet berries in a thick mat over the garden floor. This creeper is also useful in two other ways; the Indians smoke the leaves and the bears have very enjoyable meals from the berries. The creeping snowberry with its white snowflake berries may be planted with the Kninikinic making a very beautiful contrast.

Along the walks or paths by the sides of houses or even along fences may be planted the Toyon. This bush burns with a harmless fire, still keeping the world aflame.

This kind of garden will add to the beauty of Christmas and the birds attracted by it will add to the Joyousness.

Adeline Magaha, Senior "33."

Reference—The Craftsman, December, 1914.



### Books Suitable for Christmas Gifts

"Under Twenty," by May Lamberton Becker, a collection of stories of girls (Harcourt); "Mary's Neck," by Booth Tarkington, a story of a summer at a Maine resort (Doubleday); "Benefits Received," by Alice Grant Rosman, a story of a girl of the present in London (Minton, Balch); "Call Home the Heart," a narrative of the mountaineers by Olive Tilford Dargan, who writes under the pseudonym of Fielding Burke (Longmans, Green); "The Way of a Dog," by Albert Payson Terhune (Harper); "Best American Mystery Stories of the Year," edited by Carolyn Wells (Day); "And Now Goodbye," by James Hilton, who writes of English clerical life (Morrow); "State Fair," by Phil Stong, who vividly portrays the Iowa state fair at Des Moines (Literary Guild); "Miss Pinkerton," by Mary Roberts Rinehart, in her usual thrilling style (Farrar).

Three new books added to the library during the past year give additional material on Christmas traditions:

Auld, William Muir: "Christmas Traditions," published by Macmillan; Crippen, T. G.: "Christmas and Christmas Lore," Dodge; Lewis, D. B. W.: "A Christmas Book," an anthology for moderns, Dutton.

MARY L. OSBORN.

# "Aucassin and Nicolete"

HIS CANTE-FABLE, or fable in song, of "Aucassin and Nicolete," is very old. No one knows its author or its origin. It is thought that it was sung by some joggleor or minstrel, who wandered from castle to castle singing his stories. It may have been sung at Christmas time for the entertainment of the ladies of the court. It was translated into English by Andrew Lang in 1887.

The minstrel tells his story by singing parts of it and by speaking other parts: "So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale."

Count Garia de Biaucaire's only son, Aucassin, will neither be dubbed knight, nor follow tourneys, nor take arms unless he be given Nicolete, "his sweet lady." As a child, Nicolete was bought for a slave. Count Biaucaire wished Aucassin to marry some lady of high birth, but Aucassin wanted only Nicolete. "Faith, my father, tell me where is the place so high in all the world, that Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, would not grace it well?"

Nicolete is locked in a chamber; Aucassin grieves greatly. He is cast into a dungeon so that he will forget Nicolete. She makes a cord and escapes, wandering until she comes to Aucassin in his prison, "making lament for the sweet lady he loved so well."

Nicolete leaves him and goes to the forest for refuge. When she has disappeared, Aucassin is released from the dungeon and to restore his joy is feasted by his father; but Aucassin remains disconsolate. He goes to the forest, and learns from the tale of Shepherds that Nicolete has passed. He finds the lodge that she wove of boughs, flowers, and leaves, and in alighting from his horse, "He dreamed so much on Nicolete, his right sweet lady, that he slipped on a stone, and drove his shoulder out of place." Nicolete soon joins him, and ministers to him, "and he was all healed." The next morning they leave the forest together.

"From the forest they doth fare, Holds his love before him there, Kissing cheek, and chin, and eyes, But she spake in sober wise, Aucassin, true love and fair, To what land do we repair?"

They reach the sea and board a ship, which is driven by storms to a strange country, where they find shelter with a King of the land

of Torelore. Aucassin is happy, "for that he had with him Nicolete, his sweet love, whom he loved so well." But a troop of Saracens besiege the castle and carry off all as prisoners. Aucassin is cast into one ship, and Nicolete in another. The ship that Aucassin is on is wrecked on his native shores, and he becomes ruler over his father's land. The ship that Nicolete is on, sailed to Carthage, where she recognizes her old home and finds that she has been captured by her father, the King of Carthage. To avoid being forced to marry the King of Paynim, Nicolete disguises herself as a harper and goes to seek Aucassin.

"Then Aucassin wedded her, Made her Lady of Biaucaire. Many years abode they there, Many years in shade or sun, In great gladness and delight. Ne'er hath Aucassin regret Nor his lady Nicolete. Now my story all is done, Said and sung!"

Reviewed by RUTH CAPLES.



### Night

The night was beautiful; only the wind and the sounds of nocturnal forest creatures broke the deep silence. A new moon shed its beams o'er the sleeping valley where the weird shadows danced fantastically. At intervals the rolling clouds covered the moon, leaving the almost bare trees to whisper in STYGIAN darkness, and at these times the silence seemed to deepen. Far away the mournful howl of a wolf rose faint but clear on the crisp air, swelling, swelling; then sadly growing softer until all once more was still. A sighing breeze rustled the few remaining leaves on the trees and swayed the knotted boughs slowly to and fro. Night reigned, queen of this dark, mysterious beauty.

RUTH KEIR, Freshman V.



# Evergreens for Christmas

THY DO EVERGREENS play such an important part in our festivities at Christmas? The use of Christmas trees has been traced back to the Romans. From them it spread to Germany, and then to Great Britain. The custom is almost universal in the United States where the customs of so many nationalities meet and gradually blend into a common usage.

It seems fitting that we should have pines and firs as representative of trees for Christmas, or Christ's trees. When other trees have dropped their leaves, and gone to rest for the winter, the evergreens continue with their bit of color. They maintain through the long winter the beauty of the green foliage which all the other trees supply so abundantly during the summer. They seem to keep up the faith and give the promise of the return of beauty in the spring. Isn't this the same thing that is done for us by the One whose birth we celebrate at Christmas? He remains unchanging throughout the year.

During the rest of the year, the evergreens go by unnoticed and unappreciated. During the summer they are somewhat hidden by the foliage of the other trees of the forest. But—when the beauty of these other trees is not available at Christmas, we depend upon the evergreens to brighten and bring joy to our homes.

So it is with Christ! When we are successful and happy, and have other ways of supplying our wants and needs, we are apt to forget Christ. But—when we seek joy, and the things which mortals cannot give, we look to Him.

Thus it is at Christmas each year that the evergreens bring joy to the world, just the same as the renewal of the birth of Christ each Christmas spreads an atmosphere of happiness.—E. T., *Junior IX*.

## "On de Way"

I got the queeres feelin' Sort o' ticklin' down mah spine, It makes me feel lak dancin' An it makes mah eyes to shine, Thar's Chrismus in the offin, Jus' as sho' as I stan' here, Cause I allus gets this feelin' At this special time o' year. Ole Santy Claus aire comin' With his reindeer an' his pack— I ain't got apprehensions, 'Cause he never skip our shack, He brings me 'lasses candy An 'at stuff what's good to eat Mah tummy hankers fo' them things, Ise holler to mah feet! Den Chrismus Eve I peer de sky An' hunt dat famous team, De specticl across de moon Am like a georgeous dream, Den jus' autside mah cabin I can hear de Car'lers sing Gee, I'se jus a Pickaninny But-

I'se happy as a king!

A. L. S., Junior VII.



### Just a Peep at Santa

The jingle of bells broke up my sleep;
I rushed to the window just to peep.
And there was Santa, jolly and dear,
His sack overflowing with Christmas cheer.
He called to his reindeer who pranced in the snow;
I jumped back in bed lest Santa might know
That I was there just to peep;
I pulled up the covers and went back to sleep.

A. WILHELM, Junior IV.

#### Stars

Stars—What are they? Did some immortal giant hand hurl silver to the world? Did some hindering force of gravity keep them from falling this far? Is that the distant silver thing we mortals call a star? Are they God's candles with which He lights the heavens? Are they friendly, guiding points of light in the blackness of the night? Or, are they icy, cold, silver, lovely, mocking our man-made light? In all the world, man's crude attempt at beauty and light are subordinate to the star. Man may be born, may die, may rise to the heights, may sink in the mire, but try as I may I can find nothing comparable to the star.

AUDREY WILHELM, Junior IV.

### Adventures in Verse

HELEN STAPLETON

THE FOLLOWING poems were an outgrowth of a study of verse Note the music of The Willow. You feel the swaying branches, the pause as the wind dies, the flutter of leaves in the last two lines of each stanza. The author of The Thunder King was surprised to find that the music, and much of the imagery of her poem, was that of Shelley's Cloud. Unconsciously, moved by the spirit of her subject, she had an inspiration very similar to that of the great poet, and expressed her ideas with a vigor and swing that seem like an echo of the classic. My Dream has the bold incisive rhythm that calls to mind a sturdy adventure-loving youngster whose only regret is that she is "a girl." The fine contrasts in Fear's Shadow are made swiftly and clearly in a neat verse pattern that ties the last line to the first by the repetition of the rhyme. This fine little poem with rhyme and rhythm form an interesting comparison with Black and Silver; love and fear contrasted in the former, joy and sadness in the latter, woven into a free verse pattern that carries its emotion with poignancy and intensity. The authoress of Music uses free verse also as the most suitable medium for the expression of the rapture she feels in dedicating her soul to music. Another form of expression would have robbed the poem of that burst of spontaneity which is its charm. These poems are particularly interesting in the union of form and thought. To thoroughly enjoy them, read them aloud twice-first for the thought, then for the thought plus the verse forms. Perhaps as you study their composition you will have an inspiration to "go and do likewise."

#### The Willow

Oh, you tree, weeping here by the wayside, Tell me why you are sad and forlorn, Tell me why you are drooping your branches And why by this grief you are torn,

Weeping Willow! You beautiful willow!

'Tis a story that's almost forgotten,
Of the days when old Cathay was young,
When I grew in the garden of sunlight
In the valley whose praises were sung
On the lute,
Now long mute.

For the hordes, sweeping in from the westward Took the beauty of China along
To bring cheer to their desolate country,
To leave China bereft of her song,
And thus was I torn from my homeland,
Forced to grow where I do not belong.
Here I stand, ever weeping and brooding
O'er my plight and the terrible wrong
Done to Cathay,
To beautiful Cathay!

Thus the willow had answered my query,
And the breeze through its branches still blew,
Wafting onward the story of China—
The story so old, yet so new,
Ah, the willow.

Ah, the willow, The beautiful willow!

MARY LOUISE LUTMAN, Freshman II.

### The Thunder King

"I come, I come," roared the Thunder King; "Make room for my bride and me,"
And wide through the forest the echo rang,
And bounded over the sea.

"We come, we come, a royal pair, In fiery splendor dressed, We pierce the sky with our golden darts, As we sit on the storm cloud's breast.

"Proud man in fear shall bow his head, His lofty head bow low, As we sweep along on our tempest wing, Destroying as we go."

"I come," he roared, and the tempest raved, And the lightning wove a golden wreath, To brighten the pitchy sky.

The heavens wept a shower of tears, And the sun withdrew in woe, The mountains reeled, and the oceans heaved, And the forest trees bowed low.

MARIAN PESARO, Freshman II.

#### Black and Silver

Black and silver, Soft black velvet studded with bright silver Night blankets me with her cloak of deep black velvet.

Through her cloak flash stars—bright silver,
Thoughts—yet black—
Lighted intermittently by vivid flashes of bright silver—happiness,
Lulled to sleep by soft, deep black,
Awakened by flash of silver.
Forever—black and silver.

LOUISE E. WENK, Freshman II.

### My Dream

I'd like to be an aviator, Sailing through the blue. I'd like to be a sailor, To his country staunch and true. I'd like to go adventuring In Egypt or Siam, Or even be an engineer, And know that then I am The means of linking countries By cable or by span, That leads to distant jungles To reclaim the savage man. I'd like to be a diver, To seek gold and precious pearl, But alas, I fear I cannot, I am, forsooth, a girl.

MARGARET KELLEMEN.

#### Fear's Shadow

Fear came, and I, a trembling child, so small Shrank, cowering against the blackening wall.

Love came, and with her blinding pure white light—
Put all my coward tremblings to flight,
For fear was but a shadow after all.

HELEN S. ROGERS, Freshman VI.

#### Music

Ah, to be in love!

Ah, to be in love with Music!

To be in love with all the musicians that ever lived!

To review in my mind the ecstasies that must have been theirs to have written such exotic music!

To feel the pulsations of their hearts,

As they loved and wrote their emotions in Music!

To love a melody—a myth!

Bah, on loving a man-a mere mortal!

For me—to love immortal music, the language of the soul.

Bah, on materialistic men and their animal-like habits!

Give me Music to embrace-

So gentle, so genuine!

No false love in loving Music.

Let me reach Heaven through Music.

Let me fly in white clouds with the wind to sing to me.

Let me chase the rain on with the last raindrops keeping time.

Let me touch Heaven in the deep feeling of a song!

Or to come to earth

To live to the Music of the trees, and brooks, and the beat of my heart.

Let me sing the song of my soul.

Let me love Music!

Rose Himmelfarb, Freshman II.

Childhood has its own rhythms. It sees beauty and expresses beauty with a clear force and charm in its word pictures. Emerson had been sketching on the campus. He painted his picture on paper, then he painted it with words in this description:

I saw a little tree.
I saw a big tree—
A big tree with yellow leaves.
I saw the dormitory and the willows, peeping—
Peeping over the wall.
I saw a tall white tower and a black roof;
I saw the sun lying on the black roof.
I saw the trees—straight, tall trees,
Standing beside the tower.

EMERSON, Grade II.

# A Study of Transportation for Third Grade

By LYDA HUTSON

Since young children are interested in things that move; street cars, automobiles, trains, boats, and airplanes, Miss Cox, the student teacher, set about creating an atmosphere which would help to satisfy this interest. Vacation pictures were placed within easy view of the children and they were encouraged to talk freely of how they spent the summer, where they went and how. Some traveled on trains, some on boats, some in automobiles, buses, street cars. Those who hadn't journeyed themselves had relatives who had ridden on ocean liners, in airplanes, and even on a camel in Egypt.

The next day many pictures were posted around three sides of the room; automobiles and trains at the front, boats at one side, airplanes at the back. The children examined the pictures, spontaneously responding to what interested them. From this grew interest in the ways we travel—boys and girls were asked to compare their ways of traveling with those pictured, and to find out if there were still other ways.

The following morning, slides were shown of walking, horseback riding, pack animals, the camel, the donkey, the elephant, the dog sledge, the two-wheeled cart, the four-wheeled cart, and the carriage. That night one boy and his mother sat up late cutting out pictures from magazines, selecting photographs and snapshots from their album, and mounting them on two sheets. This boy was very proud to bring

them to us and we hung them up for reference.

At this point the children noticed the difference between the pictures they had examined and the slides, and the question arose, "How did these ways of going about develop?" We summarized the ways we had seen on the slides, and found out their uses. We added the Indian travel (The Iron Horse Page), the stage coach (Best Stories Page), the covered wagon (The Story of Transportation, pages 11 to 14), and the need for roads. Children made reports of "the wheel" (How the World Rides, pages 9 to 11). The next question was, "Do other people travel in the same way?" Information was found about traveling in hot and cold countries, the use of the camel, the elephant, the dog sledge, also about riding in Japan, China, and India. Here the children decided to make a movie of their own, showing these ways of travel.

The class became so interested and brought in so many books from home and from the Pratt Library about trains that we discussed this topic next. An assignment was given to find out who James Watt was, and what he did for his country. Information about James Watt and the discovery of steam was brought in by several children. Much interest was shown in steam and how it pushes engines. Steam was discussed and the next assignment was to find out as much as possible about the first train and how it ran. One child brought "Engine's Story," another, material from "The Fair of the Iron Horse" and told about the Tom Thumb engine. Another showed the picture and told how coaches were drawn by horses but ran on tracks. A mimeographed sheet taken from "My Progress Book in English," page 30, about the first engine and the race with the gray mare stimulated much interest. "The Story of Transportation," "Best Stories," page 115, and "How the World Rides," pages 30, 36, 38 were used for reports and discussion was carried on about early trains from the standpoint of safety, sanitation, comfort, and speed.

At this stage the class became conscious of how different our trains are today and expressed a desire to go to a railroad station and learn more about them. Letters were written to the principal and to the parents for permission to go. Arrangements were made with the Passenger Train Master, Mr. T. L. Grady, and a trip was taken through the Pennsylvania Station. The children had the time of their lives and will never forget Mr. Stocksdale who piloted them about and so patiently and kindly explained to them all about the bulletin board, Travelers' Aid, Bureau of Information, baggage, tickets, mail, train supplies, and the trains themselves. The Third Graders went through a train, examining lighting, signals, drinking facilities, sanitary arrangements, and provisions for comfort. The porter made up berths and even put several of the children into the upper berth in the pullman, letting them experience the thrill of lying on the pillow and peeping over the edge.

This trip was enjoyed and letters were written to Mr. Stocksdale thanking him for his kindness, and that of the porter who made up the berth. Several girls then wanted to build a station, putting in the things that most interested them. Discussion of what they had seen was lively; the make up of a modern train, engine, tender, coaches, baggage cars, mail cars, diners, sleepers, observation cars. Then comparison with early trains was made. The story of George Pullman was told and a pamphlet of the history of the pullman with pictures was put on the library table for reference. Different kinds of trains were next talked about, freight, cattle, refrigerator, mail, all pullman; then trains in other countries; England and Ireland. References and reports were given by the children. One thing the children did not find out when they visited the station was how the train gets water along the way, so one child reported on this from "The Ways We Travel," page 88.

(To be continued)

### "Over the Top"

The boys were crouched in the trenches awaiting the signal for battle. A group of soldiers were busily making last-minute piles of ammunition. Between the lines stood the two generals holding the last council of war. As they returned to their posts silence fell over the battle field. A shrill whistle sounded. Thick and furious came the first charge. It was snowballs.

Note—This was written to give children an idea of one type of adventure story. It has a surprise ending. Children may use any type they care to; this is merely an illustration. The ultimate aim is to have the children write stories of their own after learning through study the elements comprising a good story.

VIVIAN CORD, Junior IV.

#### Life

I win success, and puff with pride; My head I hold on high. But then I lose when the bank goes up And my friends (?) all pass me by.

I meet a girl and fall in love; I sing in boundless glee. But then the girl says "So long, pal," And I say, "Woe is me."

And so it goes along the way; We only play a part . . . . Ah, Life, you are so sweet to live, But still you wring my heart.

I. SERMON EISE.

# The Tower Light

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

### How About YOU?

o you know yourself? We should be absolutely on the square with ourselves and not drift along on a rosy cloud of self-delusion. We are far from perfect; we should "take stock" of ourselves once in a while. Ask yourself these questions and rate yourself accordingly.

Am I honest? Do I lie? Can I say "yes" without quibbling when "taken to task" about something of which I am guilty? Can I "be a sport" and smile when I lose? Do I waste my time? Am I prompt and dependable? Am I considerate of others? Am I, then, justifying the expense of an education? Am I taking proper care of myself? Are my personal habits in general organized? Am I egotistical?

Do I have reason to be so? Do I sponge on others? Am I really popular and well-liked? Do people respect me as they should?

How do you stand with yourself after impartially answering these questions? Do your good traits outweigh your bad ones? Do you see room for improvement? Do you have the courage to look yourself in the face and say, "I lie, and I must stop it?" You cannot improve yourself or correct a habit unless you know exactly what you have to overcome, and where you must begin to overcome it. I do not want to know your answers—no one need ever know your answers—but YOU should know, and try to change for the better. I tried this idea myself and I live a much happier, freer, and more worthwhile life than before. I should never have written this article, but several of my friends, and even a few casual acquaintances noticed the improvement, and I thought it worth while to pass on to you.

A STUDENT.

### It Is Said

THERE IS NO formula for character education . . . . The major objective in education is character building."—Mrs. Norton, noted authority on character education.

"We have a group of persons that have been brought up in an idolatrous attitude concerning the Constitution."—Lena C. Van Bibber, instructor of History at M.S.N.S., on the constitution of the U.S.

"What I like particularly about Maryland State Normal School is the spirit of fellowship and good will that makes one feel perfectly at home in a good working organization."—Miriam Harper, Council Chairman of Freshman Class.

"The general student should have a course which has mediæval history in it . . . . For the layman mediæval history is for culture."—Dr. Sidney Painter, Professor of History, J.H.U., on place of mediæval history in education.

"People are voting against things rather than for them."—Dr. E. Winslow of Goucher College on Presidential Campaign.

"We ought not to run the school without your ideas."—Dr. Lida Lee Tall, Principal M.S.N.S., on Student Council.

"If there is a place where there should be a selection of teachers

it should be in the Normal School."—Miss Jones, Instructor of Reading, M.S.N.S., speaking to Junior 3, 5, and 6.

"To miss the joy of literature is to miss all."—Miss Steele, Principal M.S.N.S. Elementary School.

"The major objective in a Parent-Teacher Association is parent-education."—Mrs. Coppage, President State-Wide Parent-Teachers Association.

### Assemblies

THERE HAVE already been a number of excellent assemblies provided for the student audiences this year, some of the more outstanding of which should be noted in THE TOWER LIGHT.

On October 24th, our Miss Osborne delighted her hearers with a discussion of "The Rise of the Common Man in Literature." She contrasted the themes of former days with those used by the modern writers, showing how the "forgotten man" is now remembered, at least in story, where realism is the keynote. She predicted that a turn would come, and that romance would, once again, find its own in literature.

On October 25th, Miss Louise Schroeder presented her annual recital. She was accompanied by Miss Spielman, who plays charmingly. Miss Schroeder favored us with a variety of selections, among the most delightful of which was a simple Quaker song, and a song entitled "When Grandma Was a Young Girl." Miss Spielman played two numbers on the piano.

On October 27th, Miss McComas gave her second lecture of the year. Her topic was "Early Christian Painting and Sculpture." In explaining the symbolism of the art of the early Christian period, Miss McComas showed the influence that this period has exerted on our present painting and sculpture.

On October 28th, Mr. Daniel Reed spoke on the American Theater Movement. He appealed to the audience, who, as teachers, would often find themselves in the position of leaders in their communities, to join in the movement to support plays that deal with ideas rather than merely with emotions.

On October 31st, the school heard again from a member of the faculty, Mr. Walther, who gave his views on the World Crisis. He analyzed the present economic situation, showing the deep-rooted nature

of the trouble and its tangled interactions. He showed how great overproduction, great under-consumption had combined with other factors to produce a world-wide demoralization of markets and trade—an international anarchy, with each man striking out blindly for himself. He pointed out how this crisis has grown out of the World War.

On November 7th, as a fitting introduction to National Education Week, Mrs. Coppage, the president of the Maryland State Parent-Teachers Association, was our speaker. She related briefly the history of the Parent-Teacher movement, giving praise to its founder, Mr. Theodore Birney. She enunciated the main objectives of the P.-T.A. as health, education for parents and children, and the emphasis in schools of spiritual and health training.

On November 8th, Junior II contributed its share to Education Week by presenting a study of commonly misspelled words. The members of the section showed the basic reasons for emphasizing spelling, and gave a demonstration of spelling teaching.

On November 10th, Miss Steele, principal of the Campus Elementary School, spoke on "Some Phases of Literature." The theme of this charming presentation was that literature should be taught as an artist paints a picture, so that pure enjoyment will be the result.

On November 11th, Armistice Day was celebrated. The program began with the singing of "America" and "Wake All Ye Nations." These songs combine the themes of national patriotism and international amity. Following this, Miss Tall spoke of the significance of Armistice Day, reminding the students that, when the silent two minutes should be observed, they call to mind the World War and its results.

As the student body stood at attention, saluting the flag, the eleven o'clock bell sounded and everyone stood at attention for the period of silent recollection. The profound hush was finally broken as Miss Tall introduced Miss Emma Gunther of Teachers College, who spoke from a wide acquaintance with international affairs.

Miss Gunther took as her especial theme the Great Movement for Disarmament, and the 1932 Geneva Conference on that subject. She described the meetings, the personalities that stood out, the presentation of petitions signed by millions of people from all over the world, and finally, the spirit with which the convention closed. She emphasized the need voiced by President Mary Wooley of Holyoke that what the world most needs is "Mind Disarmament," and for this she made her appeal.

On November 14th, Dr. Naomi Riches of Goucher gave us some of the "highlights" in the development of new political parties.

On November 15th, we were delightfully entertained by Mr. Ken-

ney, cashier of the Baltimore County Bank, of which our school bank is a branch. Mr. Kenney's varied program included a dramatic rendition of Kipling's ballad, "Gunga Din," the "Toreador Song" from Carmen, and several simple ballads.

Music assemblies are enlivened these days by performances of our own students. We hope Miss Weyforth will plan these surprises for us frequently.

#### Two Minutes

Let there be one shining ring of peace
Around the world, O God.

Let man work, be strong and glad in his good strength.

Let music, art and learning be the forces of competition,
Good sportsmanship prevail.

Let children's laughter pierce the depths of space

And shake the tottering God of War from his false throne.

Let there be light from us that "they" might venture on, They whose lives are bits of dust whirled in a mad dance In a sudden shaft of sun.

Let curving roads be full of beauty,
Treading feet be loud with peace,
Let mothers smile again when curly-headed lads
Press little noses flat on window panes
To watch the silent snow smother the barren ground.

Let youth be free to face its own turmoil—
To find itself—
And in its clumsy, idealistic way, O God—
Let youth be free to serve the world.

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.



# A Cathedral at Noonday

The tall and graceful pillars, brownish gray,
Of antique stone, weather-beaten yet unscarr'd,
Before the lofty door as if on guard,
Sustained their burden in the noblest way.
The spire against the sky of bright midday
Soar'd high toward heaven, as earth's lust to discard.
A view of sublime boldness, all unmarr'd,
Held by its strength all worldliness at bay.

I entered in, moved reverently. All here Was much imbued with holy, sacred awe. The very light through darkened windows crept Softly. The organ's peal was low and clear. The holiness of all I felt and saw So gripped my sinful heart, I knelt and wept.

SOPHIA LEUTNER, JR. 2.



### Seen and Heard

If we were to revert to using the titles of fiction, we might truthfully label a certain significant event as—"The Return of the Native."

Upon our return to School the world about us appeared to be in a rather turbulent state. Consequently, our impressions were not in any way sustained, they came in snatches. We are not yet aware whether or not the impression was of a humorous nature or otherwise. But, after hearing so much of the so-called self-sacrifice of the Gentlemen of the Press, ye editor offers:

We wonder (we believe that is to be a conventional beginning) whether ye editor's humor (???) has in any way been blunted by the ordeal (student teaching to you). Well, here goes (again and finally):

Salient features attract attention: Have you noticed . . . . two outstanding members of the Freshman Class . . . naturally we mean girls . . . . both of these brilliant satellites were seen rooting for the basketball team . . . perhaps these two were more interested in a certain male, but we can't see where that is any of our business . . . . it has come to our attention that certain names are quite often connected very unconsciously . . . of course there is a basis for this connection . . . merely station yourself at the door near the main entrance and watch the couples drift in . . . . we hear that a certain young lady has a rival for the man (???) in question . . . . we never could see the young gentleman anyhow, but, as we have said before, that, again, is none of our business.

The well-known miracle has happened . . . . we know of at least one person who is extremely pleased over this happening . . . inquisitive? . . . . a girl has been elected president of the Freshman Class . . . . which means a girl has been elected President of the Class of 1935 . . . . never fear . . . . only a temporary office . . . . but then

considering . . . . maybe she can make a better job of it than some of the previous presidents who have been of the Stronger Sex . . .

At last, our world about us subsides into a state of comparative calm . . . . the Mummers League will have a great deal of work to do in order to convince us that it is living up to the standards set by preceding classes. We refer to "Poor Maddalena," "The Trysting Place," "The Valiant," and other productions by this body. At tryouts recently we witnessed the casting of "Broken Candlesticks." Despite the plea of Ben Kremen that he was trying out for the part of the candlesticks he was forced to read the part of the convict. After the first reading we were able to acknowledge freely that Mr. Kremen was talented.

We are particularly indebted to a certain young lady in the Junior Class and also to two other young ladies in the Freshman Class for the very valuable assistance offered to a rather lost person in the way of news.

Imagine our embarrassment . . . . we made a date four weeks in advance . . . . thinking that the affair was but one week off . . . . we hope the young lady in question did not get an overrated idea of her popularity.

"You can believe it or not, but before I came to this school, I never heard of him in my life."

Imagine our surprise . . . . we returned and received our second issue of The Tower Light . . . . in reviewing the sports we found that the Normal soccer team had turned in a winning number of games.

We believe that the male constituent of the Freshman Class impresses us as being the least inspiring of any group we have ever seen, excluding our own group.

We nominate as the Normal School "Trysting Place" the main entrance to the building.

(And again we eavesdrop.) "I took home a Science book and found it full of Psychology."

An inquiry has come to our attention: Who is the boy taking the post-graduate course?

As a result of a season of men's sports a few casualties. One girl's soccer team netted a broken nose.

We wonder what business could possibly bring the president of the Class of '32 out to the dormitories every Saturday night.

#### Glee Club

PPER-CLASSMEN always look forward to Freshman Mother's Week-End to discover what musicians the Freshmen have within their group. Those who had the opportunity to be present at the Saturday afternoon and evening concerts were delighted with and proud of the splendid programs the Freshman Glee Club members presented. They sang solos, quartets, choruses; they sang modern songs as well as folk songs from a variety of sources. Compositions from old masters were played. We strongly suspect that the exposure to a Music Orientation Course provided some of the types represented.

In order that Upper-Classmen and Freshmen may have a permanent record of the program, we include it:

## PROGRAM SATURDAY AFTERNOON

#### Homing ..... Del Riego Emily Ross, Miriam Harper, Eugene Rush, William Podlich My Lovely Celia ..... Old English Emily Ross SATURDAY EVENING Czecho-Slovakian Dance Song-Czecho-Slovakian Folk Tune Glee Club Glee Club and All Students That's Why Darkies Were Born . . . . . . . . . . . . Brown and Henderson William Ranft and Glee Club You Are Old, Father William ..... American Minstrel Tune From "Alice in Wonderland" Bernice Shapos, Theodore Woronka, Julian Turk Sweetheart, Be My Sweetheart Vocal Solo-Miriam Harper Scherzo in E Flat.... Piano Solo-Earl Palmer

| Roll Along, Cowboy   |
|--|
| Eugene Rush, Theodore Woronka, Edward MacCubbin,<br>Irvin Samuelson                              |
| Quartet from "Rigoletto"   |
| Edward MacCubbin   |
| Snitzelbank  |
| Isadore Cohen, Herbert Matz, Theodore Woronka, Edward<br>MacCubbin, Irvin Samuelson, Julian Turk |
| When You're Away, Dear   |
| Bernice Shapos and Glee Club   |
|  |

To make the program more effective and enjoyable costumes and dramatizations accompanied "Roll Along, Cowboy," "You Are Old, Father William," and the ever-popular "Snitzelbank," sung in German. The mothers, for whom the program was planned, were quite enthusiastic.

MARGARET ASHLEY, Vice-President.

#### Freshman Mother's Week-End

NOTHER Freshman Mother's Week-End has gone down in Normal's history as a success. On Friday, November 4th, one by one, the mothers registered, until by dinner time we had a host of guests. After dinner everyone participated in an informal sing-song, which broke the ice in forming our new friendships.

On Saturday morning, while our mothers were taken on a sightseeing trip to Loch Raven and Baltimore, we daughters were given a chance to study. Then Saturday afternoon the faculty conferred with our mothers about us. These individual conversations were followed by

a discussion under Dr. Tall's able leadership.

Saturday evening the day students were our guests, too. We dined by candlelight and listened to the orchestra led by Miss Prickett. As a climax for the day a varied and unusual program was presented—a résumé of which will be found following this article.

Sunday the mothers visited the Towson churches and then they

were joined by the fathers for dinner.

Late Sunday afternoon fond daughters bade farewell to their parents, and, though the rain was pouring in torrents, no spirits were dampened, for we all understood each other just a little better for the week-end's experience.

ELEANOR LOOS, Freshman VI.

#### Instrumental Music

THE ORCHESTRA played during the dinner for Freshman Mothers on Saturday evening, November 5th. The program included:

| ~  |  |
|--|--|
| Minuet Karestchenko                            |  |
| Wedding of the Winds                           |  |
| Romance  |  |
| Persian March                                  |  |
| I Would That My Love-Violin Trio               |  |
| Frank Zeichner, Morris Hoffman, Malcolm Davies |  |
| "March"—Carmen                                 |  |
| Black Eyes Horlick and Stone                   |  |

The violin trio included in the program was a repetition from the afternoon program in Richmond Hall social room.

Dorothy Smith of Freshman III has been chosen to play the double bass. Herman Bainder, also of Freshman III, has been selected for the second cello. Barbara Bartlett of Freshman I is learning to play the E Flat mellophone.

## "Strangers"

To is Monday morning. The corridors of Maryland State Normal School are crowded with students, hurrying hither and thither. But above the din of this usual Monday morning bustle and noise, there may be heard a different tonation; a more excited and enthusiastic one. Giggles and hearty laughs vibrate the atmosphere; tongues, wagging up and down, seem to be competing for supremacy; and expressive gestures, used when words fail to convey sufficient force, all attract one's attention. No one need ask the reason—it's very obvious. The Seniors have finished their period of Student Teaching and are back to "Normal." They stand in groups, waiting anxiously for the bell to ring, and their conversation runs something like this: "Gee, I hated to leave those kids!" "I wonder what I'll get." "The last thing the children said was . . . ." "Well, no writing on the board today, thank goodness." "No more lesson plans! Hooray!"

In spite of these various remarks, however, one can easily discern a decided restlessness in each newcomer as the day progresses. Everyone watches the time and every now and then a gentle sigh issues from someone's mouth with the accompanying remark, "My children are having Arithmetic now and Spelling comes next." And so, far, far into the day.

No matter how hard they try, don't let the Seniors pull the wool over your eyes. In spite of hard work, lesson plans, writing on the boards, etc., there is no one who wouldn't rather be out teaching now. But of course they won't admit it! However, let's wait around until the end of the next nine weeks and watch history repeat itself!

MARGARET SPEHNKOUCH, Senior.

#### Junior III Tea Dance

N November 2nd, Junior III held a tea dance in the auditorium to which the Junior class and faculty were invited. The orchestra was made up of Miss Shipe, Messrs. Miller, Ilgenfritz and Baer, and furnished excellent dance music. Misses Hilda Weiner and Grace Lowe were responsible for the very delicious punch which was served. Mr. Seidman, section chairman, was in general charge.

Diversion was furnished by the male chorus (?) which harmonized (?) a few numbers.

I regret to say that in view of the fact that there was no admission charged, the attendance was rather poor. However, I can say that those present had a very enjoyable afternoon.

J. LEONARD HIRSCHHORN, Junior III.

#### Election Night

Election night, the "dorm" corridors were lively with "Rooseveltian" and "Hooverian" disputes. Towel racks and trash baskets, and any detachable furniture, were dressed as donkeys and elephants. Richmond Hall social room echoes still with the impromptu stump speeches of that Tuesday night. Dems. and Reps. joined the line for "eats" after a throat-splitting evening.

#### Men's Meeting

THE REGULAR meeting of the men students was held on Wednesday, November 9th, at 7:30, at Miss Tall's home. After the usual business was dispatched, Miss Tall introduced the speaker of the evening, Reverend Barnett, of Towson.

Reverend Barnett gave us an inspiring talk on ideals with relation to success. He said that success was not tangible, and that it could not be measured in terms of doing, but that anyone who kept an ideal before him and tried to achieve it was successful. After his talk, there was an open discussion.

The men then filed into the kitchen, where refreshments were served. After refreshments, there was an informal entertainment in the living room, managed by Mr. Schwanabeck. Those participating were Messrs. Seidman, Kulacki, Miller and Missel.

The meeting was one of the most delightful and thought-provoking we've had.

J. LEONARD HIRSCHHORN, Junior III.

#### Athletic Birthday Party

(October-November)

Guests at the party in the barracks were divided into teams—Hoodoos and Racoos. The Hoodoos did some hoodooing in the competitive games, for their team was the winning one. Special numbers were tightrope walking (a staff and faculty stunt), a modern version of Romeo and Juliet, and the cheer leading staff members.

#### Thanksgiving Dance

Soft dance music—there is such—and the quiet swish of dancers; the holiday spirit—light hearts dancing above light feet.

This on the night of November 19th at M.S.N.S.

NATALIE RITTER, Junior VI.

#### Safety

Elementary School. During the past month a special effort was made to study the problem more intensively. Investigation committees were appointed to study the dangers in halls, in classrooms, in the parking space, around the new building, and at doors used by children entering and leaving the school. After a week of study the committees brought back to the class the results of their observations. The class then discussed ways of improving the safety situation based upon the needs that seemed obvious after hearing the reports. It seemed evident, at once, that the interest and co-operation of the entire school were essential. An assembly was planned to acquaint others with what had been accomplished and to invite helpful suggestions.

In preparing for the assembly, the sixth grade again worked in small groups under a class chairman. A large map of the Campus was made and used in presenting traffic and playground problems. Frequently sixth grade children illustrated the dangers seen in classroom, cafeteria, and halls by informal action and the other grades suggested remedies. The assembly closed with the request that the sixth grade present their safety plans to the Student Council for adoption by the school. At present the class is busy revising the wording of their suggestions so that they will be simple, clear, and as few in number as possible.

Further safety work will be concerned not only with carrying through the suggestions submitted until safety practices become habitual around school, but with an extension of safety study to the children's homes and the playgrounds near them.

\* \* \* \*

Have you any odd jobs? Just call the kindergarten, and see how quickly they will be done, for we are busy finding work to do, in order to earn money for our milk fund. The first week we earned \$.97; last week \$1.00. We have cleaned the garage for Daddy, raked leaves, picked up scraps of paper in the yard, dried dishes, taken care of baby for Mother, or anything else we could find to do, because we think it is better to earn our money than to ask Mother or Daddy to give it to us. We know just how important our milk fund is, for we have talked about milk, and learned why children need it, and we want every little boy and girl to have it.

# Faculty Notes

Miss Keys and several others attended the Depression Banquet and mass-meeting at the Armory to hear Dr. Baker.

What price transportation in Mr. Minnegan's car from Montebello to Normal?

At the State Teachers' Association, Mr. Harold Moser, of our Campus Faculty, was seen with a "good-looking" feminine companion. Student inquiries led to the fact being brought out that the lady was his wife.

Due to the depression, few of the faculty are planning to "do things" over Thanksgiving. Miss Tall is spending her holiday in North Carolina.

Miss Crabtree addressed the gathering at Vesper Services, November 20th.

The treasures found by the members of the faculty during the summer vacation were exhibited in the showcase recently. The collection contained: interesting old photographs acquired by Miss Keys, Cape May diamonds brought from Canada by Miss Brown, a star-fish, a sand dollar found in Florida by Miss Crabtree, a log cut by beavers brought from Wisconsin by Miss Daniels, and some unique books collected by Miss Neunsinger.

Mrs. Brouwer spoke to the art teachers of the Private Schools of Baltimore on "Art in the Elementary School at the Normal School" on October 25th.

The members of the English faculty gave reviews of their courses at a meeting of the city superintendents, supervisors, and critic teachers on November 11th, at the Normal School.

Miss Neunsinger is entering three of her oil paintings in the Contemporary American Oils Exhibit at the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, D.C.

Miss Medwedeff entertained Miss Tall and a number of the members of the faculty at a very pleasant luncheon on a recent Saturday.

Miss Arthur addressed the last meeting of the Te-Pa-Chi Club of the Campus School. Her subject was an interesting one, the adjustment of the Intermediate Grade child to the curriculum. Miss Dowell motored down to Prince Frederick November 8th in order to vote.

Miss Medwedeff spoke on "First and Last Impressions" at the Vesper Services on Sunday, October 30th.

Mrs. Nelson dislikes above all things to have the door of her electric refrigerator open. We hear that she called herself "Miss Kellicott."

Miss Bader entertained a few members of the faculty at Sunday supper recently. The setting, provided mainly by Orientals, moonlight, and firelight, was very artistic.

Miss Tansil had as week-end guest, at the end of October, Miss Cynthia Frierson, assistant registrar of North Carolina State College at Raleigh.

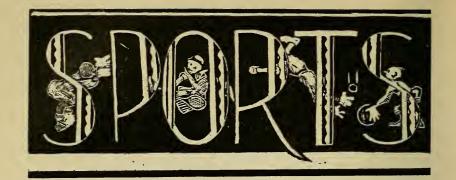
Freshman Mother's Week-End was much enjoyed by all members of the faculty who were able to be present.

The number of faculty members holding season tickets at the New York Philharmonic Orchestra this year appears to be smaller than usual. Among those noticed at the first concert, which was conducted by Toscanini, were Miss Osborne, Miss Prickett, Miss Van Bibber, Miss Daniels, Miss Blood, Miss Bader.

Several faculty members were guests recently at a reception held in the city for the poet, Alfred Noyes. It must have been a pleasure to touch the hand that penned "Come Down to Kew, in Lilac Time, in Lilac Time, in Lilac Time,"

#### Campus Milk Fund

The Campus Elementary School children have established a milk fund to provide milk for needy children. In the cafeteria you will see a milk bottle, labeled "Milk Fund," and into it go, each day, any spare pennies the children have left over from lunch. The plan is carried on under the auspices of the Student Council, through a special committee composed of three sixth grade children. This committee takes charge of all the money collected, counting it, depositing it in the school bank, and writing checks when milk bills are received.



## Sport Slants

By RUTH E. OHEIM, JUNIOR V

M EN STUDENTS, attention! Heretofore swimming privileges were permitted only to the girls. Now's your chance. There is a possibility of swimming electives for the men! All those interested see Bob Norris.

How do you all feel about the freshman-junior-senior soccer game? Seems as if those freshmen have to be watched. If you want the freshmen's opinion, just mention the game to any freshman man student!

This should prove an incentive for hard work. Have you men seen the medal awarded for high points? It's well worth working for—good-looking, too. This award is bronze, and it is a copy of the original prize awarded for the Stewart Cup Trophy! Tom Johnson and George Missel are going to be the proud displayers very soon. And by the way—did you know that at some later date there are going to be just as valuable rewards for best sportsmanship and for the most valuable back? See Coach Minnegan for full details!

Well, the duel came off (?). I'll not give a "play by play" description, but anyone who is interested in the results will please consult

Haggerty or McGonagle for complete details!

Soccer has taken its toll. Among the casualties were little Anne Nusinov, injured in a class game, and Jim Conroy, in the Franklin High School game. We're glad to see you both back.

Basketball is coming into its own! There's a fine schedule, including American University, Catholic University, and Gallaudet. Why not

give us a surprise by all coming to the games?

We hear that due to the outcome of the freshman-junior-senior soccer game, our eminent senior, Joe Haggerty, was so aroused to ire that he rashly challenged the "McGonagle" to another duel! This time the battle was fast and furious, but this time "Tiger" Joe emerged victorious!

#### Corner Kicks

By George Missel

Towson High was one of the two teams to defeat Normal, the other being Western Maryland—when they played at Normal. But did you hear what happened at Western Maryland? Normal School won by a score of 2-0. Strange as it may seem, the Western Maryland team was beaten in the same manner that they defeated Normal. At Normal, Western Maryland registered two penalties—but a field goal was scored by Normal—at Western Maryland, Normal registered two penalties and Western Maryland registered an enlarged 0.

Benbow and Rankin have been a great help to the team, especially in the last few games. These booters had never played soccer until this year and it is plain to see that, with the help of Coach Minnegan, they have made a great deal of progress. I can't seem to forget that Western Maryland game. That was Joe Haggerty's last game for Normal and did he play a whale of a game! In fact Joe was one of the main cogs in all of the games. He always gave his best for the sake of the team. Well, so long, Joe, and good luck—contrary to that song we all know, we will "Talk About You When You're Gone."

It might be of interest to some of you to know that Normal has had only five penalties called against her while seven shut-outs have been rung up in her favor. No team has been able to hold the "White and Gold" boys scoreless. In showing how Normal outscored her foes she scored 46 goals against 10 for the opponents for the entire season.

## Double Hockey Triumph for Freshmen

N FRIDAY, November 11th, the Junior A and B teams played the Freshman teams in hockey—the former being overpowered by the under-classmen in a score of 2 to 0 which served for both the A and B team games. The games were good contests, hard fought by all teams, but ending lopsided for the Juniors, due to the superior ability of the Freshmen.

Both games were played in 15-minute halves, the B teams playing first. Due to the promptness of starting the Juniors entered the field minus five players; both fullbacks, right halfback, right inside and right wing. The Freshmen took advantage of this, making a goal almost

immediately after the start of the game. Three more players entered the field for the Juniors—leaving the vacancies of right wing and right halfback. But six players or nine players,—the Frosh knew their game and they used good passwork and made another goal. At the end of the first half the score was 2 to 0. The goals were made by Osbourne and Leonard. During the second half, the Juniors managed to enlist another player and forged ahead with just the absence of the right halfback. The play was more evenly matched during this half, for, despite the better formation and passwork of the Freshmen, they were unable to get a goal. The game soon drew to a close with the final score the same as that of the first half.

The "A" teams took their positions on the field. Once more the Freshmen showed they meant business for they rapidly advanced down the field endangering the Junior goal area. Four attempts for goals were made by the Freshmen, only to be stopped by the fine playing of E. Gibson, Junior goalkeeper. Clabaugh managed to sink the shot that favored the Freshmen with a score of 1 to 0 at the end of the half. During the entire first half the Frosh had been the attacking team. As the second half started the Juniors showed their fighting spirit, trying to make a goal, only to meet another good part of the Freshman team, the defense. The Freshmen took the ball away from the Juniors, advanced down the field, and by some smart passing allowed Schwartz to make a goal. This goal fixed the closing score, which also was 2 to 0. During the entire game the Freshmen were fast and showed good teamwork. Particularly outstanding was the playing of Fairfax Brooks, who ably held her position at center half and managed to back her teammates so they didn't let anything be put over on them.

Congratulations, Freshmen, you have shown the Juniors you can play—and perhaps this turn of the score has helped by presenting a greater challenge for us when we meet you in other interclass games.

SELMA TYSER, Junior XI.

## The Freshman-Junior Soccer Game

Junior-Senior team in a soccer game by the score of 3-2. It was a nip and tuck battle all the way and each team showed a fine brand of soccer.

The Juniors scored first when George Missel shot a penalty. It was a hard, clean shot that Wheeler had little chance of stopping.

The Frosh tallied next on what I shall call a "fluke" goal. Cole kicked from the center of the field; Haggerty missed the ball in an attempt to kick it; and as the ball was rolling towards the goal, Dugan came out to stop it; it bounded away from him and rolled into the goal.

Cole scored again for the Frosh by means of a penalty kick.

The score was again tied when Smith pushed one through the goal during some fast action in Freshman territory.

With but a minute to go the Frosh advanced the ball deep into Junior territory. A tear shot for the goal, but Dugan stopped it, and as he attempted to clear the ball, it was knocked from his hands and was kicked through the goal by George Rankin. This gave the "Freshmen" their slim margin of victory.

HERBERT MATZ, Freshman III.

## Fencing Team Developing

In Response to the call for candidates for the fencing team, a very satisfactory group of prospective fencers reported. The material on hand has shown much promise, forecasting very keen competition in tryouts for the team. Already matches have been arranged with Baltimore University, City College, Y.M.C.A. and Y.M.H.A. The following have reported for practices: Jacob Epstein, Herman Bainder, Charles Edel, Edward Turner, Harvey Nichols, and Theodore Woronka. An opportunity to join the squad is still available, and additional members are welcome. For information see Woronka or Epstein of Freshman III.

WORONKA, Freshman III.

# Alumni News

## Cecil County Unit Meets

THE CECIL COUNTY UNIT of the Alumni Association held its annual meeting at "The Hermitage," the Bratton home, in Elkton, on Saturday afternoon, October 29th.

After a short business session, there was a general discussion of the share Cecil County has had in the establishment and maintenance of the Maryland State Normal School. Maryland's two governors from Cecil County have each been active in the life of the institution: the building at Lafayette and Carrollton Avenues was erected during the administration of Governor James B. Groome, whose name is carved at the main entrance, and Governor Austin L. Crothers was actively concerned in the plans for the Towson group of buildings.

Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough told us of the happenings at the school since our last meeting. She mentioned especially the deaths of Miss Ricker and of Congressman J. Charles Linthicum; both devoted friends of the faculty and members of the State Alumni Association.

A proposal that the local unit contribute toward a memorial for Mr. Linthicum, should one be suggested, was discussed by the members.

The death during the year of a member of the Cecil Unit, Mrs. Ruth Reed Haddock, was greatly deplored.

Former president of the State Alumni Association, Harry L. Caples, expressed his pleasure in attending the Cecil meetings and urged that the Alumni of the school keep in closer touch with their Alma Mater.

President Purdum told of his gratification at being asked to the unit meeting and the pleasure of becoming acquainted with the local members.

A resolution was adopted that the Cecil Unit purchase two subscriptions to THE TOWER LIGHT, the copies to be passed among the active members.

A friend, Miss Elizabeth Biddle, of Elkton, added much to the pro-

gram by a number of beautiful songs. Refreshments were served and a social hour followed.

The meeting adjourned till the last Saturday of October, 1933.

#### OFFICERS FOR 1933

President, Mary H. Field, Elkton Vice-President, Ethel Taylor, Aiken Secretary and Treasurer, Katherine M. Bratton, Elkton

## Cruising Through Muskoka

THE EVERCHANGING beauty of water, sky, and tiny islands. Each minute unfolds a new and more enchanting vista than before. With sea gulls screaming overhead we steamed slowly along, winding in and out among the many islands of the far-famed Muskoka Lakes. This island on the right raises its bare rocky head steeply from the dark brown waters. That wooded island on the other side has some lucky Canadian's summer home tucked away amidst its trees. Here an American flag flies over the lovely summer home of a fellow-countryman or over a large hotel where all American guests are welcome. Now we are winding in between two islands so close to the shore that one might pull branches from the overhanging trees. Here another novel sight greets our eyes. Painted in large white letters on a huge stone is the legend, "The Wages of Sin is Death." Not once but many times we noticed similar warnings from the Scripture painted on the great bare rocks. Many of the island homes have their names and owners' names painted on the rocks along the shore. Never were we alone on the water during the whole one-hundred-mile cruise, for the watercraft of the summer people kept skimming by. The lakes are the highways, and travel is by boat almost entirely. In many cases the boathouses are more beautiful and palatial than the homes. It is easy to close one's eyes, and people these wooded shores and hidden bays with the nearly forgotten Indian and his birch canoe. It is pleasant though to think they still hold sway through the glory of the name Muskoka. Our little steamer ploughs its way slowly towards the pier as the sun is gently sinking below the trees and water. I stand by the after-rail with only the gulls for company and gaze back over the water and revel in the beauty which may never be my lot to see again but which I shall never cease to enjoy. Truly Muskoka is God's great masterpiece.

FRANCES HALL, '31.

#### News From a Loyal Alumnae of 1909

3728 85th Street, Jackson Heights, N.Y.

My DEAR MISS TROYER:

Thank you for your courtesy in satisfying my curiosity about Miss Orcutt's connection with Normal. It was because in her eulogy of Miss Cornell in The Tower Light last winter she expressed so perfectly what I feel on the same subject that I felt we had a common bond between us; and because I loved Normal and had such a good time the four years I was there, I was interested to know what association she had with my old "Alma Mamma," as the Kingfish would say.

Yes (to answer your query), I was a member of the Class of '09, and its president for the last three years we were in school. Those were the happiest four years of my life,—that is, I'd better say they were the "jolliest,"—for my late years have been the happiest,—though in a very quiet, haven-of-rest sort of way. So many of the faculty of that time have gone, it is rather sad to visit the present school,—although our class had a lot of fun at our reunion in 1929. Miss Scarborough is the only one there to remind us of our days.

An article for THE TOWER LIGHT? Well, let me see if I can think of any of my interests which could prove of interest to your readers! I have only two consuming passions and hobbies and I fear they would prove of little interest to your subscribers. One is my adored small daughter, Eutha the 3rd, who has not yet passed her seventh birthday. My second hobby is the theatre. Three generations of a branch of my family have been on the stage. Through a cousin and two other close friends who are actresses, I have met many players, and of course that adds to the enjoyment of every play I see. I have been fortunate enough to average two plays a week in the fourteen years I've lived in New York, so you may get an idea of the many stage people I have met. Many of them have become famous in late years-Katherine Cornell, Helen Hayes, Elsie Janis, Helen Gahagan, Jean Dixon, Mary Boland, Winifrid Lenihan, Sylvia Field, Miriam Hopkins, Genevieve Tobin, Sydney Shields, Madge Kennedy, Linda Watkins, and Una Merkel. Many of these were unknowns in small parts when I met them, and as I had much time on my hands in those early days up here, I would write each of them a little note of encouragement (imagine) when I saw them open in new plays. The result is, I have many notes now, bearing names, which, with the present mania for autographs, might some day prove a valuable collection. But of course the real value of them to me is my interest in and knowledge of the very human and attractive personalities. Miss Orcutt's article about Miss Cornell has gone into my scrap album. Her collection and Miss Hayes', whom I knew much more intimately than I did Miss C., are by far the largest of the lot.

Oh, yes, there is one more institution I've been able to enjoy up here in which I've been quite wrapped up at times, and that is the League for Political Education which sponsors lectures on every subject, but mainly Current Events and International Relations which are of chief interest to me. The very best lecturers of many lands are brought to their platform in Town Hall. Season tickets bring the price down to only a few cents a lecture although the initial price is fairly large because the lectures are so numerous,—six a week for six months.

The idea of a memorial to be built by the Alumni strikes me as fine; and just as soon as the outlook in our personal little corner of the depression (statistical and economic research work) is a little more certain, my contribution can be depended upon.

With very best wishes for the school, its publication and to the workers in both, I remain

Most cordially,

EUTHA DOWNS RICHTER.

October 31, 1932.

## Tribute to Mary Downs

RIENDS throughout the State of Maryland are mourning the loss of Miss Mary Downs, former Supervising Teacher of Anne Arundel County. Her friendly spirit, her enthusiastic interest, and her generous thoughtfulness made all who knew her love her.

She was graduated from the State Normal School at Towson in 1925, and that same year began her teaching career in Anne Arundel County at the Linthicum Heights School. Her teaching ability was so pronounced that she was asked to do practice teaching for the Normal School during her second year's experience. After several years at this, she became supervising teacher in the county. Her sudden death limited her service in this capacity to two years.

In all of her endeavors, her energy was untiring. While teaching and supervising, she never failed to continue studying at Johns Hopkins during the winter session, and every summer found her in Summer School. She never missed an opportunity to grow in the work. She had gained the fellowship and good will of all her teachers. She challenged them to efficient service, and everywhere they echo now, "She never failed us." Music was her special interest, and her work in this subject always bespoke her cheerful disposition.

My personal relations with her and her family have been very, very pleasant, and as a professional associate, she was most stimulating. For a long time, this true friend will be greatly missed.

RUTH PARKER EASON.

## Up in the Stratosphere

PROFESSOR AUGISTE PICCARD, world famous Swiss-Belgian physicist, meteorologist, and stratosphere conqueror, has done something no other living man can boast of and well deserves the plaudits of the whole world. He has twice penetrated the stratosphere, that frigid and mysterious region, ten miles above the earth where there is no weather, where the temperature is always about 70 degrees Fahrenheit below zero and where the air is so thin that no human being could live on the small amount of oxygen in the air. In the stratosphere the air is not only greatly rarified, but it is filled, in part, with lighter and strange gases. And believe it or not, there is no rain or fog or clouds up there to obscure the sun or other heavenly bodies which shine brightly in a black sky.

Last year in May, Professor Piccard surprised the world by making the first ascent into the stratosphere and returned safely, after some difficulties, to tell us what he saw and what his instruments recorded. But the Professor wasn't satisfied with his findings so he prepared another balloon and aluminum ball combination with improvements for the second atmosphere flight just successfully completed this past September.

The aluminum ball was fastened to the large balloon by eight cables attached on the outside. The giant ball was painted white inside and out to reflect the sun's rays. On the first trip it was painted black and the scientists nearly roasted because the ball absorbed too much of Old Sol's heat. This time they feared they would freeze because of the intense cold.

In the ball or gondola was a radio (the first radio to broadcast from the stratosphere) with which to keep in touch with Mother Earth and to send out an S.O.S. in case it proved necessary. An adequate food and water supply was taken along and, of course, oxygen bottles containing a supply sufficient to last 36 hours. However, the trip lasted only 12 hours. It took little more than 3 hours to ascend and practically the same to return. Five hours were spent in the stratosphere.

The primary purpose of this second venture into the heavens was not for an altitude record, although Piccard established a new one. It was to recheck on his data on the origin of cosmic rays. His calculations show that these rays increase as altitude is gained which is in keeping with the generally accepted theory of cosmic rays.

With these two successful stratosphere visits to his credit, the daring physicist is already contemplating a third ascent next summer despite his wife's insistence that there be no more stratosphering. At any rate it will not be long before others will go up that high and perhaps higher. It is even predicted that the next war will be fought up there in planes and rockets that travel like bullets. Because of the greatly rarified air 10 miles up scientists are agreed this region offers great possibilities for really rapid transportation.

So you will be hearing more about the stratosphere. Who knows, perhaps some day you may travel through it at from 500 to 1,000 miles an hour yourself.

Adelaide Tober, Junior IV.





## **Tellings**

ARDING AND shelving books may seem, to the uninitiated, a prosaic task yet when one considers the possibilities—it becomes filled with romance. One begins to wonder and philosophize when he finds pages of carefully written notes—the results of midnight oil and toil carefully tucked away between the pages of a Kilpatrick or John Dewey. Why, whence, what mean these labors?

Psycho-analysts tell us that our unconscious wishes control our actions. Possibly this fact explains the number of notices to meet faculty advisers and notices of appointments with the Registrar's Office lying apparently neglected in some weighty volume.

One is a bit surprised to find combs, powder puffs and bobby pins in books he is about to shelve. Yet when looking about the library itself he finds sweaters, umbrellas, bloomers, coats, and shoes; he realizes how intimately our library touches each life. It has been suggested that the library staff might costume in the articles of personal adornment left to their tender mercies and enact a playlet called, "What the Cat Brought In."

Bobby pins and powder puffs naturally bring us to tender messages of love. "Words can't express it." "What did he say about me, if anything?" "He looks real nice, but he never looks this way." "Do you know what he told me last night?" These notes usually find their way to the waste basket, since the librarians believe they will never be needed for notebooks.

We learn that two fundamental and unalterable instincts of life are love and consumption of food. Having briefly noted love we proceed to food. The following items have been found: oranges, apple cores, Hershey bars, candy papers, and one silver butter knife!! We would hardly suggest that the librarians try such a diet for any length of time! The nearest thing to a balanced diet found in a book is reported by one of the librarians who solemnly testifies that she found in a branch library in New York, a crust of bread and a chicken bone.

#### From Student Teachers

Miss M., pointing to the board on which was written an assortment of fractions: Is this a proper or improper fraction?

Obliging pupil: I don't know but I'll go ask Miss Dougherty for you if you want me to.

Miss C.: What kind of meat do we get from the cow?

First Grader: Mince meat.

\* \* \* \*

Ruth, age seven, was chairman of the decorating committee. In telling the class the plans of her committee she said, "We must move all the junk out, and the tables and the chairs. And (glancing around at the filing case)—oh, yes, we must move out the nail file!"

\* \* \* \*

The puppet show had been announced in Miss Giles' room, but one first grader wanting to be sure he had the information straight came up and asked, "What kind of a 'dog show' did you say we were going to have?"

\* \* \* \*

Bobby, age three, was sitting by the fire stroking his cat. Suddenly he seized her by the tail and dragged her away from the fire. When his mother remonstrated he explained, "Well, Mother, I didn't want her to burn up—she was already boiling!"

\* \* \* \*

"Well, Bobby, what do you think of your new teacher?"

"Oh, he's all right, only first he says that two and two make four and then he changes his mind and tells us that three and one make four."—Selected.

YES, THEY USED TO WASH 'EM

One reason why romance lasted longer in the old days was because a bride looked much the same after washing her face.—Portland Evening Express.

Ably summing up the situation in a few words, a Negro store proprietor in Kansas has nailed up the following sign: Kwitting the Credick Business Til I Gets my Outs In.—Boston Herald.

Mrs. C. L. writes: I was hearing my little boy, aged eight, go over his Sunday school lesson, which consisted in part of memorizing the books of the Old Testament. He got along very well until he came to the books named for the prophets—"Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos"—there he stuck. Whereupon his little sister, aged five, who was standing by, undertook to help him. "Andy," she put in.—Boston Transcript.

\* \* \* \*

A very thin fullback was annoyed by the attentions of a small dog during a Rugby match.

At last, when play had moved to the other end, the back turned and shouted to the spectators: Whoever owns this dog might call him off.

A voice responded: Come here, Spot. Them ain't bones, boy-them's legs.

Little Marjorie came to tell her Sunday school teacher that she would have to give up her part in the Christmas exercises.

"Oh, Marjorie!" lamented the teacher, "don't say that. Have you lost your Christmas spirit so soon, my dear?"

"Not my Christmath spirit," she lisped. "It 'th my front teeth."

\* \* \* \*

A man went into a shop to buy a fountain pen. The young saleswoman gave him one to try, and he covered several sheets of paper with the words, "Tempus Fugit."

The saleswoman offered him another pen.

"Perhaps," she said, "you'd like one of these better, Mr. Fugit."

—Reformed Church Messenger.

\* \* \* \*

"Evidently that young man you introduced me to today does not know who I am," said a wealthy man to his wife.

"What makes you think so?"

"If he appreciated the extent of my financial influence, he would laugh at my jokes instead of at my grammar!"

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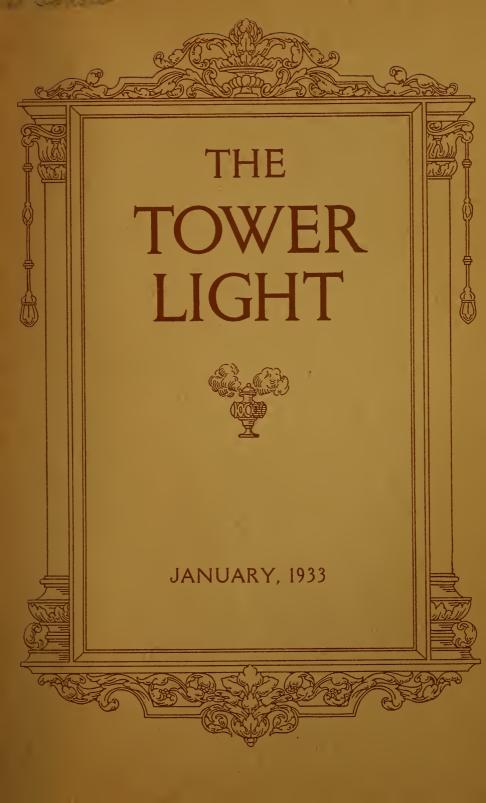
# COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND

















# The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

T O W S O N, M D.

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# The Tower Light

Vol. VI

JANUARY, 1933

No. 4

# Conquered or Conquering

HRISTMAS week was ushered in with snow—white and crisp; wintry blasts; bitter cold; and withal, transcending beauty. The spirit was caught on our campus. It expressed itself in the humming of carols along the corridors; in singing groups, torch lighted, as they walked the roads and hills; in fragrant aroma giving greens—cedar and pine—hung on the walls; the cheerful red of candles and holly berries glinting through the branches.

Beauty has in it an element of sadness. Through the mist of joyous emotions comes a pause as one contemplates the ending of one year, and the beginning of a new year. Each day, each month, each year, looms up as a milestone.

"How shall we face the lap of Life's journey yet to be met?"

"With courage?"

"Yes."

"With eagerness?"

"Oh, yes!"

"With faithfulness?"

"To ideals."

"With ideals?"

"Yes, but question the caliber of the ideals, and once sure, then live with them."

"Shall we exercise the ability to come to grips with one's self?"

"Beyond a doubt."

"But can youth really come to grips with itself?"

"Youth can so easily, if it will. And once it becomes a habit for Youth to do this, growing older will be a delightful process. It is so

difficult for Age to understand what coming to grips with one's self means if Youth has sidestepped issues."

"Then one must be thoughtful?"

"Yes, contemplation upon personal problems with resultant decisions and actions can become a habit. Such is power and personal growth!"

"But must one always be serious?"

"Oh, no, but one must question occasionally what happiness really is."

Ask no more questions. Enough is it that we can think, feel, perform and go forward! A merry Christmastide lies behind, a blessed year before!

LIDA LEE TALL.

### A Prayer

If days to come hold struggles,
Then let my heart be strong;
If they be dark and gloomy
Give my lips a hopeful song.

If days are fraught with dangers,
Then let my soul not crave
An ambush; let me meet them
Trusting; let me be brave.

If there be friends who need me,
Then make me kind and true;
To share with them their burden
As loyal friends should do.

If there be those around me
Who'd lead me from the way,—
Teach me to be more noble,
To walk upright, I pray.

RACHAEL L. SMITH, '31.

# Making Depression Diets More Attractive

T is sad to know that thousands of good Americans are now reduced to the barest essentials of living and that most of them are baffled by the problem of making a little money do its possible best in supplying adequate food. There is a wealth of scientific material and an urgent need to get it reduced to its simplest form and into the hands of the general public. All of the ordinary text books on cooking contain valuable information and should be used in the homes. A list of helps is included at the end of this article.

Dr. H. C. Sherman, nutritionist, of Columbia University, N. Y. City, has issued a pamphlet "Emergency Nutrition" in which he says "The dietary should be built around bread and milk . . . . supplemented by a little of some vegetable or fruit daily . . . . No deaths are ever caused by monotony if the diet provides the necessary nutrients." This is sound advice and should be followed unless other information is available. It provides materials for growth and repair, for heat and the necessary vitamins and minerals to prevent the slow but sure breakdown of nerve, bone and muscle tissues. However, although monotony itself causes no deaths it does lower morale appreciably and in that way adds to the sorrows of depression.

None of us, perhaps, have ever been hungry enough to appreciate a daily regime of 1½ glasses of milk and eight to sixteen slices of bread served three times every day and only supplemented for example by one apple, one serving of kale or four cooked prunes!

Suppose a family consisting of father, mother and three children, ranging in age from four to twelve years, were reduced to this dire necessity. Their daily consumption should approximate:

| a choice of 5 oranges\$ .13 |
|-----------------------------|
| or 5 apples                 |
| or 1 can tomatoes           |
| or 1 lb. prunes             |
| or ¼ pk. kale               |
| or ½ pk. turnips            |
| or 2 lbs. onions            |
| seasonings                  |
|                             |
| Total\$ .91                 |
| Average 1 day               |
|                             |

This represents the bread-milk-one-fruit-or-vegetable safe diet but let us see what might be safely done with the same amount of money and a little study. No growing child should ever be deprived of his one quart of milk per day and especially in such strenuous times, but adults are well nourished on one pint provided other proteins are used. Cereals have much the same nutritive value pound for pound, hence others may be substituted for the bread. Here, then, are two safe means of variation. Taking out one quart of milk daily and seven loaves of the bread we have:

Cut out one quart of milk daily @ 10c....save \$ .70 per week Cut out seven loaves bread daily @ 4c each...save 1.96 per week

Total \$2.66 per week

Total.....\$1.56

### \$2.66 to be thoughtfully invested.

| ,                        |      |                               |     |
|--------------------------|------|-------------------------------|-----|
| For the milk substitute: |      | There still may be purchased: | :   |
| 1 doz. eggs\$            | .30  | 5 additional oranges\$        | .13 |
| 4 lbs. chuck             | .40  | 5 additional apples           | .05 |
| For the seven loaves     |      | 1 additional can tomatoes     | .10 |
| bread substitute:        |      | 1 lb. oleo                    | .12 |
| ½ lb. rolled oats        | .04  | 1 lb. lard                    | .09 |
| 1/2 lb. cream wheat      | .05  | 1 lb. bacon                   | .25 |
| 2 lbs. corn meal         | .08  | 1/2 lb. cocoa                 | .10 |
| 1 lb. rice               | .07  | 3 lbs. sugar                  | .12 |
| 1 lb. macaroni           | .08  | 1 pk. potatoes                | .17 |
| 2 lbs. flour             | .08  | 1 bunch carrots               | .07 |
|                          |      | 3 lbs. cabbage                | .12 |
| Total \$1                | 1.10 | 1/2 lb. cheese                | .10 |
|                          |      | 1 lb. ground beef             | .14 |
|                          |      |                               |     |

### \$2.66-\$1.10=\$1.56.

Prices vary but this represents the approximate results at \$1.00 per day for five persons. Certainly the limitations are removed and greater possibility of combinations provided.

Of the many helps available the following are most useful.

- 1. "Feeding the Family" by Rose, MacMillan Co. 1918. Found in libraries where home economics is taught. Valuable for requirements of individuals.
- 2. "Adequate Diets for Families with Limited Incomes" by Streibling & Birdseye. Cost 5c. U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Govt. Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

- 3. "The Family's Food at Low Cost" (pamphlet). Same authors as above. Free. Office of Information, Dept. Agriculture, Washington, D. C.
- 4. "Emergency Food Relief and Child Health" by Eliot, Hanna & Streibling. Free. Children's Bureau, U. S. Dept. Labor, Washington, D. C.
- 5. "Getting Most for Your Food Money," Bureau of Home Economics. Free. Dept. Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Louesa J. Keys.

# Lights

s we approached the metropolis, the ruddy glare of its lights illuminated the whole sky. Though it was night, it seemed that the whole world was aflame. The glare prevented even the little stars in the heavens from twinkling. We drove on through winding, narrow streets. Always in front of us was that steady glow of light. What made the atmosphere glow like the sun peeping over the horizon in the early morning? We came suddenly upon a flood of light which revealed houses, stores, and theatres, lining the sides of the street, just as though it were brightest midday. Huge signs of dazzling whiteness covered the fronts of the buildings. As far as one could see, the street was ablaze with light from these electrical wonders. There were reds and blues and greens, flashing on and off at regular intervals. A city at night alive, restless! With ceaseless energy its people were rushing to and fro, in and out of its "light-washed" streets. We drove on and on. Beyond the city limits, soft golden lights peered from windows of little cottages. Gleaming lights from stately houses cast shadows upon spacious lawns. Nothing was asleep. The curfew hour for the world tolled no longer. Afar off, nestled among the hills, a tiny farmhouse shed its solitary light to weary travelers. In the heavens, the beautiful Christmas star gave forth its light to all the world; "Peace on earth; good-will to men."

HELEN S. Cox, Senior.

### A Visit to a Parent

England, not merely going there en route to the "Continent" or still worse, just stopping off for one week on the way home. For, after all, England is our own "Mother Country," either through family connections, or, more really still, because since we first began to know anything about history or literature, we have been thereby mentally transported to England. How familiar to all of us are such names as Durham, Cornwall, Oxford, Fleet Street, Westminster Cathedral, the Tower, Windsor Castle, Windermere, Rugby. How like coming home it is to meet, face to face, with a place around which in imagination one has so often roamed.

So when you go in the flesh to England, make your plans to linger and to get acquainted with the gracious countryside, the hedgerows, the narrow roads, the small green patch-work fields, and the tiny thatched-roofed villages. Spend a day losing yourself in the northern moors of Devon. Watch the sea from the wooded cliffs at Lynton, then descend the steep path, past charming flower-covered cottages, and stand beside the banks of the romantic little East Lyn. Time will be no more for those of you who really find in England the *ultima Thule* of your dreams.

Or, in another mood, make Bath headquarters, and in the historic Pump Room see again Beau Nash in brocaded coat, satin small clothes and gay lace ruffles, surrounded by charming be-powdered and be-patched beauties; or be an old Roman and go down into the ancient bath with its beautifully preserved tiled floors and classic statuary. The City of Bath itself will intrigue you with its circling terraced crescents and handsome old-world residence, and its Abbey Church crowded with

monuments of a forgotten day.

In truth, you will not be disturbed by a crowd of tourists in your visit to this once so fashionable resort. The English élite no longer repair thither. "It is too warm," they will tell you. But you, accustomed to really torrid summers, will not mind basking a little in the sun as you stroll through lovely parks and gardens. Perhaps this unusual eighteenth century English town will hold you tightly in its grip, but a day must be found, nay, several days, to explore the neighboring country, for wealth of interest and beauty awaits you.

Take a "circular trip" some balmy day, and see what you will find. You'll travel at first through pleasant rolling country. After a half hour's drive the hills will grow more rugged, and presently you will be startled to find yourself speeding through Cheddar Gorge, a narrow

pass whose perpendicular limestone sides are in places more than four hundred feet high. A mile of this wild rock scenery, whose romantic beauty is probably unsurpassed in all England, will bring you to a considerable village with pretty tables spread in little cottage gardens, and perhaps you will care to order a simple lunch of tea, bread, jam and tasty cheese. Thus refreshed, you will probably wander to the mouth of one of the remarkable stalactite caves nearby, and before you enter, you will gaze pensively at the remains of your venturesome paleolithic ancestor, whose bones were unearthed in this retreat some years ago.

Across the hills next you will go to that lovely little market town, Wells, made famous by one of the most exquisite cathedrals in all the world. Not only will the delicate charm of this structure bewitch you, but its historic significance will hold you, and perhaps you will dismount then and there, as many of your countrymen have done, and get, if you are lucky, lodgings in one of the tiny little cottages in the Vicars' Close. This done, you will send for your bags and ensconce yourself with a sigh, "This is where I could spend the rest of my days!" And you will occupy one of the twenty-one little two-room houses, with cunning little garden in front, all to yourself! But the next morning when you see twenty other bewitched fellow-Americans, you will say to yourself, "These tourists are a nuisance." You will gather up your belongings and take a seat in the next bus to look for spots uncontaminated by Yankee enterprise.

"But I have just started on my 'Knowing the Mother Country' summer," you'll say. "You're not leaving me. I've only just begun." "Ah," your guide replies, "you'll be better off if left to yourself. My advice is to get a map and a stout cane and a knapsack. Or, if you're not a walker, procure a bicycle. But if you want to absorb England, follow these rules: Travel alone. Do not use travel agencies. Go to unheard-of places. Go slowly. Linger. And good luck to you! The rest of your life will be the richer for these experiences."

LENA C. VAN BIBBER.



### A Tour in Scotland

Scotland, a land of flowers and color, thrills the tourist as no other country can. It is a land of romance, of sturdy men and bonnie lassies. Our visit to Scotland was a dream come true—Dr. Abercrombie's and mine. As long as I can remember, I patted the head of Lufra, and wept with Rebecca. So when I entered Glasgow, I rubbed my eyes and wondered, can it really be true? Glasgow is Scotland's wealthiest city, it is like any cosmopolitan city—large, smoky, teeming with industry and people. Its docks are world renowned, for ship building is one of her greatest industries, but things were quiet there; no ships were being built. It took us some time to become familiar with the word "limited" on every shop sign. It means doing business on a limited capital or accountability. The shops were fine, showing high grade woolens and hunting togs, for it was August and every Briton who can, goes to Scotland for grouse shooting, and the season was about to open.

The Cathedral has been many years in building and its atmosphere is chilly even in August. The fine stained glass windows, imported from Munich, need time to mellow them. The necropolis nearby contains the tombs of many famous men. The University is famous. Dr. John R. Abercrombie's granduncle, a graduate from here, was appointed Commissioner of Education from Great Britain to Madras, India. His grandfather, an Army Surgeon of the same university, was sent to Canada to help fight an epidemic of cholera, about the same time. Naturally we were interested. St. George's Square is surrounded by imposing buildings and in the center of the Square on a high column stands an effigy of Scott in bronze. It thrilled us to see this memorial to a man whose name is a magnet that draws thousands of tourists to Scot-

land every year.

We visited Ayr and Dumfries, the birthplace and home of Robert Burns, Scotland's beloved poet, who has more monuments erected to his memory than any man ever had, for wherever Scotsmen locate they erect a monument or a memorial to Burns. When one stops to consider, it is almost impossible to realize that anyone in so short a life could have written so many poems. We were reminded that when ploughing, he ploughed up a nest of mice and wrote the Sonnet—"The best laid plans of mice and men, oft gang aglee." And while sitting behind a lady at church and seeing a louse on her veil, wrote, "Oh, would some power

the giftie gee us, to see ourselves as ithers see us."

We went through the Trossachs by tally-ho. We visited the Scottish Lakes which are different from any other lakes and cannot be com-

pared to them. It would be like comparing an emerald, a ruby and a diamond, for each has its own particular beauty. The Scottish Lakes are magnificently rugged and call to mind Ellen's Isle, and the haunts of Rob Roy. To hear the bagpipes playing in this wild and rugged country is sweet and weird music. We were beginning to think that all the Scottish Cathedrals were ruins, but beautiful and majestic. Melrose Abbey with its rich carvings of cloisters, aisles, windows and doorways revealed that no two designs were alike. The beauty of this place, an architectural triumph, opens a window into the life of the Middle Ages. The master workman traced his monogram here and received for pay "A penny a day, and a bag of meal." Under the high altar the heart of Robert the Bruce is buried. In the church are the tombs of famous men. The Oriel window of Melrose is famous for its beauty.

Two miles above Melrose on the River Tweed is Abbottsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott. It has been called "a romance in stone and lime." It was here that much of his work was done, and his library remains as he left it, a sanctuary. Its roof is patterned after Roslyn Chapel and with its matchless pillars suggests a casket of jewels. Not far from Abbottsford is Dryburg Abbey on the Tweed. Here St. Modan, an Irish Culdee, established a sanctuary in the sixth century. In St. Mary's Chapel at Dryburg, Sir Walter Scott, his wife, his eldest son and his biographer and son-in-law Lochard are buried. Scotland has added another famous son to this sanctuary, Lord Haig, "around his grave the poppies grow." There is a touching story told of Scott's funeral. While his own horses were carrying his remains to their last resting place, the horses stopped at a place where their master had them watered. On this day they stopped the cortege and would not go on until they had been watered.

Stirling, made famous in Scott's Lady of the Lake, is not disappointing. It rises like a great rock from the plains. It impresses one as a natural fortress around which a famous city has grown. It was around this castle that the famous battle of Bannockburn was fought and won by Bruce, which victory turned Scotland to France for her art and culture. And now for the most beautiful of Scottish cities, Edinburgh. It is really two cities, the old and the new. Her beautiful Princes Street, flanked with fine business houses on one side, slopes down on the other to a ravine filled with flowers. Here is a beautiful floral clock keeping accurate time. Not far from the clock is Tait MacKenzie's beautiful memorial; a fine young soldier in action, facing the castle, the gift of Scotsmen in America.

Across the ravine is Edinburgh Castle, rising like a mighty fortress out of the rock. In the castle was a regiment of soldiers in kilts preparing for duty in China. Looking across the ramparts one beholds the

city, spread as on a plain. Nestled down in one corner is a cemetery for pets. It makes one feel as if these friends were loathe to part from their masters. At Edinburgh Castle James the Sixth of Scotland and first of England, the son of Mary, Queen of Scots was born. St. Margaret's Chapel was the gift to good Queen Margaret.

From Edinburgh Castle to Hollywood Castle is one mile, known as the royal mile. It is in Hollywood where the King and Queen of England stay on their annual visit to Scotland. To prove that all Scottish Cathedrals are not ruins one turns to the beautiful St. Giles Cathedral. Here, the Assembly of the United Scottish Church meets. Here, all infants of royalty born in Scotland are baptized and here strong sermons are preached. We worshipped here and I shall always remember the text—"Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in His Holy place." And here Scotland has erected a beautiful bas relief in bronze, a memorial to a beloved son, Robert Louis Stevenson.

Edinburgh is rich in memorials. There are monuments to Burns, Scott, Allan Ramsay, Professor Wilson and others. Its memorial to the sons of Scotland who fell during the late war is the most beautiful of any country. It contains a golden casket, the gift of the King and Queen. In this casket is a scroll on which are written the names of those who fell. This memorial has become a national shrine. Edinburgh is the focus of Scottish history.

Though we hated to leave, we said farewell, but we hope not forever. These sturdy people and their beautiful heather covered country, how we long to see them again!

ANNA S. ABERCROMBIE.

### The Catch Question

If ten volumes of one hundred pages each were placed on a bookshelf, page one of volume one would be next to page one hundred of volume two; here the book worm skips ninety-nine pages of volume one. Page one hundred of volume ten will be next to page one of volume nine; here the book worm skips ninety-nine pages of volume ten. In all the book worm skips one hundred ninety-eight pages. He therefore goes through eight hundred and two pages.

R. DUGAN, Junior VI.

### The Proud Zumkus

ANY, many years ago, thousands and thousands of years ago, in fact, when the earth and the sky were just being formed, there lived a huge animal called the Zumkus. He was just about as big as three great mountains thrown together and his skin was hard as rock and covered with horns.

Besides being enormously huge and horribly ugly, this Zumkus was very, very proud. He was proud because the Great Creator had told him that his business was to scrape and carve out all the valleys with his rough skin and to separate all the waters from the land with his great tail.

At first, the Great Creator highly complimented him on his accomplishments, but this was too much for the Zumkus. He thought to himself, "I am indeed wonderful. I have helped the Great Creator more than any other creature here. I think I deserve to have some fun. No one can object or stop me, for I am the Great Creator's greatest helper. Who would dare to thwart my plans?"

He was a slow-thinking beast, so it took him a long time to devise a plan good enough to suit him. By this time the Great Creator had placed man on the earth where he was living very happily and peacefully. One day, however, the entire human race, terrified by a sudden catastrophe, went to the Great Creator for help. Many of their homes in the sides of the mountains had been swept away and the waters of the sea had risen and flooded many others.

The All Father shook his head in sorrow when he heard the terrible news. "Which one of my faithful workers has betrayed the trust I placed in him?" he wondered. Then he remembered that only the Zumkus had the power to play such havoc on the earth. This made him very sad, for he had loved the Zumkus best of all and had trusted him above all others, but he knew that he must be punished. Immediately he called the Zumkus to him and asked the reason for his serious misbehavior.

"Well," said the Zumkus, "I think I have served you very well, and I just wanted to have a good time. Besides, you'd better be careful how you talk to me or I'll refuse to work for you altogether."

At this the Great Creator was angry. The Zumkus had tried his patience too much. This impertinent speech was the last straw. "Very well," said he, "you need work for me no longer, but, in order to repay man for the distress you have caused him, you and all your descendants must be devoted to him and under the power of his will from this time

forth. You will no longer need your great body or your thick, horny skin, so I will take them. I am only allowing you to exist at all because of the service you have done for me."

With these words the Great Creator disappeared, together with the Zumkus, and in his place could be seen only a small, slimy, miserable, little creature which we today would call a worm. But the Zumkus was thankful for his life.

CAROLYN CHRISFIELD, Junior IV.

### Don' Steal Chickens From Ma' Home!

### Confessa!

Pa'son please, th' reverin' sir,
Ah wish to tell yo', word fo' word,
'Bout ma' sins, ma' confessins make
Of what Ah did an' what Ah taked
Fust of all, Ah cussed massa' Tom
Fo' why he hit ma' good son John,
An' next Ah slaps ma' wife so hard
Fo' why she sold, give 'way de lard.
Ah stole de pigs from sistn' Joan
Ah took two chickens from yo' own home;
Oh please reverin', oh, please sir,
Ah told yo' all, word fo' word.

#### Pa'son

Oh Lord be kind upon dis soul,
Dis nigga' lak as black as coal.
He stole and cussed and slapped so hard
'E even bet and played car's
Oh please de Lord, be merciless
When 'E comes to go to yo' out West,
If Ah 'se be yo', O Lord Ah'se would,
As give dat nigga' as much Ah could;
Ah'd rake dat nigga' from flesh to bone—
Ahdea! Stealin' chickens from ma' home.

## One of Our Joys

OME rooms are designed entirely by people who will never live in them. Others are thrown together by their owners—sometimes achieving the desired—sometimes not. Therefore it is a very rare occurrence to come across a room whose personality fits that of the owner and whose furnishings, secured at various times, unite to form a harmonious whole. Such a room is a livable room.

Over at the Campus Cottage, we have such a room. Bit by bit the furniture has been acquired. The true spirit of an artist—grouped it; a Colonial chair with its corresponding drop leaf table, a Russian brass tea set upon a nest of hand-carved teakwood tables, placed by the open fire, all a part of the whole.

The room is unusual and most interesting. Gathered there are objects from many parts of the world. We found bits of brass from China and Russia; pottery from Italy, Germany, and the Netherlands; tooled leather from Florence; pictures and paintings from Japan and Switzerland.

Perhaps, because Miss Bader lived for four years in China the room reflects most the atmosphere of that country. Rare Chinese rugs in shades of beautiful Peking blue and tan, cover the floor. We were told that this Peking blue is achieved only in Peking. In every rug we found the imperialistic symbol, a conventional dragon with its accompanying spirit ball or lotus flower, and the bat, which stands for peace.

The dragons were not confined to the rugs, however. We found them in the tapestries decorating the tables, in the brasses scattered around the room and on the cushions of the couch.

The blue couch with its blue cushions, the tan and blue rugs and the pongee curtains form the basis of the color scheme of the room. With these colors Miss Bader has introduced the warm tone of mahogany contrasted with bits of bright pottery and Russian and Chinese brass.

The room is a center of varied and world-wide interests. It is a home where stimulating conversation mingles with pleasant reminiscences. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Reported by WILMA SMITH.

EUNICE BURDETTE.

# "Quantity" as Applied to The Tower Light

VERY substance in the known world, either in mass or in ephemeral content, can be measured. It matters not whether the statistics measure the hard rock in the quarry which is hewn by the workman or the wonderful fairy-like snowflake whose delicate beauty shows under the microscope, or whether it is Love of Humanity whose resultant actions are measured. All is measurable and statistics is the tool by which all materials are measured.

Statistics is not a critical tool. It is a purely impartial and impersonal, analytical process. It attempts to give the reading public the actual facts of a moving concern, as shown by a single cross-section of the situation at a single point in time.

THE TOWER LIGHT is a moving concern. Each edition is a part of an evolving, growing concern made by the contributions of the Student Body, Faculty and Alumni of the school.

The problems of this study are; First, What is the contribution made by each of the three classes; Freshman, Junior and Senior? and second, What is the contribution made by each class in relation to its size?

The contributions may be checked in two ways (1) quantity, and (2) quality. Quantity can be checked statistically by a statistician but Quality contains elements of comparison which necessitates the expert judgment and work of the specialist in subject-matter. These two phases; namely, quantity and quality, are inseparable.

Quantity is the point to be discussed. Quantity uses the crude statistical measure of "how much" and next resolves itself into the criteria of "how many lines." So the step-intervals of 0-5-10-15-20-25-30-35-40-45- and so on were used in comparing the contributions of the Freshman, Junior and Senior Classes, to the October, November and December Tower Lights.

The lines contributed in October, November and December were as follows:

|          | Poetry   | Prose     |
|----------|----------|-----------|
| Freshmen | 95 lines | 45 lines  |
| Junior   |          |           |
| Senior   | 30 lines | 345 lines |

or stated differently:

With the singing of this selection gifts were presented at the altar by a courtier, an artist, a wise man, a musician, a knight, an author, the Queen, and finally, the King. As each presented his gift, he knelt before the priest awaiting the ringing of the chimes. Then each, disappointed, moved on to kneel at one side of the altar while the elementary school sang the sweetest of all carols, Franz Gruber's "Silent Night."

Meantime, Little Brother, unheard and by some unseen, had slowly been making his way to the altar on which he placed his small gift of silver. Lo! in the midst of the second stanza the music ceased and from the lofty height of the tower was heard the sweet ringing of the chimes. Felix Mendelssohn's "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" followed the chimes, and last of all came the recessional, "Joy to the World" by George F.

Handel.

Perhaps no one in the audience had ever realized before, the full significance of "Why the Chimes Rang," and now as the last notes of the Recessional faded away, its true meaning had become clear, and the real Christmas spirit, mingled with peace and joy, entered into our hearts.

EDITH BEALL, Junior VIII.

# The Elementary School

HROUGHOUT the elementary school the spirit of Christmas prevailed. Everywhere were Christmas trees, ranging from those just large enough to stand erect in a flowerpot to the largest one of all in the lower corridor which was sponsored by the Student Council, and about which were grouped dolls, drums, skates, toy automobiles, and toy airplanes,-all the things that bring joy to children's hearts.

All the classes brought toys, food, and clothing to give to those less fortunate than they, in order that there might be a little less hunger, a little more warmth, and hence, a little more peace this blessed

The first and second grades industriously plied the paint brush, making old toys new, for the happiness of some other children on Christmas morning. All the grades made gifts for Mother and Father. The fourth grade were particularly happy over the fact that they made their own Christmas cards from block-prints. And a goodly assortment of cards it was!

A busy air of preparation pervaded the school; and as a part of it, mingling with it and rising above it, was heard the ringing of children singing carols, all of which helped to enhance the presentation of "Why the Chimes Rang," the Christmas program.

M. ELLEN LOGAN.

### Glee Club

Since the angels heralded the news of the birth of Christ, music has been the ultimate expression of Christmas joy. All musical organizations have, therefore, a wealth of material from which to choose programs for this sacred festival. Our Glee Club has learned a fine group of carols this year and has had splendid opportunities to present them. We began our season on Friday, December 9th, with a broadcast under the auspices of the Public School Music Hour. On Tuesday, December 13th, we participated in the Govans Community Singing. There is something unusually beautiful in great choruses of people singing. The unity and "oneness of spirit" expressed in such a gathering is a fine evidence of the universal appeal of Christmas music and the event we celebrate. Our Normal School program took place Wednesday morning, December 21st. In this we repeated our radio program with the addition of orchestral selections and songs by the whole school. We include the program:

| March Pontificale                    |
|--------------------------------------|
| Lord, God of Abraham (Elijah)        |
| Orchestra                            |
| O Come, All Ye Faithful              |
| Student Body                         |
| Bible Reading Luke II, 8-20          |
| Gloria Patri Palestrina              |
| Lo! How a Rose E'er Blooming         |
| While Charles Western Their Electer  |
| While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks |
| Glee Club                            |
| The Virgin at the Manger Perilbou    |
| Double Trio                          |
| Lullaby, Jesus Dear                  |
| Glee Club                            |
| Silent Night                         |
| Student Body                         |
| Bible Reading                        |
| The Christ of the Snow               |
| Boots and Saddles                    |
| Glee Club                            |
| O Sanctissima                        |
| Quartet                              |
| Cantique de Noel                     |
| Student Body                         |

### THE TOWER LIGHT

|          | Poetry | Prose |
|----------|--------|-------|
| Freshmen | 30%    | 3%    |
| Junior   | 60%    | 71%   |
| Senior   | 10%    | 26%   |

But the size of the class affects the size of the products. The Freshmen have 230 members; Juniors have 258 members; the Seniors have 32 members. In relation to the size of the class the contributions were as follows:

|          | Poetry | Prose |
|----------|--------|-------|
| Freshmen | . 3%   | . 2%  |
| Junior   |        |       |
| Senior   |        |       |

The Seniors were out teaching nine weeks of the three months. Had they been attending Normal and contributing work regularly, their probable contribution on the basis of their actual contributions would have been as follows:

| Poetry     | Prose |
|------------|-------|
| Freshmen   | 2%    |
| Juniors    | 40%   |
| Seniors30% |       |

This bit of data and its explanation has not presumed to touch the item Quality, which is the most important attribute of Poetry or Prose.

Statisticians say that "whatever exists at all can be measured," but like the question of "intelligence and achievement" the point of separation between "Quality and Quantity" is so negligible that Infinity measures the point of difference between the two. The layman can make gross comparisons of degrees of Quality but only the Student of Poetry and Prose is capable of making fine distinctions in the gradations of feeling as evinced in Poetical and Prose efforts. But the Statistical comparisons of degrees of Quality have been so adequately used by the English Department and their Students in the beautiful compositions of both Poetry and Prose that ample exposition of quality and quantity may be seen in the October, November and December Tower Lights.

Quality and Quantity are inseparable!

ELIZABETH BYERLY.

### **Assemblies**

N Monday, November 28th, Miss Cowan described to us that seemingly dull place—Labrador. Never will it be dull again! Miss Cowan pictured so vividly for us the life and the peculiarly gripping beauty of Labrador, that once again we find "Wider Horizons." "On to Labrador!" assumes with us the position formerly reserved to "Go west, young man, go west."

On November 29th, Miss Faatz of the "Board of State Aid and Charities," explained to us the care of dependent and delinquent children that is being given in Maryland. She stressed the importance of teachers recognizing and understanding pupils' problems, as they develop in our schools. Miss Faatz gave us a much fuller knowledge of the organization of charitable institutions in this state.

On November 30th, Freshmen III presented a very interesting assembly on "Human Heredity." Efficient use was made of charts relating to the subject.

On December 2nd, the Athletic Association presented awards to deserving students. Miss Daniels spoke to us of the necessity for physical education at Normal School.

On December 5th, Dr. Burnett, Director of Physical and Health Education in Baltimore City, took as his theme the need for better understanding and more efficient teachers of physical education. He stressed the fact that as teachers we should, "Know how to play." Dean Hermann, of Sargent University, was present. He pointed out that physical education is a strong factor in the mental, moral, and social health of the individual.

On December 8th, Miss Tall shared with us her recent experiences in her own home county, Dorchester. She recounted impressions of her trip through the marshes. We were glad to hear of excellent work being done by former students of our Alma Mater; theirs seems to be a true missionary spirit.

On December 12th, Miss Bader traced the history, as far as it is known, of some of our Christmas customs, the use of mistletoe and evergreens, the Yule log, caroling, and the Christmas tree. One seems never to tire of hearing the legends concerning the first Christmas tree.

On December 13th, the League of Young Voters did its share to keep us alive to what's going on in the world—a large share. The current events which were so ably discussed included the policies of the President-Elect, the present German political situation, and the condition of the war debt situation.

On December 15th, Miss McComas' topic was "Painting in the Renaissance Period." We enjoy hearing more of the life and works of our favorites—Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michelangelo.

KATHERINE HAUGH, Junior IX.

### Cricket

RICKET! No, it's not an insect! It's a game—like our baseball, only different (apologies to Stoopnagle and Budd). Cricket is the national pastime of the English and is quite interesting to watch—if one can judge by the crowds of 100,000 and more which haggle for tickets and straggle to their seats—"struggle" would probably be a more suitable word in a crowd like that—to see the spectacle.

When you have saved your \$700 for that trip abroad, be sure to attend a cricket match. The following explanation may help you to appreciate the game more fully since then you will know NOTHING about the game and will not have to worry about such silly and unnecessary things as rules. The players, of which there are nine, stand anywhere they wish just so they don't lean up against the grandstand and have a tete-a-tete with their favorite \_\_\_\_\_\_. I sometimes feel that the position of the various players—anywhere to everywhere—tends to explain the derivation of the name of the game. (I wonder why?) There are two batters up at once. Each holds a dangerous looking "barn door" or bludgeon with which he intends to strike the ball. The bowler or pitcher goes through a series of contortions, does the first three steps of the "English Morris Dance" and leaning heavily on his right foot hurls the ball at one of the batters. If he is a very good bowler, the batter will have to do the next three steps of the "Morris Dance" to get out of the way. At times, however, the batter feels indisposed and holds his "barn door" between him and the pitcher. Traveling bodies hurtling through the atmosphere over a certain distance and striking a stationary object, rebound with three-fourths the original force or impetus of the body when thrown—(or something like that). Anyhow, when the ball gets in the way of the bat and ceases its forward motion, it is considered a hit. Regardless of the direction in which the ball travels, it is considered a fair ball and the batters both run on the one hit-conservation of energy, I presume. Look at those men runlike a fat man's race at a drug store clerks' picnic-one, two, three, (Continued on Page 48)

# The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

### **Thankfulness**

"Your bounty is beyond my speaking;

But though my mouth be dumb, my heart shall thank you."

The last month of this old year has witnessed a real crisis in the means of administration in the library. The loss of one part-time helper and practically all paid student help, together with Miss Holt's absence, has placed an acute strain on our resources of time and energy.

The thing that has saved the situation and enabled the library staff to carry on as adequately as they have done, has been the willing voluntary assistance of the students.

We cannot here mention each by name, nor has it been possible

to thank each person at the time services were rendered.

Hence, please let us in this fashion extend hearty thanks for the many helpful kindnesses received, whether for many continued hours of desk work, or for the friendly lift with piles of books and shelving to rest an aching arm and renew a flagging spirit.

MARY L. OSBORN. FURN STITZEL.

MERLE YODER. LENETTA GARRETT.

## Something Lost

To many of us, this Christmas was not as bountiful as in years gone by. We were not able to give many gifts, or attend many parties. We are all poorer this year. We are poorer materially.

Think back to the days when money seemed abundant, when we had many new clothes, plenty to eat, and many, many things that we then considered necessities, but which we find we can do without, now. We had clever labor-saving devices, inventions of every sort that enabled us to think less,—feel less. These things we made our gods—these did we worship. They were gigantic. We worshipped them, and not the force or power or thought that made possible their existence. Call this power or force or thought God, if you will, and our feeling for it, religion. We worshipped in form only, we did not feel. We were in too great a hurry (we did not know why we were hurrying); we had too many new things to excite us, detract us, crush us into spiritual insensibility.

Today, these things cannot seem to help us much. We must go back, back, until we find something we can grasp. We must get away from material things, and find something closer to man himself. People had it long ago. We may still find it in their art, their literature, and especially in their music, if only we slow down a pace to listen, and wonder, and feel. Some call it religion, some call it a yearning for beauty, for love and truth. It is all the same, fundamentally, regardless of creed, or race.

Let this period which we are now painfully entering, be as a halt, in which men search for something they have lost in their forgivable

haste—something quite precious, without which they could go no further. When they find it, finally, may they again move on, up the great road, and with its power, which they may never lose sight of, again, let them conceive more intricate processes, build even greater things to line the road up to the infinite spirit,—which we call God.

M. A. D.

## The Library at Fullerton

Last year the library at Fullerton School was a section of a hallway with shelves constructed on either side. There were about five hundred books, but since no new ones had been purchased for about four years, the ones in the library were somewhat worn. There was a regular librarian—however, and her work consisted only of distributing books three days a week at noon hour.

But now!

Last summer Miss Guyton went to summer school, visited the platoon school, and conceived an idea that Fullerton could have a really good library. With the aid of the teachers and the P.T.A. a plan was worked out. An empty room was "made over" by the aid of several library shelves, tables, and chairs. Posters, friezes, and athletic plaques adorn the walls. The many new books that were bought, plus those old ones—the P.T.A. President is having these rebound—adorn two sides of the room—books suitable for every grade in the school.

But why have the library?

A child may get a book out and keep it for a week. But that isn't half so interesting as Library Hour. Each class has two hours a week in the library. Part of each hour is devoted to recreational reading, and part is used for the study of some author or poet, the study of some magazines, or reading stories aloud. Every child looks forward with great pleasure to library hour.

In the sixth grade, so far, we have studied Joel Chandler Harris, Mark Twain, Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling—not only the stories of their lives, but also some of their characteristic works. One library lesson was devoted entirely to magazines—becoming acquainted with those suitable for children. Later in the period, the children were

given a chance to look through these magazines. We kept them at school for several days, and as soon as the children had finished their work, they took one and started to read. The children asked for the publishers and prices of the magazines, and five or six of them have asked their parents to give them a subscription for Christmas.

The children are not the only ones interested in the Library. Several of the parents have asked to have the Library made a public one, so that parents who are not able to buy so many books, may become acquainted with them themselves.

MARY KECK.

### The Senior—His Nature and His Needs

His is to reveal to the Freshmen that there is a Senior Class functioning at the Normal School. Perhaps you have noticed recently a specimen or two shuffling about the halls. Senior men (all four of them), are distinguished by hoary locks, wizened countenances, and eyes kind and wise, though dimmed through years of experience. The women, with step perhaps not so light and sure as in years gone by, still possess some of the girlish charm and naïvete so characteristic of their generation.

I say perhaps you may have noticed them, but more likely in your youthful exuberance and hasty eagerness you have swept by them. But such has always been the way of Youth with Learned Age.

Once, long ago, the Senior, too, was blithe, and had his little games and pranks. He, too, cavorted about the campus, singing "Mary, Hark I Am Calling You," or "Like A Thousand, Thousand Soldiers." He, too, glibly chattered about neurones, The Problem Child, genes, and tone quality. Time has wrought its changes; he speaks, his words falling like pearls of wisdom, but no one listens to him . . . Alas!

The nature of the Senior is complex. He has been analyzed, psychoanalyzed, tested, charted, evaluated and measured so completely, that he is beginning to realize just what kind of a person J. Senior is. (This is not always a cheering revelation.)

He is seen to converse with faculty members without appearing

nervous, for he no longer considers himself a student, but a teacher of experience, and therefore akin to them.

His once childish delight in ice-cream sandwiches and "Milky Ways" has ebbed. Black coffee, rolls and salad (of Junior days), have lost their glamour. Today the Senior brings a few modest sandwiches in a paper bag, and buys something hot and nourishing, such as cocoa or soup, to fill out the noontime menu.

The Senior no longer casts honeyed glances at the Campus School children, gurgling, "Aren't they adorable" (cute, darling, sweet, precious).

The literary tastes of the Senior have developed to lofty peaks. He often overlooks his own class notices on his own bulletin board, but there isn't a word he misses of that which is posted under "Faculty Notices."

Seniors have been seen to walk straight into the main office without first circling about the bulletin boards for courage, or quivering. But have you noticed the studied nonchalance, the timid step, the furtive look of those hovering about the door, above which the sign "Directors of Practice" awes the very atmosphere.

To be really serious—the Senior class is composed of thirty-two members; twenty-four City students, and eight County students, who voluntarily chose to remain one extra year at Normal School, to share the benefits of the additional courses, and six more weeks of student-teaching. The Seniors feel terribly old, and a little lonely. As they were out student-teaching the first nine weeks, they didn't have a chance to become acquainted with the Freshmen, or to "get into the swing" of a new school year. They had difficulty in adjusting themselves when they returned to school. Sitting in a classroom as a student was very quiet and uninteresting, after teaching a group of healthy young animals, for nine weeks. Besides, the school functioned very well without them, and it seemed that no one cared particularly whether they returned or not.

Maybe you can understand why the Seniors feel lonely, and a wee bit envious of you newcomers. Can you forgive them their air of worldly wisdom? (You see, they have had two terms of student-teaching, and are therefore seasoned teachers, knowing all there is to know.) They want to know and like the Freshmen, and with them be a part of the school again, and not a lonely, independent group, apart.

M. A. Douglas.

# A Study of Transportation for Third Grade (Continued)

By LYDA HUTSON

Walbrook School No. 63. October 21, 1932.

Dear Mr. Stocksdale:

I thank you for your kindness. I learned many things about trains and hope we can come again. I thank you for taking us around and showing us the trains. I liked the pullman car, the sleeping car, the diner, the baggage car, but I liked the combination car the best.

Your little friend,

FRANK TILLEN.

Walbrook School No. 63. October 21, 1932.

Dear Mr. Stocksdale:

We are studying about trains of today. Our class thanks you for listening to our questions. I wish we could come again. I thank you for showing us how to make the bed and for showing us the emergency chain. I would like to sleep on the upper berth again.

Your little friend,

MARY BROWN.

We were now ready to study boats or airplanes. Since the class had formerly expressed a desire to visit a boat and an airplane, they again wrote letters to the principal and their parents telling of their wish, the need to go in a bus, and asking for the necessary twenty-three cents. A trip over the Chatham of the Merchants and Miners Transportation Company was next enjoyed, then a wonderful jaunt around Logan's Field. Letters of thanks were written to the Merchants and Miners Transportation Company and to Mr. Merriot at Logan's Field. Pictures, boats, airplanes, and books were brought in by the children. They freely talked about the modern liner, what made it go, how it was steered, how the captain knew where the boat was, the use of the compass, and how he knew where to steer in a fog, and what boats carry. They came to some conclusions about comfort, sanitation, speed, and safety.

We listed the children's questions on the board and set about finding the information. "Were boats always like those we have to-day?" This brought out study of the first steamboat and Robert Fulton, in comparison with the modern steamer. Many differences were found. The question, "How did early people ride on the water?" led us to the development of water transportation; the log, the dugout, the raft, the canoe, the sailboat. "Are all boats alike?" brought a story from "All Sorts of Good Stories" by E. V. Sloan, page 181, telling about tugboats, sailboats, barges, and ferry boats. "The Story of the Ship" and "The Picture Book of Ships" gave various types and elicited much interest. Thus it was shown not only that boats are different in construction, but also why.

Continuing boats of other days, picture stories were told of the Roman galley, the Viking ship, the Santa Maria, and the Mayflower. One boy brought his beautiful model of the Santa Maria and gave a good talk on Columbus and the ships of his day. The children said, "We still use sailboats," so schooners, fishing fleets, oyster boats, and pleasure boats were discussed. Next, we answered the question, "What kind of boats do other people use?" We learned that the nature of the country determines the travel. "On the Canals" in Holland, "In a gondola in Venice" (Italy), the Chinese junk and the Japanese sampan

illustrate this.

From "ships at sea" interest was transferred to "ships of the air." The different kinds of ships seen at Logan's Field were recalled; the low-winged and high-winged monoplane, the biplane, the passenger plane (Ludington Line), the navy tri-motor, mail plane, etc. The signals used at the field, the devices for safety both there and in the plane were a source of much interest to the children. One boy on whom the officer in the U. S. Naval plane had tried a parachute, showing him how to open it and explaining its use, gave a very good account of his experience. Other types of planes not seen were discussed. Pictures were used. Reports were made on sea planes, the glider balloon, and dirigible. Stories of famous aviators were of paramount interest centering in Lindbergh.

The Geography-History topics then gave place to discussion of the movie pictures and what should be said about each one when shown as a "talkie." The children wrote stories which were tried out and the best selected and revised. Letters of invitation were then written to the Principal, Vice-Principal, and to the two third grades to come and enjoy the movie and the exhibit. These invitations were accepted and the children had the deep satisfaction of seeing the results of their hard

work and study give pleasure to others.

(To be continued)

### The Modern Highwayman

The wind was a satisfied prisoner, subdued upon the heights, The moon was a welcome companion, full for this starry night, The road was a lone wide pathway, winding its way through space, And young Romeo came driving—driving—driving Young Romeo came driving up to the cottage place.

He was in a yellow sport roadster, shining, new and bright, He strode gallantly up the sidewalk, keeping his date for the night, He knocked a knock on the cottage door, and who should receive him there,

But Betty, the banker's daughter, The banker's black-haired daughter, The banker's only daughter, and she was sweet and fair.

What an ideal night for riding, to explore the countryside, Out in the open country, where it was free to ride, But the father came to the doorway and both had heard him say,

Return to me by midnight, Be back here at midnight,

If you don't arrive at midnight, I'll be here to bar the way.

At three the yellow sport roadster came back to the cottage door, Was it twelve or one o'clock, of neither were they sure, Quietly strolled they up the sidewalk, the night had quickly fled Speeding over the highway,

Racing over the highway,
And now at the end of their journey, he paused and shyly said—

"Another moment darling, one kiss before we part, And I'll be back tomorrow, or else would break my heart, Yet if I am too busy and cannot speed away Then look for me the next day,

Watch for me the next day, I'll come to you the next day, if cops don't bar the way."

He was just about to kiss her, he scarce had reached her lips, When a voice was heard behind him, and a gun pointed at his hips, Betty's father stood there beside them, his gun was in his hand, His face was pale with anger,

Ghostly pale with anger, Wildly he stared at Romeo, ordered him leave the land. Down the steps jumped Romeo, dashed to his roadster straight, Hoping and praying he'd get there, before it was too late, And as he drove off in the distance

Betty feared he'd say,

Don't watch for me the next day, ne'er watch for me the next day, I'll not return the next day, if your dad bars the way.

And in the merry future, when airships fill the sky, When roadsters are old-fashioned, and people go flying by, You will still hear the story, how Romeo came to see Betty, the banker's daughter,

The banker's black-haired daughter, Who was supposed to return at midnight, and did not come 'til three.

(Patterned from "The Highwayman," by Alfred Noves.)

MARY BUCHER, Freshman V.

## **Duck Hunting**

The cool, somewhat windy, fall season means only one thing to the duck hunter—recreation. The sky becomes filled with flocks of ducks flying aimlessly about. The hunter in his customary attire can be seen hiding, awaiting the opportune moment to strike. The deceitful decoys, which mean death to the duck but game to the hunter, are moving about on the water. Soon some ducks alight on the water. Suddenly a shot rings out, then another. Some of the ducks begin to rise. More shots ring out. This time perhaps more of the ducks are unfortunate and fall back to the water from which they have just risen. This goes on until the hunter is well satisfied with the game he has bagged. He leaves. The ducks watch his disappearing form with a feeling of satisfaction too.

L. RACHANOW, Senior.

# "The First Day"

(Note: "Subject's inner thoughts exposed.")
Author: Not E. O'Neill

Dead quiet, the awful hush that comes only once.—A sudden doublequick staccato breaks the dread silence, barely perceptible to the assembled congregation. It sounds the hour of judgment to one who is gravely facing an almost certain end—Bear with me, friends, 'tis the ever present kneeknocking that accompanies sister sufferers on the first day of student teaching.

"Ahem, ahem—Now boys and girls we're going to learn a nice, new, little song this morning to sing at our forthcoming Party (oh ye saints and sinners, I'm sure this is the wrong approach—oh dear, too late now. Did I hear that red headed angel in the fourth row snicker?) Now listen while I sing it through for you. Oh, the name of the song? Er, er, 'The Little Green House in the Valley'—Yes, written about the Rockies. (Heavens, that doesn't sound right! Well, I've got to start! Shades of night, where is 'do' or is it 'mi?' It can't be 'sol!' If it's in the key of 'A' I'm sunk—that little 'do-dad' on my pitch pipe is broken.)"

"Oh the little green house in the valley
"Twas there that I first met Sweet Sally—
Her eyes are so blu-w-w—
And her heart is so tru-w-w- (gulp)
Oh the little green house in the vale."

(Praise Allah that's over.) "Yes, Mary Sue, the author and composer is anonymous."

(Did she say "He ought to be?" Well I agree with her, but oh, dear, it was advised and it is interrelated with "The Study of Tomato Soup," past and present)—"Now listen once more and then we'll see if you can't sing it by yourselves." (Not so bad that time) (at last they have it.) "What, Jerusha Louise, you did like that song? You would like to know another verse? And you, Tom, you too Dickie?"

(Ah, I feel lightheaded, flatfooted; I mean—a light, a light—There is a Santa Claus! I believe I'm delirious. Take me away—There's always to-morrow—They liked it! They learned it! Ye-ow!)

"That's all for to-day children."



# Miss Reese Honor Guest of Students at Normal

AFTER MIXING OLD ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING PUPILS MARCH
THROUGH TOWSON SINGING CAROLS

TITH Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese as guest of honor, students of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson mixed an old English plum pudding that will be steamed and served for lunch.

Gifts of money also were given the Negro servants of the school and bands of service for their arms, one having been in the employ of the school sixteen years.

After dinner in Richmond Hall, Miss Reese read selections from her poems, and the students sang carols. Later the girls went on the campus and through the streets of Towson carrying lanterns and singing the carols.—The Sun.

## Twelve Days of Christmas

Welve days of Christmas celebration and a handsome gift for each day—this was the theme of the colorful pageant which followed the Christmas dinner in the dormitory. A lovely lady smiled most graciously as she was tendered "calling birds," "geese a-laying," "French Hens," and a "partridge in a pear tree." The most thrilling

moment came when she was presented with Five Gold Rings—Romance and Roses! To satisfy the artistic tastes of the lady came a gracefully dancing lady, a "lord-a-leaping" and a piper piping.

In our minds still lingers the stately beauty of the gatherings at the Lord's castle after our "Old English Dinners" in Newell Hall. The pageant "Twelve Days of Christmas" will take its place in the ranks with this and the Yule Log Ceremony. What lovely memories of Christmas at Normal we have to take away with us!

M. BENNETT, Senior.

# Elementary School Christmas Assembly

The children of the Elementary School presented the play "Why the Chimes Rang" in the auditorium on Thursday, December 22nd. This play, which emphasizes that it is the gift of the heart and not of material possessions that makes the spirit of Christmas is in three scenes.

Scene 1-In the wood-cutter's home.

Scene 2—In the street—on the way to the cathedral.

Scene 3—In the cathedral.

1-Chorus-Processional-"O Come All Ye Faithful"

2—Solo and Chorus—"The Nativity"
3—Eight Boys—"While Shepherds

Watched Their Flocks"

4-Primary Children-"Away in a Manger"

5-Four Girls and Chorus-"The Holy Mother Sings"

6-Chorus-"Cantique De Noel"

7—Three Boys and Chorus—"We Three Kings"

8—Entire School—"Silent Night"

9—Chorus—a. "Hark the Herald Angels"

b. Recessional—"Joy to the World"

All who listened to this program must have appreciated the great charm of children's voices when well used, as were these under the direction of Miss MacDonald, and sensed again the beauty of the Christmas time.

ELMA PRICKETT.

# "Why the Chimes Rang"

N Thursday, December 22, 1932, the Campus Elementary School presented its interpretation of "Why the Chimes Rang." Of course, we had read the story many times, but who would have

believed it could have been so exquisitely interpreted?

Softly, as from a great distance, came the words of Louis Redner's "O Little Town of Bethlehem" as the Boys' and Girls' Choir sang from the rear of the auditorium. Slowly the curtains parted revealing a tan backdrop suggesting the bare walls of a woodcutter's home where Pedro and Little Brother sat talking over the Christmas service to be held in the great Cathedral. The curtains came together for a brief interval to be opened on the second scene in which the same tan drop made it easy for one to imagine the road leading to a great city where Pedro and Little Brother on their way to the Cathedral stopped to render aid to an old woman lying in the snow just outside the city gates. Pedro decided to wait with the old woman until someone came to her rescue, and as Little Brother started off alone to the Cathedral, the curtains drew slowly to a close.

But lo! in the third scene the tan drop was raised, and as the curtains separated we felt ourselves in the midst of a lovely cathedral in which all played a part. The altar boys entered from either side of the stage to light the great candles on the altar as the choir marched up the aisle singing the triumphant notes of John Reading's "O Come All Ye Faithful." The priest followed the choir and took his position at the altar where he knelt in a word of prayer. Immediately the audience became the congregation while the Boys' and Girls' Chorus were the choir seated at the front of the cathedral with the primary children at the left. The service continued with the singing of many Christmas

carols sacred to all.

| "The Nativity"                        |
|---------------------------------------|
| Robert Beam and Choir                 |
| "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks |
| by Night"                             |
| Group of Boys and Choir               |
| "Away in the Manger"                  |
| Primary Children                      |
| "Cantique de Noel"                    |
| Choir with Violin Obbligato           |
| "We Three Kings"                      |
| Trio and Choir                        |

A Joyful Christmas Song...... French Carol, harmonized by Geraent Quartet, Glee Club and Student Body

Dormitory students contributed further to Christmas festivities by singing "The Twelve Days of Christmas" on the evening of December 21st at the Dormitory Christmas Celebration.

M. M. Ashley.

### Instrumental Music

On December 6th, the Orchestra had charge of the Assembly. They gave the following program.

| 1—Orchestra—"Wedding of the Winds"        |
|---|
| 2—SAXOPHONES—a. "Pilgrim's Chorus"        |
| b. "Summer Is a-Comin' In"Old English     |
| 3—Orchestra—a. "Minuet"                   |
| b. "Romance" Rimsky-Korsakow              |
| 4—VIOLIN QUARTET—"Song of Spring"Schumann |
| 5—Orchestra—"Homeland"                    |

For the Christmas Assembly the Orchestra played "March Pontificale" by Gounod and an arrangement of the aria "Lord God of Abraham" from Elijah by Mendelssohn.

The Violin Quartet—Leonard Kulacki, Raymond Dugan, Morris Hoffman, Michael Saltzman—gave the musical program for the Christmas dinner at the dormitory. They were assisted by Frank Zeichner and Malcolm Davies in the duet and the trio of the second number.

#### PROGRAM

| 1—VIOLIN QUARTET—"Minuet"                       |
|---|
| 2—a. Duet—"Canzone"                             |
| b. TRIO—"I Would That My Love"                  |
| 3—Vocal Quartet—"O Sanctissima"                 |
| L. Kulacki, E. Rush, L. Hirschhorn, E. Macubbin |
| 4—VIOLIN QUARTET—a. "An Old Christmas Song,"    |
| Arr. by Saenger                                 |
| b. "Ave Verum"                                  |
| 5—VIOLIN SOLO—a. "Simple Aver"                  |
| b. "Cabaletta"                                  |
| Leonard Kulacki                                 |
| 6—VIOLIN QUARTET—"Song" Schumann                |

### Seen and Heard

The believe that the last column published under the title "Seen and Heard" was one of the most miserable columns we have ever written. As we offer no alibis we subject you to a little stronger dose of the same silly prattle. In the words of the "Old Mæstro of the Air" we hope you like it!

Ye editor would like to hear any objections to publishing a Romance Column in the following issues of THE TOWER LIGHT. Your ever alert columnist has in his possession a number of names of some people whom we have frequently observed together. Address any objections to Seen and Heard and place in the school mail. We know some people who can still blush!

Have you noticed the well dressed young gentleman in the Junior Class wearing spats? We wonder if you have noticed a certain dark haired young lady in his company?

After viewing the last issue of THE TOWER LIGHT we are quite willing to say that we have found the well known exception to the rule. We refer to the adage "Beautiful but ———."

The Men's Kitchen Kandy party was a huge success.

Hammond Cantwell and Slater Bryant of '31 were recently seen at the Men's Kitchen Party. Mr. William Seeman of '32 is a frequent visitor at the Men's Meeting. Mr. Seeman deserves special mention. Anyone who can achieve a position of FIRST on the Intermediate list is a scholar.

It was quite unfortunate for one of the speakers at a current event assembly that he lost his notes.

We solemnly promise from this moment not to publish any materials except certainties. We refer to our embarrassment at the results of the Freshmen elections. May we take this opportunity to congratulate Bill Gonce on two scores. First, on being elected president of the Class of 1935, and, secondly, on being good enough to defeat as capable a person as the temporary president.

Need we report the chagrin felt by a certain faculty member at the results of the frosh elections. As Miss President of the General Student Council would say, "What is the Psychology of electing a boy president at a normal school?" Shall we attribute it to male superiority?

One-fourth of the male members of the Senior Class (there are

four in number) is that way about a certain blonde in the Freshman Class. That makes three blondes in a row, speaking historically. But after all you know "Gentlemen (are supposed to) prefer blondes." (We don't! But this does not account for secret obsessions.)

Have you noticed the appearance of "Friendship" rings???

Student-teaching for the Seniors is over but to listen in on a Senior Class discussion one would think that it was a student teachers' conference.

From the questions directed to and answered by Miss Yoder one is led to conclude that this lady is really a walking card catalogue, reader's guide, and information desk.

Rarely, if ever, do we hear a speaker with whom we agree entirely. Strangely enough, we found that we agreed with a certain gentleman from Australia said, "Women have far too much power and entirely too much authority——." (True????)

We have always admired a good politician. One of our class presidents, specifically '34, was followed and observed. It was noticed that he said "Hello" 54 times in one lunch hour. (This figure may be slightly exaggerated.) These hello's were addressed to Normal School students, instructors and elementary school children.

We heard of two stowaways on a basketball trip some time ago. It appears that these young ladies were very anxious to visit American U.

Because of these stowaways we know of a very disgruntled young lady in the Senior Class whose manner was necessarily quieted by a number of "lollipops" administered as a form of soothing syrup by Miss Tall.

We can readily understand a culmination of the arts; namely, the Orchestra and the Glee Club. We wonder if you have noticed that one of our outstanding violinists is just "that way" about a certain blonde. (What is this strange fascination these blondes have??)

Watching all of the expectant (????) students prepare for a certain memorable date, February 1st, makes us just a little homesick for a group of 47 children in a certain 5B grade in the city.

The I.A. (Industrial Arts to you) boys spend only their Wednesday afternoons at the School. We know of some who spend also their Wednesday nights at the School. We certainly admire the spirit of this group in trying to use the library (???) every available minute.

We notice with deep regret the non-appearance of the Faculty Notes Column. We wonder if it could possibly be that the faculty is too busy writing term papers or making units to devote much time to social activity. A certain young lady has labeled us with the epithet "skunk." Immediately interested at being given a new name we searched diligently for an applicable definition of this word. According to Mr. Webster a skunk is a common musteline mammal well known for its powers of ejecting an offensively odorous secretion. A vulgar definition of this word is—a low contemptible person. Perhaps if this young lady would come forward and meet us we could supply her with a choice number of delightful adjectives to use when describing ye editor.

The Mummers did it again. Improvement was shown. May we laud the exceptionally fine performance of the convict.

From contributors we gather—Have you heard about the Senior boy, who was so infuriated when someone else gave his point in History that he got up and disputed it? (Ye editor thanks you.)

More contributions—Have you noticed locker 513? We believe that this locker was inhabited by two members of '32 last year. They were Jeanette Hendin and Sylvia Stark. This year the locker is in the hands of two Junior ladies, one of whom, when she gets angry, is much worse than a lion.

We were recently approached by a very obnoxious young Freshman girl with the following request, "Won't you please wear a red tie? I believe it would bring out the color of your eyes." With a certain amount of deserved conceit we were quite flattered for awhile. We recently heard that this same request had been directed to about three or possibly more boys. We would appreciate it greatly if this very distasteful individual would direct her attentions elsewhere.

According to reports Miss Birdsong, Miss Frazee, and Dr. Abercrombie entertained at Thanksgiving. Members of the faculty have been heard discussing these entertainments in such terms as to make all of us envious.

Watch for the Senior Play of 1933. The Senior Class we are told will present the play of the year. Watch for the opening announcement of the premiere of "The Wedding" which will be offered on February 2nd. Keep this afternoon open. Dancing will follow the play. Roles will be filled by—but why should we tell you, come and see it. (Free Advt.)

Are you foregoing that extra chocolate soda (why they pick on chocolate sodas is beyond us) and saving for the New York trip????



## State Normal Varsity Basketball Schedule 1932-1933

Friday, January 6th—E-town College; home; 8:00.
Tuesday, January 10th—Wilson Teachers; away; 8:00.
Tuesday, January 17th—Blue Ridge College; away; 8:00.
Tuesday, January 24th—Wilson Teachers; home; 8:00.
Friday, February 3rd—Frostburg Teachers; home; 8:00 (pending).
Friday, February 10th—Wilson Teachers; away; 8:00.
Tuesday, February 14th—Blue Ridge College; home; 8:00.
Tuesday, February 21st—Gallaudet College; home; 8:00.
Tuesday, February 28th—Alumnæ; home; 8:00.

## Free Throws

ELLO, basketball fans! The season is well under way and what a start Normal had! Elizabethtown College of Pennsylvania was the first opponent and the first victim. They were snowed under by a score of 53-27. Next in line came Wilson Teachers' College of Washington and to tell the story without detail is simple. The score was 30-8 in favor of the "White and Gold."

The next game was with American University of Washington and it was here that the worm turned. The A. U. team defeated Normal 32-16 but it was a battle from start to finish. Catholic University

(reputed to have a very strong team) defeated Normal by a score of 28-22. This was just a "lucky break" for C. U. for the Normal dribblers seemed to have their "eye" on everything but the basket on free-throws. The trip was hard on their eyes so you may expect a very good game when C. U. visits Normal for a return game.

Gallaudet College increased our losing streak to three straight when they came out victorious in the 24-18 tussle. Then the losing streak ended. The Varsity Club, consisting of former Varsity members of this

school, were defeated by the present Varsity 33-28.

The leading scorers in order are: Rankin, Wheeler, and Matz. Don't miss the opportunity to come out to all home games!

GEORGE MISSEL.

## Normal's Natators

ESPITE the cold spell prevailing in and around Baltimore we find a few of the so-called "weaker sex" of Maryland State Normal School go swimming. This is not as bad as it might appear for the activity takes place in a well heated room at the Y.W.C.A. and although the water is mighty cold at first you get used to it if you keep moving. Then, too, the fun and the progress made under the supervision of Miss Daniels is worthwhile. The groups are so large, one uses the pool from 4:00 to 4:40 and the other from 4:45 to 5:30. The first group is composed of the beginners who are learning the backstroke, the sidestroke and such fundamentals as floating and treading water. The second group, of more advanced swimmers, is being taught the crawl, backcrawl, and diving.

In this sport, as in all other electives, points are given for passing the following tests: Swimming the pool 13 times free style; 13 times crawl; 13 times backcrawl; one length of the pool doing the head carry; one length doing the cross chest carry, swimming the different strokes for form; doing three perfect dives from the side of the pool; three front dives, three back dives, and three of one type of fancy dive from the board; three surface dives; floating for one minute, and treading water one minute. For each of the above tests that is passed, two points are given to beginners and one to advanced swimmers. Ten points are given to each individual for the required attendance. Besides the regular school awards, special swimming awards are given, such as the "fish" for

anyone having 20 points and the "expert swimmer's emblem" for anyone passing all the tests and having her attendance points.

Last year meritorious work was done. Several of last year's beginners: Minnie Gomborov, Helen Stromberg, and Nelva Hobbs, now hold their own in the more advanced group. If you want to learn to swim, or to improve your stroke, or just have a good time in a beneficial way—join "Normal's Natators" on Tuesdays at the "Y."

SELMA TYSER.

# Mrs. MacCallum Hopes to Establish School for Little Ones

R. and Mrs. Ian Crawford MacCallum and their two young sons, Masters Crawford John MacCallum and Spencer Heath McCallum, of New York City, arrived yesterday morning to spend some time as the house guests of Mrs. MacCallum's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Irvan T. O'Connell, at their home on Greystone Terrace.

Mrs. MacCallum, who prior to her marriage some years ago was Miss Lucile Heath, is in Winchester primarily for the purpose of endeavoring to establish a nursery school for children of pre-school age. This school would be chiefly for boys and girls from the ages of eighteen months through four years, and the course, which is interesting and instructive, would prepare them for the kindergarten course after that age.

Mrs. MacCallum received a bachelor of arts and a master's degree from the teachers' college of Columbia University, and also spent some time at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and the University of North Carolina. Since receiving her master's degree and prior to her marriage she spent several years as a member of the faculties of Goucher College, Baltimore; the Maryland State Normal School, near Towson, Md.; the University of North Carolina, and the Eastern Illinois State Teachers' College.

-From The Winchester Evening Star.

## An Adventure in Poetry

The following poems were written by the children of the 5B and 5A classes of Howard Park School, a first venture in verse writing. Before creating poetry of their own the boys and girls of these grades enjoyed many delightful poems of Eugene Field and Robert Louis Stevenson, noticing as they read certain verse forms (although this was not stressed), vocabulary, and topics for poems. Both classes developed a rather long list of titles that these poems suggested, and yet, I was delighted to see, few used them, preferring their own titles. There was no dearth of ideas. They were ready to write and teeming with themes from "Fish" to "Tea with the Fairies." One child called his poem "Pennsylvania," where he had spent, evidently, a memorable summer.

The approaching holiday made Hallowe'en poems inevitable, while still other ideas of interest dominated the choice of titles. The 5B had been studying about the culture of the East and had been more than interested in the colorful bazaars of this section. A number of children wrote with enthusiasm on the subject; indeed, enthusiasm and a desire to participate in the poetry writing, were marked in both classes.

ELEANORA L. BOWLING, '28.

#### PICTURES OF FOREIGN LANDS

Far away in foreign lands
Thousands of different people stand
Some in scarlet and some in gold
And some kings so strong and bold
Far away where cotton grows.
Picked by thousands of negroes
Away in Greenland the land of ice
And far off China where grows the rice
I am very sure that all you see
Would want to make you go with me.

John Edmonston Leyhe, 5A.

#### THE CLOCK

Tick tock, tick tock
Goes the clock
Singing this song all the day long
Never a mistake has he made in his day.
Always he ticks gladly away
Tick tock tick tock.

ROSEMARY BUNTING, 5B.

#### EASTERN WONDERS

Now far far off And farther still Are lovely lands On plain and hill.

These people are Of luxuries fond In their gardens are rose trees And a crystal pond.

The mosque's carvings are fine The minarets tower tall Sweet smelling woods In the luxurious hall.

Long bearded merchants Hundreds of wares Pottery, rugs, In the Arabs' care.

Now homeward bound We'll all set asail To tell others Of this wondrous tale.

JANET FREDERICK, 5B.

#### **FALL**

Just before Jack Frost steams the window He paints the trees red and yellow And ripens the corn and the apples mellow He gives us folks just one more chance To see fall's wonderful colors Before he spreads his blanket of gray Over the hills and woodlands away.

JEANNE WIRSING, 5A.

#### HALLOWE'EN

October comes but once a year,
Hallowe'en is drawing near,
When the witches and the ghosts
Dance around in merry hosts,
Jack O'Lanterns' fiery eyes,
Brighten up the darkening skies,
Roaming around the streets are cats,
On steeple tops hang the ugly bats.

JACK W. DARLING, 5A.

#### THE LILY POND

In the yellow shining sun
Lies a beautiful lily pond
In the spring time of the year.
Floating on the dimpling waters
Are the snow white flowers; the water lilies.

When on this pond there lie The little leaflets of the lilies How I wish that I could Sit upon those tiny leaves And take a ride across their sea.

Lois Becker, 5A.

#### THE COPY CAT

I will tell you something strange
But I must admit it's true
Have you ever seen a copy cat
I'll bet you've seen one! True?
In the morning when the sun is up
And in the afternoon
I see a strange copy cat
Doing everything I do.

When I jump, he jumps, When I play; he plays, too.

I wish that nuisance copy cat Would find somebody new.

NANCY LEE SHIRLEY, 5B.

#### A BAZAAR

In the crooked streets of Bagdad There are costly wares for sale Rubies and diamonds and carpets With silk in the bale.

The Arab and the Persian Are crying aloud the wares Sugar and sweet smelling wood And spices that are very rare.

The camels are plodding in caravans With heavy loads on their backs Families are coming from East and West With fortunes in their sacks.

CARLISLE A., 5B.

'Say It With Flowers"

Everything That Is Artistic in Cut Flowers and Plants



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four, five runs on that hit. No wonder the scores of some games run something like 403-221 or even 735-427 et cetera ————.

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If you cannot beg, borrow, or steal that \$700, take a trip to our own Druid Hill Park and witness a cricket match. Ab-so-lute-ly—there is a group of colored Englishmen who play there every evening during the summer months. Not only will you learn some fine points of the game but you will probably develop an English accent. If you do decide to go to Druid Hill and watch these colored gentlemen perform, see me and I shall explain some of the common expressions used.

The most common ones are:

| Bally good hita | hit |
|-----------------|-----|
| Fawncy thata    | hit |
| I cawn't do ita |     |
| Bah Jove!a      | hit |

#### ET CETERA

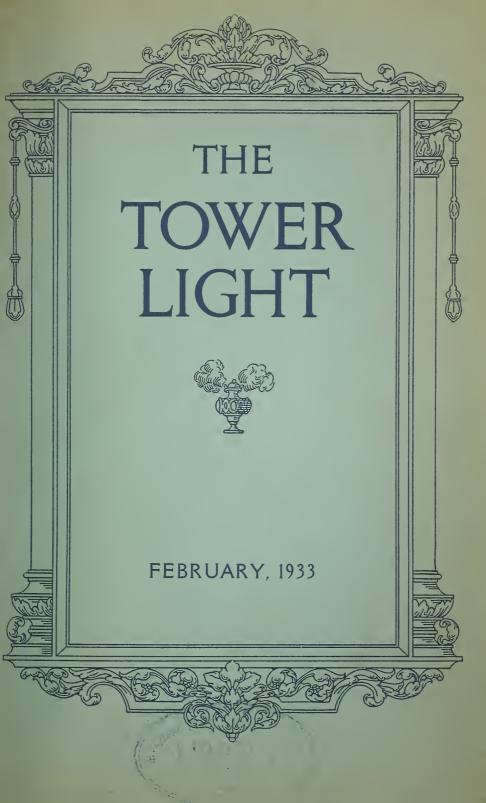
B. KREMEN, Senior.

















# The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

T O W S O N, M D.

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# The Tower Light

Vol. VI

FEBRUARY, 1933

No. 5

#### A Tribute to Professor Newell

Just, liberal was this man,
And held his work so high,
It brought a touch of opulence
To every word and to each act of his,
Sure of his dreams as of himself,
Sure of himself as of his dreams,
He kept a steadfast track,
Nor swerved from what was just and liberal.

As seers and shepherds do, He saw a strangeness in the sky: He saw a cloudy structure towering up, Between the clods and stars; Cloudy but fair, and with a look As though it leapt to sound of trumpeting.

And year by year he watched this towered thing Between the stars and clods,
Gave it his heart; blood, all his hopes,
His visions of a wise and nourishing state,
His confidence in plain and splendid men;
Would it not grow, because of need and love?
Would it not last, because of love and need?
It grew; it lasted; ours is it this day.
Soon, all too soon,
The Master went about a greater task;
The staff dropped from the Shepherd's hand;
The Dreamer, done with dreaming, fell asleep.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

## Notes Concerning Lizette Woodworth Reese

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE, Baltimore's beloved woman poet, began life in the village of Waverly, Baltimore County, Maryland. She had two sisters, one of them her twin, with whom she spent much time racing through the lovely gardens and fields along the York Road.

Lizette was but a child at the time of the Civil War. Between the Blue forces and the Gray, she was ground between two millstones of terror.

The war over, Miss Reese now went to teach in St. John's Parish School. She was eager, dreamy, and fond of young people. She says herself that she thinks she had a gift of authority. Her first poem was inspired by an old building on her way home from school. She called it "The Deserted House." After spending weeks in writing it, she took it to the editor of the Southern Magazine who published it in June, 1874.

For this poem she received no remuneration, but the mere thought of having her work published proved immensely encouraging to the young writer.

Miss Reese found composition a difficult task; she thought quickly, and the picture in her mind was clear, but to express herself was a different matter.

In 1876, when she was twenty, she went to teach in an English-German school in Baltimore. Here she taught half the day in English and half in German. The following year she became teacher of literature in a high school for negroes and remained there, pleased with her work, for four years.

In 1901, she went to Western High School of Baltimore, where she remained for twenty years. She was loved by every girl who ever came under her teachings. She filled in her leisure time with a flow of poetry about all that touched her heart or stirred her imagination. Thirty-three poems she embodied in "A Branch of May," published in the spring of 1887. To her surprise she received most laudatory press notices, and was so happy and encouraged by them that she hastened to read them aloud to her mother, who, however, would not give her all the praise she wanted, fearing that she might become conceited and in consequence strive less earnestly in the future.

In 1891, Miss Reese published her next book, "A Handful of Lavender," which included the poems in "A Branch of May." Her next book, "A Quiet Road," was published in 1896.

In introducing the poetess, Mr. Mencken said that Miss Reese had been one of his enthusiasms since the days of his first reading of books. "One hears from mathematicians that she is seventy-five years old, but the figures are quite meaningless—she is really the youngest among us, and she will never grow old. 'White April' is as thoroughly young in every way—as simple, as artless, as honest, and as lovely—as a branch of May."

At this gathering four of Miss Reese's sonnets, which had been set to music, were sung. These were "April Weather," "Cry of Rachel," "Miracle," and "Spring Ecstasy." Miss Reese in 1931 received a literary degree, conferred by Goucher College.

"The York Road," a book of prose by Miss Reese, published in the fall of 1931, is a book of old Baltimore, with this famous old thoroughfare as the setting. "So thoroughly familiar is Miss Reese with this old lane that even her prose fairly sings a song of itself under her pen. A quiet beauty which no other could express in just her way, is set forth to delight the eye of the reader and the soul of the poet. Descriptions that take us not only back to 'A Victorian Village,' but which bring us up with a jerk to face the things of today are related. And York Road is still York Road." (Maryland Women, by N. H. Luckett.)

The uneventful serenity of Lizette Woodworth Reese's long life is reflected in the eloquent simplicity of her verse. She has drawn from her years such poems as come from the adventures of her inner life, a life wherein the dominant delights are the beauties of the Maryland countryside, and the study of her fellows.

In "A Branch of May" she adopted the terse style which has ever since been characteristic of her. It was a singular style for those sentimental days; but Miss Reese anticipated the change which was to give us poetry of more honest values. She is always sure of what she has to say and has an unshakable devotion to certain standards of style.

Her work has a serene distinction that is rare in her period. It has never been exploited or noisily praised by those who set literary fashions, but it has been deeply and quietly loved by poets and true lovers of poetry. Her feminine tenderness is a prevailing power in all of her best work and particularly in her famous, and incidentally her first sonnet, "Tears."

In the Baltimore Sun of November 22, 1920, there was a clipping which said that "Tears" has been accepted by students of literature throughout the country as one of the ten most perfect and noble sonnets in the English language.

She brought out "A Wayside Lute" in 1909. In this was her best loved poem "Tears," which ten years later was published in Scribner's Magazine. The cheque for "Tears" arrived on the day her father died. "Spicewood" came out in 1920, and "Wild Cherry" in 1923.

In 1921, Miss Reese gave up her post at the Western High School after having taught continuously for forty-five years. On May 15, 1923, the school unveiled a bronze tablet inscribed with the poem "Tears"—one of the most famous sonnets written by an American. Miss Reese was deeply touched by this tribute.

"Selected Poems" was published in 1926 and the following year appeared "Little Henrietta," the story of a tragedy of her early years when a small cousin died at the age of six.

At the age of nearly seventy-five, she published her reminiscences under the title of "A Victorian Village," and on her seventy-fifth birthday the Poetry Society of Maryland met to do her honor. On this occasion, Henry L. Mencken, Editor of the American Mercury, paid the following tribute to Miss Reese: "She is one of the imperishable glories of American letters, and she is the most distinguished woman who has ever lived in this town (Baltimore)." Miss Reese, on this occasion, read selections from "A Victorian Village" and "White April."

Miss Reese, with her exquisite refinement of thought and feeling, her delicate and perfect phrasing, and her sensitive and lyrical response to the beautiful things of earth has ceased to be of any great use to the heralds of publicity.

In the Outlook of March 12, 1924, David Morgan says that her sonnets have faultless technique, sensitive and delicate phrasing, passion restrained, yet flowing, and the element of repose which we associate with the finest art when it has fused jagged experience into a perfect and significant entity.

It is inevitable that her poems should have something of the deliberation of box hedges. In her lonely days she has learned to love the bordered paths, the beds of lavender, the poplar trees against the sky. Miss Reese is close enough to the earth to have its healthy sweetness, but her poetry, like her garden, has been set out and trimmed. It never opens effortlessly in the grass. It is the view from the front window.

There is a certain quality in Miss Reese's poems, a quaintness, an elder grace, that is wholly unique. It is the union of theme, phrase-ology, and atmosphere. Miss Reese's poems are not to be analyzed, they are to be felt; that, too, is the creed of her song.

Philosophies, fashions, innovations, movements, concern her not at all; her poetry is bare of social interpretations, problems. Miss Reese

thrives within her narrow borders. Her verse is at home behind clipped hedges, among Belleek teacups and delicate Sevres. There is lucidity, almost a translucence, in her poems. To be rare and quaint without being fantastic, to have swift—conceiving fancy that turns into poetry the nearby things that many overlook—that is Miss Reese's gift.

ELIZABETH STUMPF, 1932.

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The New Republic-August 25, 1926.

# The Sixty-seventh Founders Day

#### PROGRAM

| Presiding - Mr. Frank Purdum, President of the Alumni Association |  |
|---|--|
| Marche Pontificale  |  |
| Chorus { Marche Pontificale                                       |  |
| Orchestra   |  |
| Invocation  |  |
| Gloria Patri Palestrina   |  |
| Chorus { Gloria Patri   |  |
|   |  |
| GLEE CLUB  RemarksMiss Lida Lee Tall  Principal                   |  |
| Address Dr. Joseph S. Ames  |  |
| President of the Johns Hopkins University                         |  |
| Address   |  |
| Chorus—Finlandia  |  |
| Student Body  |  |
| Poem Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese                                 |  |
| Founders Day Hymn   |  |
| Chorus { Founders Day Hymn  |  |
| STUDENT BODY AND AUDIENCE   |  |
| Benediction   |  |
| Pastor of Trinity Church, Towson                                  |  |

# Significant Educational Progress

THE school has reached its sixty-seventh birthday. We celebrated Founders Day, Sunday, January 15, 1933. We have come a long way since January 15, 1866, when the school was opened in Red Men's Hall on Paca Street. When the Legislature of 1865 provided through an act for a unified system of public schools in the State of Maryland, this act made it "one of the duties of the State Board of Education to organize a State Normal School for the instruction and practice of teachers of public schools, in the science of education, the art of teaching, and the mode of governing schools."

Eleven students were present to start the school on January 15, but before June 8, 1866, forty-eight names were on roll. The first course was only six months long. Throughout the years, standards have been raised so that the course is now three years long, but the goals of that first administration remain very much the same to this day. I quote from the first catalogue write-up signed by M. A. Newell, the principal:

"The science of education is still in its infancy. The faculty of the Normal School disclaim all intention of making teachers to order, or pronouncing in every instance which is the right way of teaching every subject, or of deciding in every case the proper method of dealing with all the practical difficulties of the school room. Their aim is not to convert into pedants and martinets, but to call into the liveliest exercises the peculiar talents of every individual and to bring these talents under the direction of a sound philosophy, to impress upon their students that the cultivation of the intellectual powers is only part of a teacher's work. The physical well-being of the scholar is entrusted to the teacher during school hours, and as far as he can control it after school hours; and the laws of health are as necessary to be taught as the laws of grammar. The conscience needs the guiding hand of the teacher as well as the reason. The duties of the child to society, to his country, and his God, need to be explained and enforced, as well as his duties to his teachers and parents."

Progress in education, because of its nature, must of necessity be a slow growth; so it was not until 1910 when Professor William Bagley made the Missouri Survey that the United States generally adopted the professional slogan of a trained teacher in every classroom.

Two significant events related to teacher training, and the building up of literacy in the State happened within two decades after the Normal School was established; in 1875, the Johns Hopkins University was opened; and in 1886 the Enoch Pratt Free Public Library was established. Mr. Newell, watching these two events from the point of view of teacher

training, made significant references to them in his annual reports. I quote as follows:

#### ANNUAL REPORT, SEPTEMBER, 1874

"The Johns Hopkins University began its work of instruction on the 5th of October, 1875, and on the 22nd of November there were reported to be in attendance—graduate students, 24; undergraduates, 24; special students, 11; fellows, 20 . . . On the whole the people of Maryland may congratulate the trustees on having made an auspicious beginning . . . The University does not commit itself at present to details."

"One institution of the highest grade we do need and can help to support. Such an institution we shall have in the Johns Hopkins University . . . If a pupil enters the Primary School at six years, the academy at twelve, and the College at fifteen, he will be ready for the University at nineteen, or at eighteen . . . "

#### ANNUAL REPORT, 1878

"Aims of the University:

- 1. Opportunities to study beyond the ordinary courses of a college or scientific school.
- 2. The obligation is implied, if not expressed in the deed of trust, to make the University available to the young men of Maryland for systematic instruction in the higher branches of learning . . . .
- 3. To encourage a general interest in literary and scientific subjects by means of afternoon lectures, open to educated citizens of Baltimore under simple regulations . . . 200 lectures delivered during past year to audiences varying in size from 45 to 195 persons . . . . I am particularly grateful for the help given to the teachers and some of the advanced students of the State Normal School who attended Professor Martin's Course of Lectures on Physiology with laboratory practice (involving the constant use of the microscope).
- 4. Other aims. The encouragement of original research in literature and science."

"Courses of instruction were also given in elocution and in freehand and mechanical drawing.

"The library is daily increasing in size and at present contains 30,000 volumes collected at a cost of \$63,635." Later library reports showed:

"1,000 periodicals, including the publications of all the leading scientific societies of the world."

#### ANNUAL REPORT, 1886

"The educational history of the year would be very incomplete, if no mention were made of the Enoch Pratt Free Library, which was incorporated at the last General Assembly and opened to the public on the day before the meeting of the present General Assembly, January 4, 1886. The amount expended on this magnificent enterprise is \$1,145,-833.33. Of this sum \$833,333.33 is given to the city of Baltimore, which contracts on its part to pay over annually to the trustees of the library \$50,000. The remainder of the total amount mentioned has been expended in the erection of the central library building (\$250,000) and the four branch libraries (\$50,000) with the exception of a cash balance of \$12,500. Baltimore may well be grateful for the grand benefactions conferred on her citizens by George Peabody, Johns Hopkins and Enoch Pratt. The closing words of Mr. Pratt's brief presentation speech are well worth being repeating here: 'Now in the hope of God's blessing, I hand it over to you, expecting you will foster, protect and increase it, that its beneficent influences may be for the benefit of the present and all future generations as long as our beloved city of Baltimore shall exist. My work is finished. I am satisfied."

That over a period of twenty years the far-seeing principal of this Normal School should be reporting to the Governor of our State significant related events that affected teacher-training, can have but one great significance and this is that he wrought well and knew how to bring about desirable and permanent growth in the schools and the school children of this State. Lizette Woodworth Reese's poem, printed on another page of this issue of The Tower Light, is a great tribute to a great man.

LIDA LEE TALL.

## An Appreciation

I attended the Founders Day Program, Sunday, January 15, 1933. The service was very lovely and the music furnished by Miss Weyforth and the students certainly helped to make it an inspiring thing. I especially enjoyed hearing "Omnipotence." It reminded me of the Founders Day service two years ago when it was given as a solo; yesterday was the first time I had ever heard it in a chorus rendition. It was done very well.

I always enjoy coming back to Normal School so very much.

Sincerely,

ELIZABETH HARTJE.

### Love Song

When great winds rise up and sweep through the night I must be out running Somewhere, on a hill;
Not just watching—
Listening—
White and still.

It is always when great winds swirl and cry out, They bid me find you,
To run with me and feel
The mad, wild ecstasy that we knew well
As children, who hand in hand
Raced the wind's swell.

And I who ran with you, free, A child long ago. Must come and call you now, again, When great winds blow.

I must be out running, Somewhere, on a hill, Not just listening,— Waiting,— Lonely and still!

M. A. D.

# Rings as Love Tokens

HE use of the betrothal or engagement ring originated among the Jews. The wedding and engagement ring were worn on the third finger of the left hand because it was once popularly but erroneously thought that a vein ran directly from that finger to the heart, thus both heart and hand are offered together.

The Roman ladies wore engagement rings as a sign that a contract would be filled. Gold wedding rings date from the fifth century A.D.

There is a perfectly good reason why all married women wear wedding rings. Originally, men owned their wives; a wife was a slave. Chains or heavy rings were put on the neck and body of a slave to show possession. As time went on the man invented something which had the same meaning and so would indicate their state! Is the wedding ring still a symbol of ownership?

RUTH CURLEY, Freshman V.

# This Romance Situation—A Prelude to Oblivion

Before I go to join the past I feel that I should like to leave behind the memory of a practically forgotten period in the history of Normal School. A few other doddering Seniors like myself may remember with me—and mourn the passing of Romance.

The most startling change that has taken place in recent years is that the halls of Normal are no longer filled with couples whose very looks at each other drip hearts and roses. No—the halls are comparatively deserted.

Once more faculty members have no tax on their consciences—for there are no situations to be winked at. Benches are not used—except as a temporary dumping place for books. There are no tales of school Romance to be whispered about.

The more human of the student body go about with a haunted, or is it a hunted, look in their eyes. Vague threats of lynching are murmured about. Over all hangs a gigantic pall—the threat of a "Romance Column."

A girl thinks twice before even saying a simple "Good morning" to a boy. What a startling commentary just the use of the terms "a girl" and "a boy" is on the change of the times. There was a time when "we" and "them" were used freely. (cf. Glossary for meaning of these now obsolete expressions.)

Relax and let me reconstruct for you the halcyon days.

The halls were filled with a babble of boy and girl voices. Benches were occupied for hours at a stretch by couples whose mutual adoration was a source of constant embarrassment to stray faculty members, who coming suddenly upon such couples were necessarily forced to remember similar incidents in their own far past. Faculty meetings buzzed and seethed with refined indignation at such unprofessional goings on.

In those days the glen was not a place where one went with Miss Medwedeff on a field trip. It was a place designed by the gods to encourage Romance—artfully designed, I should say, what with its twisted paths, deep woods and trestle, so convenient to lean against. Every spring, couples took to hunting Jack in the Pulpit and violets in a big way.

And the nurseries—students developed intense interest in horticulture—and what better place for horticulturists to go is there?

Ah, yes, you lovers (?) from this age of speed and technocracy! We knew Romance. Waste no more time on our dream past. Get you back to your library, which now is used; to your assemblies which no one "cuts;" to your highly organized committees and to your units. That's your speed—ours is forgotten.

#### GLOSSARY (obs.)

couple—a boy and girl having sentimental feelings toward each other. we—very personal pronoun; used by couples. them—referring to other couples.

GENEVIEVE FORRER SHULES.

## Romance in Modern Times

ROMANCE, according to Webster's new Standard Dictionary, is as follows: "A work of fiction, or adventure; novel; fable; to invent and tell fictitious stories; exaggerate; lie"—and so the definition of "romance," modern or prehistoric, holds good—always the elaborate embellishment of one's sentiments for the opposite sex.

Romance, to the moderns, has become something of a joking affair—scoffed at, rather than indulged in. That's what they tell you. In the vernacular of the moderns a girl is "very swellish." Instead of being adoringly gazed upon, she is taken into the field of action and licked in a tennis game, and then gloated over, or allowed to sit in the cheering section and root for the hero while he adoringly "shows off" for his fair one. A modern damsel clamors to hear an ardent admirer (or the ardently admired) proclaim her the "keenest swimmer he knows," a "plenty good" horseback rider, or a "dancer and a half." Thus the modern youth proclaims his affection for the lady of his heart. That is romance in modern terms. Exaggeration? Of course! Lies? We hope not, but we are afraid of it, and so in accepting these compliments with the true delicacy of a modern, the lady of his heart answers, "You have an awful line, but I love it."

The romance of yesterday differs greatly in subject matter. The retiring, coy young lady played the piano "like the angels of heaven," sewed "like his own mother," and cooked "food fit for the gods." Her hair was like spun gold, her eyes as blue as the heavens, her voice like a silver bell—all different terms, but the same tone of voice. But our mother didn't tell our father that he was lying and she knew it—heavens, no! She merely drooped her eyes and blushed becomingly.

Perhaps the main difference between the romance of yesteryear and romance in modern terms is that nowadays the brave, outspoken young thing refuses to let the gentleman go "unsquelched." Rather, she glories in her ability to let him know exactly "where he gets off." Romance began in the Garden of Eden, and Eve probably took Adam's exhortations with the same grains of salt that the moderns use. Blue skies, silver stars, golden hair, heavenly moonlight, sweet as the flowers, or a "corking good" tennis game! No matter what the medium, it's still romance—adventure, exaggeration, lies. Yes, but it lives on forever and ever—the glorification of the human soul.

E. Lassell Rittenhouse, 1931.

## Buttons, Rats, and Whalebones

ARTHUR SHAPIRO, Junior III

It is said that "the first spiritual want of a barbarous man is decoration." This statement in itself is true, but there might be added the phrase "of woman."

Woman has through time immemorial bedecked herself to attract man and his praises. Most persons know the styles of past ages and appreciate them, but it is the styles of yesteryear not far removed that arouse chuckles and whole-hearted mirth.

It so happened that I accidentally came in contact with some pictures of past graduating classes of our fair institution—classes that had left our portals of learning before the advent of the twentieth century. The styles of the clothes of the women in these pictures actually struck my seat of humor.

There were enough pictures to cover a period of about twenty years and the styles, as they changed, were clearly evident. The oldest style was the Mother Hubbard—a sacky sort of thing with openings for the arms and head. How this garment did enhance the beauties of "our darling Nell!" Those were the days of men with nimble wits, for no one knew what charms or detriments lay enshrouded by that homely garment.

As styles will, the next step forward was to the other extreme: the Victorian tight bodices that emphasized various and sundry contours. (This period was the hey-day of the bustle also, but since all photos open to my observation were front views, I have no comments to make upon this feature.) The skirt, in this era, was draped, as the front drop of a modern theatre, across the front (and I surmise, the back also), and trailed and trailed—the best bacteria incubator then known. This period was well studded with buttons—big buttons and little buttons, fat buttons and skinny buttons, dull buttons and shiny buttons (will somebody stop me?). Buttons, buttons—from the white ruff at the neck almost to the knees they marched in endless splendor—big buttons and little buttons, fat buttons and (w-h-o-a-!).

Then came the leg-o'-mutton sleeve. There is nothing remarkable to our eyes about that because this aristocrat of the last century has come calling at our door. With this style, though, plaids and stripes made their début. One girl in one of the classes wore a dress of this type; the design of the gown was strikingly familiar. Do you recall—stripes running around and around?

Nothing else stood out strikingly in the women's costumes. But you should see those men! Four buttons on their coats, buttoned hightop shoes with knobbed toes, gates-ajar collars, flowing four-in-hands. Some of the more devastating macaronis wore long, flowing, handle-barlike "soup strainers." I wonder just how old these specimens were. (The most we can coax up around here is a thin stubble that evokes "Why don't you wash your upper lip?" from fellow students.)

Excepting the stiff poses this crowd effected, there is nothing else in these photographs that would evoke laughter.

What will future classes say of our class pictures, etc., when they see them—when styles have again changed? We are as putty in Dame Fashion's hands. Selah!

God conceived the world, that was poetry;

He formed it, that was sculpture;

He colored it, that was painting;

He peopled it with living beings; that was the Grand, Divine, Eternal Drama.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

#### The Wind

Hark!
What is it I faintly hear
Creeping cautiously up the valley
Passing softly through the branches of the oak tree?

Listen!
It's the wind.
It's growing nearer.
I feel the breeze grow stronger on my cheek.
It's close upon me now and cold as ice could be.

Wait!
Hear it whistling in the treetops.
Hear it singing around the door.
Feel its breath coming up through the old board floor.

But . . . . . The sounds grow fainter. The house stops shaking. The wind is softly and carelessly Returning to the peaceful valley.

### The Day

Crawling, sneaking, creeping, While the city lay a-sleeping, Came the fog.

Pouring, dashing, streaming, While the city lay a-dreaming, Came the rain.

Flashing, dazzling, breaking, While the city was a-waking, Came the sun.

A. WILHELM, Junior IV.

# A Study of Transportation for Third Grade

(Continued)

#### LYDA HUTSON

As we worked on the various articles we found we needed brushes, paint, and cambric. One group went to the store, found that they had to know how to multiply by three to find the cost of three brushes, add, to find the cost of brushes, paint, and cambric, subtract, to find how much change they should get from a dollar. They saw need for learning the four fundamentals of the third grade, addition with carrying, subtraction with borrowing, multiplication and division by 2, 3, 4, 5.

These children, with the exception of one child, had done no construction work other than drawing single pictures, and drawing, cutting, and pasting for community pictures. This one wove a rug. Therefore we began with the whole class drawing pictures of their summer trips, from which evolved the drawing of pictures of vehicles used long ago and now, and transferring these to large paper for the movie. A few who finished and wanted something else to do began to make a covered wagon. When we returned from the station a group began to make a station with ticket office, bulletin board, Savarin Restaurant, barber shop, baggage room. When we returned from the trip to the wharf and airport, each group drew some picture, a wall picture of the harbor, an airplane, a sailboat, a stage coach. As the covered wagon developed, the need arose for cover, horses, and occupants, so other children took these over. Of course, the movie pictures had to be shown in a machine, so three boys made one, and three girls sewed the curtain.

The children have gained many things through this study. I shall not enumerate all the outcomes in knowledges, habits, skills, and attitudes, for they can all be found in our own Course of Study; but I shall merely state the ones that I consider most important for this particular class. The children have become deeply interested in reference reading, daily bringing in books from the Pratt Library, books from home, articles copied in note books, and many pictures. These pictures they arranged on a screen bulletin, learning thereby order, balance, and organization. Besides, twelve children have joined the Pratt Library since our study began. One boy brought the information that the first railroad built in the United States was in Massachusetts but that steam was not used; another found who was President at that time; another brought written information about James Watt; another of Robert Fulton. Another, who brought two of Burton Holmes' books, with book-

marks at each important topic, showed the pictures to the class and explained each one. Another brought pamphlets, "The World and Its People," with all important places marked, and put them on the library table for the children's reference. So a start has been made toward building the habit of using leisure time wisely. A beginning has been made toward developing appreciation of people and their work, both at home and abroad.

The California "Guide to Child Development," published in 1930 by the State Board of Education, in evaluating an activity, asks this question: "Will it lead into other profitable activities?" The answer is: "This study can easily lead to new fields of interest." "What are the people like in the countries to which boats and airplanes go?" can readily lead to the study of Japan: how the people live, eat, sleep, dress, occupy their time, travel, study, and communicate with others. It can lead to the beautiful in their lives as well as the useful; for example, the music, literature, recreation, songs and dances, holidays and festivals. Through the travel by camel we may learn the life of the desert and the early Hebrew people. The children's natural interest can thus be easily used to help them discover important relationships and gain knowledge and appreciation of man's past and present, not only in America, but of foreign peoples as well.

#### Loves

I love the little church That stands upon the hill, I love the little schoolhouse With its flowery window sill, I love the little cottage That's close beside the wood, I love them all so dearly, And I'll tell you why I should. Because the little church Is a beacon on the hill, Because the little schoolhouse Is a milestone if you will, Because the little cottage Where the toilers homeward trod, All are builders— They are building men for God.

Author Unknown.

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

## The Relation of Science to Life

VERY thinking person seems convinced that we are living in a period of transition that is more sweeping than any that preceded it.

In the Renaissance, traditional ideas and prejudices were mightily challenged by science, by invention and by exploration. An intellectual "wind" arose and blew many mental cobwebs away. Much deep and clear thinking was done. This resulted not long afterwards in mighty changes in social, economic and political institutions; changes which have endured till now.

In this twentieth century, the intellectual wind has been stirred up again and has assumed whirlwind proportions. This is particularly true in the field of science.

Science has been roughly classified as first, pure science; and second, applied science. Pure science is interested in getting at a better understanding of nature just for the sake of understanding. Applied science is interested in finding ways of putting science to work.

Hardly had the physicist working in "pure" science worked out the laws of electro magnetic waves than the applied scientists, inventors and engineers, put such findings to work in the vacuum tubes of a radio.

As fast as a bacteriologist isolates a new disease germ, men in medical science use this organism to produce a substance which will protect one from the disease organism and its poisons.

New discoveries in pure science are not only passed on very rapidly through industry and medicine, but also through the multiplication of textbooks and journals, of popularized accounts in the newspapers, magazines and over the radio. Thus, the intelligent and alert layman out of school, as well as students, may get a very fair idea of recent researches in science.

Such rapid dissemination of scientific knowledge is peculiar to the present. To a great extent this has added to the safety and enjoyment of life. But the relation between science and life activities is not altogether a beneficial one.

This is not due to any inherent defect in science itself. It is due rather to the moral and social inertia of human nature. Man has had great power put into his hands through increased ease of communication, transportation and production. This has put the power of wealth at the disposal of unscrupulous and unsocial men as well as in the hands of those more considerate socially.

Man has changed very little as a social being in the thousands of years since he came up from savagery. He prides himself on having become quite humanitarian. He has modified child labor and cruelty to defectives and delinquents. He has tried to safeguard the safety of persons and of property. But this civilization has only scratched the surface of human nature, for comparatively few traditions of fairness to the helpless have been established. The whole drama of correct human relationships is still to be worked out. Man's moral and social development lags far behind his intellectual development.

This is due, in large part, to the fact that people have not fully realized the importance of education in the home and in the school as a means of improving character, nor have those who do realize that character is educable always used the best technique for building up character in themselves and in those who come under their influence. As a result, the gaps between scientific knowledge—the understanding of the

workings of the physical world and of human nature—and social conduct is constantly becoming greater.

The discoveries in physics have been applied by inventors to the perfection of machines that take away the jobs of the working man. The discoveries in chemistry have been used to make war more frightful. The scientists have made it possible for the farmer to produce more and better field crops and animal products.

The temporary inflation of farm prices during the war caused the price of land to rise to fantastic figures. Many farmers sold their land at these unduly high prices to others who took on mortgages for large amounts of money. Others, thinking the boom prices would last, mortgaged their land and invested in expensive equipment or spent lavishly for luxuries.

When deflation came, it came first in agriculture. The farmers with large quantities of products could not sell them for a sufficient amount to cover both the cost of production and interest on their mortgages. The cost of the war entailed large increases in taxes which added to the farmer's load.

Selfishness and greed in powerful groups in industry succeeded in getting tariff walls raised that almost destroyed international trade in raw materials. Prices of protected manufactured commodities were made very high for the farmer. At the same time his purchasing power approached the vanishing point. This meant that consumption of manufactured goods was cut in half. Half of the industrial workers were no longer needed and were thrown out of employment. Soon, the unemployed ceased to become consumers of manufactured goods and more men were thrown out of work.

Another indication of lack of principle in business men was shown when corporations and so-called investment companies brought about inflation by unduly expanding their credit and by over-capitalizing their business to a point where it could no longer earn the interest on their bonds and shares. Their losses were passed on through the ignorant, though greedy, private investor.

The bursting of the bubble blown up so fantastically by dishonesty and greed has caused and is causing untold suffering to millions of people. Agriculture is almost paralyzed. The loss of purchasing power has spread in an ever-widening circle.

Now, people are just beginning to realize the social consequence of unsocial attitudes. The necessity for integrity, for fair play and for a social conscience in individuals is coming home to thinking and hard-pressed people.

If this dawning realization of the importance of good character in private and public life could be stimulated as has the search for pure knowledge by scientists and as has the application of new knowledge in industry, a state of equilibrium between knowledge and conduct could be reached.

This is worth working for. The young educators who get such a vision in the Normal School can be a power for good that is comparable to the power of the research scientist in the quest for knowledge.

MINNIE V. MEDWEDEFF.

## The Greatest of These is "Enthusiasm"

Sometimes in the few months I have been teaching, people have asked me this question, "Would you rather teach or go to school?" Sometimes I would give most anything to be back in Normal and then again on the days when I feel I have helped the children in the improvement of their minds and characters, when I feel that I have given them a desire for higher and better things, I offer a little prayer of thankfulness because I have selected such an inspiring work.

I can truthfully say that I know of no place in the world where such interesting work is to be found. Different beings, each and every one, all to be helped and guided in a different way! Does it require work? Yes, but when the results are good, the labor and time you have given are not even thought about.

May I just give an example of the results of children being enthusiastic? Holidays always make children happy. They do so many things and enjoy so many pleasures that they are just bubbling over with things to tell about. The day after the Thanksgiving Holidays we talked in our sixth grade English class about unusual and interesting ways in which we had spent our vacation. Then we decided to record these experiences on paper. Some children wrote imaginary accounts of the holidays, others realistic happenings. The following stories were some of the results of our lesson, first in oral and then in written composition. The first story is an imaginary one, the second is realistic. Does it pay to be enthusiastic? The following compositions and similar ones which I have not sent in, say over and over again, "Yes, decidedly, yes."

## Our Thanksgiving Turkeys

"I ELL," said mother about a week before Thanksgiving, "I don't guess we'd better have a turkey this Thanksgiving. It's no use. We only need a small one, but they're hard to get. Besides turkeys cost more this year than they did last year." We all looked at mother. We did want a turkey so much!

Later when mother was washing the dishes the telephone rang. She hurried into the hall and came back saying, "Well, I guess we will have a turkey after all! Aunt Jane and Uncle Tom are coming over."

The next day we were getting ready to go to the store to buy cranberries when the front doorbell rang. We heard a messenger boy say, "Telegram." As soon as mother came back she announced that grandfather was coming from New York to spend the Thanksgiving Holidays with us. "Well, that will mean we will have to buy two turkeys because he is the champion turkey eater," mother said in a disgusted voice,—not that she wasn't glad he was coming.

That night when father came home we told him that we were to have five relatives for Thanksgiving because Aunt Sarah and Uncle Jack

were coming as they had stated in a special delivery letter.

The day before Thanksgiving father brought home three large sized turkeys. Mother put the turkeys in the icebox. We went to bed early so we could arise early to go to meet the six o'clock train on which grandfather was to come. We didn't have long to wait, the next morning. Before the six o'clock train had fairly pulled in grandfather got into the car assisted by father who had gone to meet him. When we arrived home grandfather opened the bag he was carrying and gave us each a present he had bought in New York. When he had, what we thought, given the last present to father he picked up a large bundle and opened it. What should our eyes behold but a large turkey! Of course mother couldn't refuse so she accepted it with much thanks.

About an hour later Aunt Jane and Uncle Tom arrived. Oh! Mother almost fainted when they showed the large turkey they had brought for our Thanksgiving dinner! It wasn't very long before Aunt Sarah and Uncle Jack came. I know you can easily guess what

I'm going to say, another turkey!

Suddenly mother's face became full of smiles. "Who would like to play Santa Claus on Thanksgiving?" she inquired. Everyone looked at her with a puzzled face. Then she laughed. "I have six turkeys," she explained. "Of course I cannot use them all! I've been thinking maybe we could play Santa Claus to several poor families. I know some that I'm sure don't even have a fresh loaf of bread for Thanksgiving."

We all shouted and there was a hustle and bustle for coats and hats. There were exclamations, and of course—turkeys!

I don't think that I have to add that this was the best Thanks-giving I've ever had! The poor families to whom we gave the turkeys were delighted! We were all happy. The only sad ones were the turkeys.

JEANETTE ULRICH, Grade Six, Linthicum Heights.

## Tony Sarg's Parade

I HAD never heard of Tony Sarg before, nor did I have the slightest idea why he was famous. It was in Newark, New Jersey, while visiting my grandparents, that I first saw some of his work.

It was estimated that five hundred thousand people gathered from all parts of New Jersey to cheer and laugh at the parade which was presented by Bamburger's, a large department store in Newark. The parade began at East Orange, New Jersey, and continued on down town.

In this festival of merriment I saw the largest and most comical balloons that I had ever seen. They were in the shapes of animals and men, such as, "Felix the Cat," "Emmy Elephant," "Merry Monkey," and "Peter Rabbit." "Chubby Chick," an enormous chicken, spit forth balloons which sailed far away, up in the sky.

"Gulliver," the famous old character from the famous old book, "Gulliver's Travels," was a huge balloon in Gulliver's shape.

A long dragon, a tall ostrich, a big fish, amusing balloon shaped clowns with long noses and slanting eyes—all of these and many others besides, were being laughed at.

Bands played, people roared with laughter, policemen ran back and forth forcing the yelling people back to the curb. Oh, words couldn't describe that parade!

Santa, dressed in bright array, came last of all, and when he ascended the throne at Bamburger's all the balloons were let loose to fly where they would. Bamburger's offered a prize to anyone who would bring them back undamaged. All the balloons were filled with helium gas and the gas inside Gulliver, carried him one hundred and twenty-five miles. He landed somewhere on Long Island.

After all these amusements I need not tell you how hard it was to wait until we reached home to eat a delicious twelve-pound turkey, cranberries, pumpkin pie, and all the other good things that come with a Thanksgiving Dinner.

RUTH HUBBARD, Grade Six, Linthicum Heights.

# Now We Are Six (with apologies to A. A. M.)

June, 1932—finished! Hoorah! Mirabile dictu, the oft-lectured "blot" on the family escutcheon (nice word, that, eh?), had done her time, so to speak, and was off to set the world on fire. Two years' apprenticeship, on the outside, looking in; now the door stood open. Why, there isn't anything to it—a snap! Just waltz in and show them how it's done!

January, 1933—oh me, oh my! It's just begun—this learning process. Who says we're teachers? It would be more to the point to say we're still being taught. Set yourself up in front of a class of seven-year-olds if you want to discover the too-numerous-to-mention things you are ignorant of in the "world about us" (apologies again—though we aren't sure who coined the expression).

"Why does the tadpole keep bumping his head against the side of the bowl?"

"What makes a pencil write?"

"How far can Indians shoot an arrow?"

Those are just casual responses to his environment. Just wait till you start stimulating that seven-year-old's interest. He'll make the "Teacher's Handbook" look like a low mentality test. As for rousing his interest in the first place, who thought of that idea? As one learner to another, take it from us, the safest thing is to carefully steer away from anything that even remotely suggests a stimulant for an already over-active mind. That is, unless you have previously read and memorized all the information available, traced said information back to its source, investigated the source, and then delved deeply into the history of the subject. If you've done that, you may consider yourself partially prepared for the volley of questions which will inevitably ensue in the pursuit of knowledge by an S.Y.O. (seven-year-old to you). There's no such thing as being completely informed when dealing in terms of a developing mind. You may assure yourself you have fully covered the topic. But don't believe it! The moment you try to settle back and take life easy, little S.Y.O. (you still need an explanation?) it out for yourself. The experience will come in handy later in deciphering spelling papers and such. S.Y.O. will pop up with a question that would baffle Dr. Eliot of Five-Foot Shelf fame. Nor will he stop with just one brain teaser. While you're still mulling over the first one, he'll be five or six jumps ahead of you. There may be just four ways to formulate a question—to be frank, we aren't even sure of that—the

faithful old "What, why, who, and how?" group. But that so-called child mind can twist those four around into a two volume questionnaire without any trouble at all.

You'll learn far more trying to teach than you ever will by being taught—with all due respect to the "profession." There's more truth than triteness in that oft-repeated by-word of the New School—"We learn by doing."

So now in this year of grace, 1933, we look back (by the way, that "we" is editorially speaking—and is quite the thing in higher circles of writing, so we've been told) to '31 and '32, so long ago, and realize all too well that then "we were very, very young." We hope—though none too confidently—that in June, 1933, we may look back and be able to say, "Well, now we are six," and almost on a par with that other learner—the seven-year-old.

V. STINCHCUM, '32.

# To the Graduates of 1923! Do You Know Them?

INETEEN-HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE! That date should ring in the ears of seniors of ten years ago, for it sounds so much like nineteen-hundred and twenty-three. Ten years! Haven't the years sped by? To all of us those years have brought various changes and numerous opportunities. Won't it be a Red Letter Day for all of us to meet again at Normal this June?

Some of us have kept in close touch with our Alma Mater, while others have had only fleeting glimpses of the school we claimed as ours. This year is a challenge to all of us to recall those days of '23 and to take stock of what those years at Normal have meant to us.

Wouldn't you like to see the "old gang" and chat over old times and new? Then plan now to attend the reunion in June. Help us to get in touch with all our classmates. Sit down at once and write a note giving your name and address as well as those of any of our classmates whom you may know. This will save us many days of research and money in stamps and stationery. Do this for old times' sake. Remember, co-operation was the spirit of '23.

Your friend and president,

ETHEL LYNCH (JONES).

P. S.—Kindly forward your information to Ethel E. Jones, 210 East North Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

## A Normal Stage Invention

Theatres and the work in them challenge all of us at all times. To make a theatre function in any community, it is quite necessary to study the problems peculiar to that community. If we consider our own school a community in which there is a workable theatre, we shall find many problems that might be solved.

One particular problem has been confronting us for a long time. The spoken word never seemed to travel to the audience. It would ascend to the great open space directly above the stage. With this problem in mind I sought many references for ideas on the subject but found none except two or three suggestions for stage ceilings used in interior sets. After much study regarding practical efficiency the size, and general working plans, I began work on a sounding board that might have the same position as a ceiling but would be much more flexible.

Very careful measurements were taken, plans drawn, and materials noted. The working plans finished, real construction took place. Materials consisted of wood for the frame, hardware as simple as clothes line hooks, door bolts, and iron rings. The sounding board itself is a specially prepared board which has wood pulp as its base. This material carries sound very well.

To allow for lights, spotlights, and scenery that can be raised by ropes into a clear space above the acting, the sounding board was constructed in two parts. The first part, or the section downstage, was built in three sections. Due to the placing of hooks and ropes it is yery easy to use one or all sections. Two small ceilings for small sets were then built from a sheet of the same material. These pieces will be very useful as ceilings to increase acoustic qualities for a small acting area. The sounding board completed as indicated is now suspended on the stage and may be lowered, if the need arises, or raised if scenery of any height is being moved. Just above the acting area on the stage we have placed the ceiling or sounding board, so that the actors and actresses may always be sure of being heard throughout the auditorium, rather than their voices be carried to the space above the stage. There is now another problem before us. How can every speaker standing BEFORE the drawn curtains of the stage be sure his or her voice is being heard?

Plans and a list of materials used for our present device may be found in the files of the main office.

M. M. Neunsinger.

## **Beds**

THE man who invented beds made a mistake. I'm positive my grandmother had a bed, and since women did not have the vote and women's rights weren't popular then, it must have been a man's idea. Anyway, he made a mistake. Instead of the heavy, ponderous affairs they are, he should have made them small enough to go through doors in one piece, and assembled so that they could be manipulated by the occupant.

There are many kinds of beds: day beds, which aren't beds at all, twin beds, folding beds, wardrobe beds, and sick beds. This last kind, unless the patient is seriously ill, and then he should be in a hospital bed, is the most interesting. Because of close association this bed becomes, instead of just a piece of furniture, a whole house. For one eats, sleeps, receives callers, and takes medicine in the bed. The bed soon begins to assume huge proportions and hems the patient in. The broad expanse from pillow to footboard seems to grow more distant, and one feels isolated in the middle of a huge pink, or blue or lavender plain; that feeling of inadequacy which comes to a bed-ridden person. The rest of the house seems so far away and suddenly so interesting. That miserable sensation when the doorbell rings! One calls down to ask who it was and what was wanted; and while all sorts of interesting and intriguing conversations are going on, one awaits some answer in an agony of expectancy. Something really should be done about it. Of course, a bed with the advantages of an airplane would do admirably; but I'm afraid there would be some disadvantages in having beds flying around the house. Think of the confusion on the stairs! By the time traffic jams are settled, the patient would be ready for an ambulance bed.

CATHARINE GILBERT, Freshman III.

#### IMMOBILIZING BOSSY

The little city girl stood and watched the farmer milk the only cow he had. The next morning the farmer was much excited, as the cow had been stolen during the night.

Farmer: "Drat the thief that stole that cow. He's miles away from here by now."

Little Girl: "I wouldn't worry 'bout it, mister, they can't get so far away with it, 'cause you drained her crank-case last night."—Mutually Funny.

## Teacher Training in Hamburg— Dr. Deutcher

Editor's Note—The following notes were written by Marguerite C. Dougherty of the Campus School while studying European education during the summer of 1932.

E LEMENTARY teacher training in Hamburg is carried on at the university. The School of Education is an integral part of the University organization and not merely affiliated.

The professional training is obtained through university study of at least three years, education in which is included the practical training necessary for admission to the profession. The student is expected during the practice teaching period to secure the objective basis of his educational thinking. He becomes acquainted with the practice of instruction and education to the extent that he is able upon conclusion of his course to be appointed assistant teacher in regular public school The practical training is divided into the following groups: occasional demonstration and experiments in the demonstration school; regular visitation and participation in a number of demonstration classes. In addition, there are occasional visits to other types of schools in which school practice, which deals with the method of the various elementary school subjects in connection with the visitation and demonstration work, is studied. Here, attention is given to the preparation and organization of instructional material. The teacher assistant phase of the training falls into two parts. The first period comes for six weeks between the third and fourth semesters, during which time the student teacher works in a regular school with a teacher whom he has chosen as his supervisor. The second period of student teaching is spent in youth welfare work in connection with some organization under the control of the youth welfare division of the government.

The observation and participation by the young teacher begins in the first semester and continues throughout the three years. As a rule he participates and observes in two subjects for two hours each weel in each subject together with a two-hour discussion period in the university. This gives eight semester hours of practice teaching in each semester.

The teachers with whom the student teacher observes and participates are excused from four hours of regular work each week to take part in the discussion of the school practice teaching.

The work in education during the three years covers about twenty-four semester hours. These include Educational psychology, Methods

and History of education, Theory of education, Principles of education and instruction, School organization and law. The student may secure training in art at the Art Institute.

In order to provide the greatest possible freedom to the student in the choice of practice, it is planned to offer all the important subjects in each semester; namely, Grundschule, German, history and civics, mathematics, physics and chemistry, biology and geography, physical training or music or drawing and handwork, foreign language or religion.

During the teacher assistant period which usually comes between the third and fourth semesters for six weeks, the first regular connected teaching is provided. The student chooses his supervisor and takes part during this time in all the activities of the regular teacher. At first, he teaches in one or two subjects, but during the last fourteen days he gives all the instruction of the class. During this period, he is allowed to teach without having the classroom teacher in the room. At the end of this period the student prepares a detailed report of his work. He also receives from the classroom teacher a definite statement of his work and of his ability to teach.

The second teacher assistant period comes usually in the vacation between the fourth and fifth semesters and represents one phase of the work that is not generally found at any other German teacher training institution. For four weeks the student has definite practice under supervision in social welfare work of that type which stands in closest relation to the work of the elementary school. It has to do with any and all educational activities needed for the development of the youth, which do not fall within the field of regular school activities. This work may be done in any one of the great number of organizations or institutions which are available, such as country homes for city children, baby clinics, organization of vacation colonies, orphan asylums and kindergarten schules. The young teacher comes in contact with every phase of a teacher's activity.

## An Appreciation

I asked Miss Munn if I might put a few lines in THE TOWER LIGHT to extend to the faculty and students my sincere appreciation for their many kindnesses while I was in the hospital.

The lovely flowers, interesting letters, notes, cards and scrap books, gave me a great deal of pleasure and helped to shorten the long days.

With many thanks for your kind remembrances, I am,

Always your friend,

GERTRUDE HOLT.

## **Assemblies**

N Tuesday, January 3rd, Miss Tall spoke to us about that much-discussed idea—Technocracy. She pointed out to us that we shall either be Technocrats or we won't be—it's up to us to learn what is to be known about the subject and then join the ranks on the one side or the other.

On January 5th, Dr. Cullison, of the Bureau of Vital Statistics of the State Department of Health, helped us to understand better the co-ordination of the Health Department and the schools in an effort to prevent disease, to correct defects, and to improve the health of the

community.

On January 10th, Dean Stimson of Goucher College brought to us an opportunity to learn of the scenes and circumstances in which the Royal Society, that greatest of all scientific organizations, was formed. We could easily visualize those young men of that early period meeting to discuss the scientific findings and mysteries of the day and to realize that that small beginning eventually grew into the Royal Society, which today confers the most prized honor that any scientist may hope to win.

Another annual celebration of Founders Day took place on January 13th. Miss Scarborough, the member of our school faculty who knows best that family's antecedents, gave us an insight into the personality and work of Mr. George L. Smith and Miss Ellen T. Ricker, two teachers of past days whose contribution to the school has left an enduring impress upon the character of our well-loved Alma Mater.

On Sunday, January 15th, as a continuance of our Founders Day celebration, the school commemorated the founding of the Normal School (1866), the founding of Johns Hopkins University (1876), and the

founding of the Enoch Pratt Free Library (1886).

Dr. Ames, the President of Johns Hopkins, spoke upon the educational facilities which are being supplied at public expense. He raised the question, "Where does the responsibility of the state end and the

responsibility of the individual begin in regard to education?"

Mr. William D. Baker, President of the Board of Trustees of the Enoch Pratt Library, pointed out that such an organization has immeasurable value in opportunities to expand what is learned in school. To quote: "The end is but the beginning, and of that beginning there is no end." His last words were a tribute to Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, who was present and read a poem composed by her for the occasion. He stated that he would like to add one more decade to the three mentioned by Miss Tall; prefixing 1856, Lizette Woodworth Reese. Then we have—1856, Miss Reese; 1866, Normal School; 1876, Johns Hopkins University; 1886, Enoch Pratt Library.

Dr. Cullen, Vice-President of the Enoch Pratt, paid tribute to Mr. Wheeler and those who have worked so faithfully to secure the new library building.

Miss Reese read her poem, a tribute to Mr. Newell, written especially for this occasion.

Music was furnished by the members of the orchestra and by the Glee Club.

On Monday, January 16th, Mrs. William Bauernschmidt developed for us the theme, "Changing Public Opinion for a Changing Civilization." After mapping out the changes that the last decades have wrought in women's part in education, illustrated by her own personal story, Mrs. Bauernschmidt spoke of the present situation in the Normal Schools. Although it might be found impossible for graduates of the Normal School to get positions immediately, she urged students not to let themselves remain idle, but to use the "pause" in their career for discovering and attacking weak points in their own background. Above all, she enjoined her hearers to be sure of their spoken English. She emphasized the need for courage in attacking the problems that will confront young people when they go out into the big world.

On January 17th, Miss Jessie Snow, Secretary of the League of Nations Society of Maryland, explained some of the primary purposes of the League, as well as some of the "high points" in its history. She pointed out that international organization is an essential in an interrelated world society. Her presentation was particularly illuminating because of the fact that she spoke from first-hand knowledge, having been at Geneva during September and October when she came in contact with the leading spirits of the League.

On January 18th, we were delightfully entertained by Mr. Walter Linthicum, teacher at Clifton Park Junior High School and member of the choir of Grace and St. Peter's Church. In his rich baritone voice, he sang for us a varied program, including songs with an oriental and gypsy flavor, negro spirituals, light opera selections and songs of the ballad type. A large part of the students' enjoyment was due to Mr. Linthicum's informal manner.

K. HAUGH, Junior IX.

#### IN MEDIAEVAL HISTORY CLASS

Miss M———: "And here was the place you cross the stream by a ford."

Miss B——: "What? In mediæval days? Wasn't that before the days of Henry Ford?"



## Tea at Glen Esk

NE of the most enjoyed experiences in our school year is the tea given by Miss Tall at her home, Glen Esk, for the student body. It is refreshing to meet ourselves and our friends when not in the mood induced by an armful of books, but socially minded. How very nice to chat with faculty on subjects in no way related to term papers and references! Contributing to the atmosphere of genial hospitality were the musical interludes provided by some of our gifted students. It was a pleasure also, to meet in person, Maria Briscoe Croker, with whose poetry many of us are familiar. In years after graduation, Miss Tall's teas will be among the joyful reminiscences of Normal School.

## Juniors Hosts

The Junior Class entertained a number of its members and friends at a Benefit Card Party in Richmond Hall Social Room on Friday evening, January 13th. Attractive door prizes were awarded, as were individual table prizes. The raffling of two cakes, with Mr. Dugan as auctioneer, added a novel note. The affair proved both a social and financial success.

## Rural Club

Miss Lena Van Bibber of the History Department was guest speaker at the January bi-monthly meeting of the Rural Club. She discussed Current Events before the group, which was assembled in Richmond Hall Social Room. Misses Brown and Treut were among those present.

## An Unforgetable Te-Pa-Chi Meeting

January 17, 1933. The cafeteria was lighted by candles and made cheerful by plants and flowers. By means of a grade arrangement, the parents were placed at the tables with the teachers of their children.

A roast beef dinner was planned by Mrs. Gerald Johnson and served by the student teachers in the Elementary School. During the meal, the orchestra, accompanied by Miss Prickett, played a number of well-chosen selections. After dinner the group retired to the Elementary School Music Room for the remainder of the program.

Dr. C. I. Winslow, the Vice-President of the Te-Pa-Chi, conducted

the meeting.

A delightful musical program was presented by members of the

Glee Club, accompanied by Miss Weyforth.

Miss Steele then gave her message to the group, requesting them to defend education against the restrictions placed upon it at this time, in

order to protect the interests of their children.

Dr. Lida Lee Tall presented the speaker of the evening, Dr. David Allan Robertson, President of Goucher College. Dr. Robertson declared that education is made up of character, manners and book knowledge. With this as a basis for his discussion, the speaker showed that an individual's success is greatly influenced by his home training, since many habits affecting character and manners are formed in the pre-school years.

At the close of the meeting the members lingered in groups to chat or stopped in the various class rooms. An atmosphere of infor-

mality and friendliness pervaded the entire evening.

The following represents a parent's comment on this meeting:

#### FROM THE ROLLING ROAD

By Christopher Billopp

A night or two ago I attended a meeting at which young students of the State Normal School at Towson, still in their teens, stood up before the audience and, with perfect calmness and poise, announced: "I shall sing so-and-so," and did sing very well, indeed. I confess I envied their modern education, which among other things is directed against the pernicious habit of self-consciousness. Lacking this advantage, I shall never realize my lifelong ambition to rise before a crowd and say: "I shall now sing the Toreador song from 'Carmen.'" I couldn't get through with it. And as for my family—even now they almost have heart failure when I burst into "Onward, Christian Soldiers," accompanied by an organ, a vested choir and half the congregation.

-Reported by Lenetta Garrett.

## Senior Supper Treat

THERE is a decided advantage in being a small group. For instance, a class of only thirty-two members might be invited by the Social Director and Dormitory Staff to a Sunday Night Buffet Supper. And, incidentally, that is just what happened on January 15th.

We were greeted in the Student Officers' Room at 6:15 most graciously by Miss Sperry and introduced to two honorary guests—Mr. Hillegeist, who is registrar at University of Maryland, and his wife. Miss Tall, too, was a welcome member of our group.

To say that the supper which followed was good would be expressing our feelings too mildly. It was delicious! Patties, overflowing with creamed chicken, peas, cranberries, olives, celery and enticing dessert (which carried out the Senior Class colors), nuts and mints, accompanied by hot chocolate, were enough to make anyone green with envy. The social chatter, constant, throughout the evening, ranged from Technocracy to Student-Teaching. When the evening terminated, everyone left with a decided sense of regret and a definite question in mind to ask the more unfortunate members of the school: "Don't you wish you were a Senior?"

MARGARET SPEHNKOUCH, Senior.

## Clouds Across the Sunset

Across the molten gleam of sunset's gold, Strange creatures glide, fantastic as they roam, Edging themselves about with sparkling lace, Then vanishing into their skyland home.

Upon the blazing stage strange scenes appear, A smoky buffalo with blowing mane, A fiery serpent writhing silently, And hosts of sheep along a Devon lane.

Across the molten gleam of sunset's gold, Sail pastel ships with wind-filled sails unfurled, From out the blue they glide upon the sight, Laden with dreams to charm a watching world.

RUTH KEIR, Freshman V.

## The Story Hour at Towson

Last spring a story hour was inaugurated at Towson for the first and second grades. Stories were told by Misses Garrett, Osborn, and Yoder, librarians from Maryland State Normal School, and Mrs. Moncure, Towson librarian. Miss Murray and Miss King, student teachers last spring, helped a great deal in getting the activity started.

Until this year, the story hour had always been held every Friday afternoon in Miss Richardson's room. This year, a partition between two rooms has been removed to make a larger room on the second floor. It is this room that is being used as a story room. The parents of all the children are assisting. They have contributed a rug, on which the children sit to hear the stories, a goldfish, which the children have named "Fishie-Do," many bowls of ivy, and very attractive and much-needed bulletin boards. Even the curtains are being made by the parents. The students of Industrial Arts in the high school are making tables and shelves. One of the present attractions of the room is a large map, loaned by Black and Decker.

The first story telling this year was begun in November; this year the day was changed to Thursday. Folk tales and Christmas stories have been told this year by Misses Liddell and Carp. A great deal of work still remains to be done, but we all feel that a very worthwhile activity has been launched and is well under way.

Bernice Carp, Junior X. Dorothy Liddell, Junior X.

Teacher: "It gives me great pleasure to mark you 85 on your examination."

Jimmy: "Why not make it 100 and give yourself a real thrill?" —Capper's Weekly.

#### LOST SOUL

Bassler: "I'm worried—it's raining and my wife is downtown."

Rhodes: "Oh, she'll probably step inside some store."

Bassler: "That's just it."-Pathfinder.

## Seen and Heard

Heard" was one of the best columns ever to drip from the pen of your beloved editor. Undoubtedly, it must have been good if it passed the far-seeing eyes of that blonde editor, who no doubt considers that when one is editor of a magazine all tastes must be taken into consideration. Therefore, the hoi-polloi (you look that one up) were given a stronger dose than usual.

Our calendar tells us it is February. February is memorable for two events; namely, the end of the first semester, and Valentine Day. Valentine Day conjures certain definite thoughts to our mind. (Oh, yes, we have one.)

Before we begin sloshing out the scandal may we thank the kind person who is responsible for the list of Romances that were submitted to the Tower Light? In all there were on it the names of twenty-five couples. We are very sorry to say that space, and space alone, does not permit the publication of this valuable material in this issue. However, the names are kept on file in the Tower Light office, and as soon as space permits we may publish them.

We appreciate the valuable suggestion offered at the bottom of this paper. For your entertainment, we offer it to you, "Most likely Mister Editor, if you had a romance of your own you wouldn't be bothered with the rest of the school." (Well, we're willing.)

In the spring a young man's fancy turns to what a girl has been thinking of all year. (With apologies to Mike.)

And now that the Junior men are all out student teaching, shall we close the school? (Somebody told us that they were gone.)

An appropriate song to welcome back the student teachers would be "You'll Never Be the Same."

We know of a certain Senior who, heretofore, has received little publicity, who was quite concerned that his private romance should be kept from the ears of the school. Far be it from us to disagree with his wishes.

The Junior Card Party was a huge success. We seriously considered playing solitaire at this party, but we were told that no prize was offered for solitaire. Therefore, we decided to play bridge.

We noticed a strange similarity in a cake purchased first by Miss Byerly, at the Card Party, and another cake purchased by Miss Tall. We suspect that they were the same cake. Quick, Watson, the glass. Some people have offered the suggestion that a certain dormitory blonde learn how to wear her hair. We refer to a young lady in the Glee Club whose own private romance seems to have been grounded.

A certain Senior has been observed wearing a suede jacket. All he needs now is an axe and the picture would be complete.

Have you noticed the congregation of several prominent Seniors at a certain table in the hall? We still insist that tables were made for glasses and not for sitting. We censure the action.

A certain Freshman who was intensely interested in fossils up to a certain time appears to be branching into another Science. We notice he has transferred his interest to a young lady in the Glee Club who sits beside him. Love must be a great thing.

The reins of the Mummers have been handed to Ben Kremen during the absence of Bob Norris, who is doing his term.

We wonder by what strange coincidence a certain two people were cast opposite each other in "Enter the Hero?"

Life is just a series of disappointments. The I.A. boys were given the assignment to design some article in a rectangular form. The results were plans for cigarette cases, match boxes and the like, when, lo and behold, a plan for a hope chest was submitted by one of the group.

Regarding the red tie incident—we were recently approached by the young person in question, who very excitedly exclaimed, "What do you mean by going around telling people I told you to wear a red tie? I told you to wear a bright tie!" We regret the error.

Founders Day was attended by quite a representative group of alumni. We were able to get the names of those who were outstanding in their respective years. We noticed the following Class Presidents: John Fisher, '30; Elizabeth Hartje, '31; and Reuben Baer, '32. Polly Wright, President of the General Student Council for '31, also attended. Ralph Bargteil and Francis Sturgeon, '31, and Mollie Hirsch, Naomi Friedman and Milton Bergen of '32 represented their respective classes.

Mr. Bergen is to be congratulated on his recent appointment to an out-of-state school.

Miss Pat Stinchcum and Miss Virginia Beach of '32 visited the School recently.

Various methods of execution have been offered as threats to ye editor. After due deliberation we have decided that we should like, since we are to be lynched, to be given a quick death. Most of the threats have come by way of the I.A. group. Ye editor is fully insured, but feels very safe in the fact that he holds a considerable amount of damaging data on this group.

We feel that there is a need for a correction to the item in our last issue about the I.A. boys spending their Wednesday evenings at the school. We inferred that they stood out to use the library. We found that the library was closed, but nevertheless they stay out for some reason—why??? We wonder if the answer could be found in the dormitory?

We feel that an all-time record has been established. This record was established by a certain city school official who overstayed her time by thirty minutes.

The School has been receiving a great deal of publicity in the newspapers of late. The latest bit of publicity came through the column of that distinguished writer, Mr. Christopher Billop, of *The Evening Sun* in his column, the "Rolling Road." The columnist expressed an envious desire to be able to emulate the students who at the Te-Pa-Chi meeting were able to get up and very calmly announce that they would sing a certain number and then proceed to do so. He also stated that some day he would astound his colleagues by announcing that he will sing the Toreador song from "Carmen." May we remind Mr. Billop that he has not had the valuable tutelage of such a person as Miss Weyforth.

We have not, as yet, been able to express our opinion of the Freshmen in words. We feel that words have not been found to describe certain points reached by the Freshmen. Heretofore the male of the species have been the outstanding feature, but this time the opposite sex shine forth as being the least inspiring of any group.

## Y.W.C.A. News

THE first large group meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held in Richmond Hall, Wednesday, January 18, 1933, at ten p.m. The program kept things moving rapidly. Even Flippo, the clown, arrived dressed in his best red polka dot suit and entertained us with stunts and dances. I'm sure Miss Roach would have given him "5" on the head stand. And—if she could have seen the staff!!! Refreshments, hot chocolate, cookies, and marshmallows topped the evening's fun.

Here's hoping we can have more, bigger, better meetings in the future.

M. BENNETT, Senior.



## Sport Slants

Dip you all know that Wednesday, January 18, 1933, was the busiest day in the history of athletics at Normal? First in importance was basketball between the Normal Varsity Squad and Franklin High School; Normal victorious, 32-30! Fencing next—against McDonogh. Again Normal rose above the horizon, 8-1. But the most thrilling combat was the Junior-Freshman touch football game. The two classes watched each other during the first half—no score made. During the second half the Juniors awakened and scored the only twenty-five points of the game; score, 25-0!

Comments on current sport events:

- 1. There are approximately sixteen men on our basketball squad.
- 2. Soccer average: our team won eleven out of thirteen games, giving a percentage of .846.
- 3. If the basketball team wins all of the remaining games to be played, we'll have a percentage of .800. So far they've won six out of seven practice games and four out of seven regular games.
- 4. The possibility of playing some games in the new Towson Armory looks promising—if it is completed in time for the season next year.
- 5. Attention! We hope to bring the Quantico Marines here for basketball next year—that is, as said before, provided the Armory is completed!

By the way, if our team makes a good showing against the University of Baltimore, a regular game has been promised for next year!

Not pertaining to sports, but nevertheless of general interest, "Mike" Saltzman is going to be Master of Ceremonies of the men's review. Ed Gersuk has been made general manager! That, in itself, ought to be

good advertisement. The executive committee plans to arrange details. Date to be announced in next issue!

Joe Haggerty is leaving school! Long will he be remembered for his brilliant soccer prowess, especially during the Western Maryland game. We're sorry to lose you, Joe.

Keep your eye on the Freshman gym class this year—it's especially promising! They are making unusually rapid progress in basketball, tumbling and other activities.

On Friday, February 3, 1933, the game determining the championship of the normal schools of Maryland will be played. The event will take place in the afternoon, so there'll be no excuse for not having a good crowd.

A free-throw championship contest is going on among the players. It started on January 16, 1933, and the purpose is to develop foul-shooting ability, because many games are won and lost on this one point.

Another interest to take notice of: an intramural basketball league has been opened to the whole school! Let's see how large we can make the league. It's really what the school needs to stimulate interest.

R. OHEIM, Junior V.

## Impressive

TMPRESSIVE? Yes! Everything about them added to an already empty feeling in the pits of our stomachs. Seventeen strong, they trotted out upon the floor clad in navy blue sweat suits. Emblazoned upon each chest was the word "Cardinals" in a flaming crimson. To top it all, every suit fitted its occupant! The suits must have been made especially for each man. Our attention moved from these striking suits to the men themselves. At least seven of their players were over six feet in height, and five or six others were within one or two inches of that size. Not tall and spindly looking, but broad shouldered and heavy were these men. They were evidently football players. We might have consoled ourselves with the idea that some of them were small, but even that feeling vanished when we studied them. Each small man had some characteristic that made him seem more dangerous than the larger men. With that lot in one group can you appreciate our feeling? Impressed?

M. SALTZMAN, Senior.

## The Gallaudet Trip

A PHILOSOPHER once said, "One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives." The truth of this saying was emphasized by the recent trip which the basketball team made to Gallaudet College.

Gallaudet College is unique in that it is the only college in the world for the deaf and dumb. Nearly every state in the Union has some provision for the deaf and dumb. However, this provision is largely for learning a trade. Gallaudet is the only college in the world teaching professional subjects.

It is interesting to know something about the history of the school. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, founder of Gallaudet College, was not deaf. He became interested in the deaf and dumb while studying under Abbe Charles Michel De l'Epee. Gallaudet was a rather rich man, who endowed a university to teach academic subjects to deaf and dumb students. The school was established in Washington, D.C. The school is co-educational and has about 125 students. Seventy-five of these are men and fifty are girls. Since the school is the only one, a great many applications for admission are received. Only the best of this group are accepted. At one time four hundred made application and forty were accepted.

Somehow one expects people who are handicapped to be somewhat different from those who are not. I was, therefore, surprised to meet some of the students of the school. They were clear-cut, nice looking fellows and unusually good-looking girls. Later, in the gymnasium, from a man called fondly "Old Jim," I was told how the students cheered their team. A bass drum stood in the stands and the cheerleader banged on this drum and the students kept time with feet and hands. It was a rather awe-inspiring sight to see the flash of hands and fingers as the students conversed in the sign language. The basketball team of Gallaudet was efficient and defeated our team by the score of 24-18.

After the game we went back to the main building, where I met David A. Davidowitz. From him I secured a great deal of information concerning the school. The students treated all of us with the utmost courtesy and were exceedingly helpful. Mr. Loy E. Golladay, editor-inchief of the Buff and Blue, school magazine, presented me with a copy of the catalogue and the magazine. (These may be found in the Tower Light office if anyone wishes to see them.)

The faculty of Gallaudet is composed of both deaf teachers and teachers who are not deaf. Dr. Percival Hall is president of the college.

Dr. Hall is from Harvard. Dr. W. Krug is the dean of men. He is afflicted with deafness. Drs. Drake, Nelson, Hughes and Bryant are also afflicted.

The Gallaudet team visits Normal February 21st. It behooves the students to come out for a good game and to return the courtesy of the Gallaudet students.

SOLOMON LISS, Junior III.

#### Our Old Flivver

Our old flivver is an ancient old carriage; It might have witnessed Napoleon's marriage. It rattles and squeaks, Like a dozen antiques, But still it holds together.

Our old flivver goes fast down hill, Though it shivers as if it had a chill. It jiggles and shakes, It has poor brakes, But still it holds together.

Our old flivver is wheezy and old, And hard to start when it is cold. It's seen better days, In a number of ways, But still it holds together.

Our old flivver has lots of power, It dreams of fifty miles an hour. It jolts my neck, It is a wreck, But still it holds together.

MILDRED SWOPE, Freshman V.

#### GIVE HER SOME CATNIP

Mrs. Gabb: "So your husband objects to cats."

Mrs. Stabb: "Yes, indeed. He says that I feed all the cats in the neighborhood. Won't you stay and have tea?"—Boston Transcript.

# Recess

#### EARLY BIRD VARIETY

"Is your husband a bookworm?"

"No, just an ordinary one."—Cape Argus.

#### FINDING HIS LEVEL

Judge: "And what did you do when you heard the accused using such awful language?"

Policeman: "I told him he wasn't fit to be among decent people, and brought him here."—Boston Transcript.

#### WITH DING-DONG EFFECTS

"And did he have the dentist take an X-ray of his wife's jaw?"
"He tried to, but all they could get was a moving picture."—Smith's Weekly (Sydney).

#### ON A TORN-UP DETOUR

The height of illegibility—a doctor's prescription written with a post-office pen in the rumble seat of a second-hand car.—Judge.

\* \*

#### SWEET AND TWENTY

Policeman: "As soon as I saw you come around the bend I said to myself, 'Forty-five at least."

Lady Driver: "How dare you? It's this hat that makes me look so old."—Masonic Craftsman.

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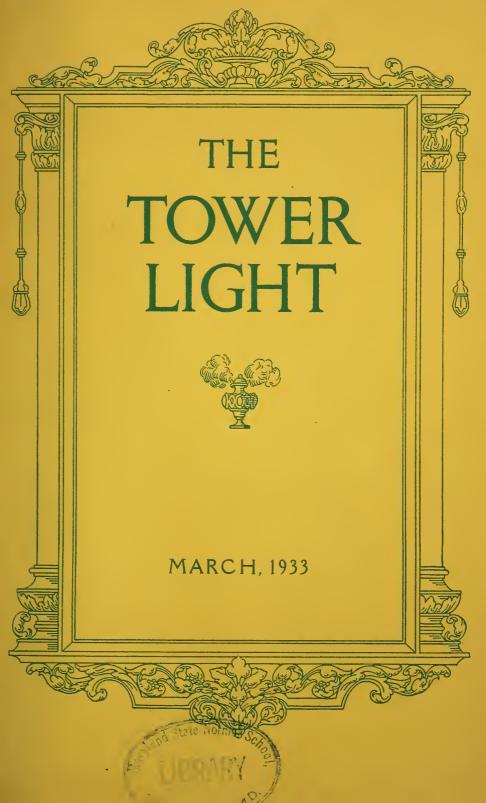
# COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND















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# The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School
at Towson

T O W S O N, M D.



# The Tower Light

Vol. VI

MARCH, 1933

No. 6

#### The Awakening

With ear attuned to forest sounds I climbed the Alpine blue. Through fretful pines and crackling bush Four deer thrust wood-smoothed horns. I stretched myself on a brown-speckled rock And touched my lips to a mountain stream. I laughed and called God good.

I walked in the calm of the morning cool. Two teaberry leaves down close to the ground Had gathered a cup of dew. I knelt to watch its trembling light, and wondering, Breathless—went my way.

I heard strange grumblings in the night.
The falls were restless things.
I crept through darkness, breathed deeply of the pine,
And watched the low stars glow.
I felt a part of night, somehow, and night a mystic part of me.

I thought not then of finite creed, Nor ponderous words of truth and faith. I felt the throbbing of the night. I heard faint sounds of soft wings brush the earth.

Something stirred within my soul I had not known was there. I bowed my head; my heart was full. There were no words to speak of God.

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.

# On a Bit of Paper

ARJORIE MCALLISTER ran down the steps to the living room where her mother was sitting reading.

"Goodbye, Mother," she called, "I expect to be home by six at the latest. It will take only an hour and a half to drive over, and my appointment is at two. Don't worry if I'm late. If the news is good and I'm in high spirits, I'll stop around and see Mary Lou. She has been asking me to visit her for a long time."

"I really feel, Marjorie," said Mrs. McAllister, "that this is a most foolish thing for you to do. If you will go, I wish you would take someone with you."

"Can't possibly. You see that is part of the dare—to go and to go alone. Anyhow, I wouldn't want to take anyone with me. If it's good, I'll probably talk 'em deaf, dumb, and blind; and if it isn't so good, I'll probably be glum. I'll get along much better by myself. 'Bye, Mother."

Two weeks before, at a little dinner party with the usual "crowd," when the conversation seemed to be drifting to weather, clothes, and "what might have been," someone started the ball rolling by telling about a fortune-teller in Washington who seemed to have rather unusual powers. Strange to say, this fortune-teller was a Scotch woman who was making her business very profitable, and in turn was giving a large portion of her income to charity organizations in Washington. She was much sought after by ordinary people, by Congressmen and Senators, who went to her for advice. The appointment was made by giving a letter of the alphabet to stand for the name of the person whose fortune was to be read. The remarkable thing about the results of this was, when one walked into the room, the Scotch woman was able to give one his full name, and yet the appointment had been made under a letter! There wasn't anything in one's past she couldn't tell you. What was more, she often made future prophecies which materialized.

Marjorie had listened to the story with more than ordinary interest. Here was something new—something she hadn't tried before! Her eyes sparkled with excitement. Tommy Lane, on the other side of the room, was watching her.

"Say, Marge, I'd like to take you up on that. I dare you to get in touch with this woman and make an appointment, really keep it, and go alone. I bet there is something crooked about it somewhere. You can come back and tell us how much of what has been said tonight is really true," Tommy said encouragingly.

It would be fun, she meditated, and besides there would be no harm in trying.

"All right, Tommy, you're on. There's one condition, and that is, that you give a party for the 'crowd' the night of the day I have the reading. I'll come back and entertain you all with magic!"

"That's a go! Say, you're all invited to a shindig that night to hear the 'victim's' story of black magic! See if you can make the appointment now, Marge."

Marjorie led the way to the 'phone. After a few moments of silence, while the operator was getting Washington, they heard her say, "Miss X would like an appointment with Mrs. Donahan for Saturday, April 26th, at two o'clock."

"O.K., everybody. Say, Tommy, don't you think I had better take someone along to verify all that might be told me. You know I could come back and string an awful line."

"True enough. But the old lady probably wouldn't let anyone else in on a private sitting anyhow. What I'm trying to see is if you have nerve enough to go by yourself."

As Marjorie backed her long, brown sport car out from the garage the events of that evening two weeks before were running through her mind. From the time she could understand what people said Marjorie was always willing to take a dare. Needless to say, her twenty-one years had been eventful ones. She was the only child of an adoring mother and father. Although she was spoiled—but who wouldn't be?—she had a lovable nature. Men became her adoring admirers, and women found in her a pal who would help them more than once in times of need. Marjorie had been sent away to boarding-school at twelve. There she stayed until, at seventeen, she was caught by the prim head mistress sliding down the third floor rain spout of the dormitory to go after ice cream on a dare. Then she was sent home. It wasn't Marjorie's fault that she managed to get into all sorts of trouble; it was simply her nature. She was passionately devoted to art. When you couldn't find her anywhere around, she was sure to be up in a little room under the eaves of the house which she called her "studio." Paints, charcoals, brushes, drawing pencils, and hundreds of pictures and magazines were scattered about on the floor. Marjorie was in the midst of them.

Now Marjorie's foot pressed down a little harder on the accelerator, and her car leaped forward on the boulevard heading from Baltimore to Washington. It was a glorious day, and spring had made the countryside beautiful. By the time she had found the little white bungalow where the Scotch woman lived, her heart was beating rapidly. It was even more exciting than she had expected. A colored servant

opened the door and led her to a plain little room where a few chairs and a table were neatly arranged. She sank into a nearby chair. There was no one waiting in the room with her. Marjorie eyed expectantly a door on the side of the room, and presently it opened to admit a stylishly dressed woman. She glanced at Marjorie and excitedly breathed out in a hushed tone, "My dear, she is simply marvelous! She told me all about my two husbands!" The servant who had led Marjorie in came back to the room. "Mrs. Donahan is now ready for Miss X," she said. Marjorie, drawing a deep breath, walked hurriedly through the doorway into a dimly lit room. There, behind a table, stood a demure little woman with pure white hair. She was dressed in a Puritanlike dress of gray, trimmed with deep white collar and cuffs. For a moment Marjorie was stunned. Why, to be afraid of this little woman was ridiculous! What was she saying? "You are Marjorie Lee McAllister. You are the only child of Henry and Pauline McAllister." Then it was true what they had said of her! How could she have possibly found out who she was!

"Will you sit down, Miss McAllister?" said the crisp, decisive voice

again. "May I hold your right hand?"

"You have had rather an unusual life, Miss McAllister, for a girl so young. You are very talented, and you have won considerable recognition for yourself in the fashion world. You have many admirers—one especially—with gray eyes. He has proposed three times. (Marjorie blushed in spite of herself.) When you were eighteen years old you attempted an elopement with a man who posed as a duke. You didn't get very far, for the very man I mentioned a few minutes ago overtook you and brought you back. Is this not so, my dear?"

"It certainly is," Marjorie gasped. "I'm convinced you can tell

the past. Won't you let me have a peep into the future?"

The Scotch woman looked at her intently for a moment, and then shook her head in refusal. "I'm afraid I can't tell you your future."

"Why? Oh, please do, just a little bit," pleaded Marjorie.

"I would rather not, Miss McAllister. As a rule, I'm not usually disposed to tell futures."

"But you have told some theirs. I'm so anxious to know."

"Very well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write it on a slip of paper. But first, you are to promise me not to read it before you get to your home and in your own room."

"Yes, I promise. That's better than not at all."

Mrs. Donahan went to a desk and wrote in pen and ink on a small piece of paper. She handed it folded to Marjorie.

"Goodbye, Miss McAllister. Remember not to look at the note until you are home."

Marjorie tucked the note inside her glove and got into her car. She felt strangely thrilled as if some Fate were watching her closely. She must not let herself get excited. Traffic was much heavier now. She carefully steered her car through the jam, and in a short time she found herself out on the broad highway. The slip of paper seemed to be burning a hole in her hand. Mrs. Donahan said not to read it until she got home, but why couldn't she, right now? There were only a few cars left on the road. Marjorie, steering with one hand, pulled the note from under her glove with the other. She let it fall to her lap. A few cars were coming toward her, and she needed to put all her attention on driving. She gave a swift glance to the folded slip of paper lying on her coat. It contained her future! Oh, she couldn't wait—she had to read it now. She picked it up hurriedly, and then there was a jamming of brakes, a scream, and the brown sport car turned over and over down an embankment.

Two men ran swiftly to the car, and through the broken windshield lifted out the limp girl. They laid her on the grass. A stream of blood was running from the bronze hair across her forehead and down her arm. In her hand there was a note tightly grasped. It read, "You have no future."

HELEN S. Cox, Senior.

#### The Lone Wolf

WILIGHT reigns over the land of snow. Huddled in that white stillness are a few scattered cabins, the lights from their windows shining bravely. One notices only one bright star among few that are faintly glimmering. Overlooking the tiny settlement on a small hill stands a lone wolf. He seems to be looking at the homes of the fur traders, but one can tell that he is not thinking of them. He appears to be very lonesome and is wishing for a mate. Thus Kowalski has painted "The Lone Wolf."

ELEANOR BOUNDS, Freshman IV.

### Self-Expression

THE matter of self-expression has become quite an issue in one of the most "distinguished" classes of the school. Such whispered terms as "A.G." and "D.D." are evidence of this.

After much study and deliberation, I have been convinced that the old-fashioned temper tantrum is the best vehicle of expression. I have witnessed many demonstrations and have found that though technique varies with individual differences, all persons are benefited in four ways by this art.

1. They express themselves.

2. They gain respect and enjoy distinction among other people.

3. They achieve excellent muscular co-ordination.

4. They become accustomed to the attention of other people, and so develop a social sense.

A person versed in the arts of a temper tantrum is a social asset at any gathering, for there is nothing so bracing, so exhilarating as a demonstration of his art.

I do not say that all people are capable of achieving success through this mode of expression. We do not all have the innate capacities or the proper stimulus in home environment. There are cases recorded in which an individual comes from a home typified by an attitude of loving helpfulness and free from quarrels and jealousies. A person coming from such a stilted environment had best limit himself to art, music and literature, for with a poor background success is doubtful.

There are certain technical points, skills and forms to be mastered in presenting worth while temper tantrums just as there are in tennis, bridge or folk-dancing.

Some authorities advocate the following:

1. One makes a forceful start by hurling one's self or one's belongings at doors, windows, tables, or other people. (Novices may omit one and begin immediately with step 2.)

2. Lie prone on the floor—kick, scream. Do not kick and scream simultaneously, but alternately, so as to conserve the energy

for step 3.

3. Hold body rigid—toes upturned, eyes closed, teeth clinched.

Mutter rhythmically (breathing hard): "Gag a gag a jid oop

jid a gag a."

4. One may consider the performance completed when upon surreptiously opening one eye one observes that all spectators have left. Rise quietly and with great dignity. Adjust the hair, teeth, ears and furniture to their proper positions.

Experts have been able to hold their audiences fascinated and active for a considerable period of time. Of course, the real charm of the performance depends upon the individual interpretation introduced. If you feel you have a real talent for this colorful form of expression, work out a method of performance and practice it at home before your mirror, then amaze all your friends with your new form of activity.

M. D.

# Look Up

"He who would scan the figured skies, Its brightest gems to tell, Must first direct the mind's eye north, And learn the Bear's stars well."

ALL those who love the out-of-doors feel a sense of friendliness with the night skies. There is real pleasure in recognizing the stars and being able to call them by name. Have you ever been walking with someone on a clear night and have him break into your talking by exclaiming "There's Orion." If you looked up you were lifted out of yourself in wonder and all your own worries seemed trivial.

Start your star-gazing by learning about and locating the two Dippers in the northern sky. Begin with the Big Dipper, or Great Bear, as it is sometimes called, and learn through its "pointers" to find the North Star. There are four stars in the bowl of the Big Dipper and three stars in the handle. A line drawn from the outer two stars of the bowl, or "pointers," if extended, will touch the North Star. The North Star is the end star in the handle of the Little Dipper. There are two more stars in the handle and four stars in the bowl. The Big and Little Dippers open toward each other, and it has been said they pour into each other.

Still looking north and a little toward the west we see Cassiopeia's Chair. It is on the opposite side of the North Star from the Big Dipper and about equal distance from it. In Cassiopeia's Chair there are five bright stars in the shape of a "W." The top of the "W." is toward the North Star and one part of the "W." is wider.

Orion in all his glory takes possession of the southwest in the spring skies. Be sure to find Orion, because to many people it is the most beautiful constellation. It is certainly very striking and easily found, and hence well known. First, locate the especially marked three stars that form the belt. Below the belt there is a curving line of

stars set obliquely that outlines the sword. Above the belt is the red star Betelgeuse and below the belt, at about equal distance, is the white star Rigel. If you look carefully you will see Orion as the ancient people saw him—a mighty hunter with his club raised in his right hand ready to attack the bull which is plunging toward him.

Start your star-gazing by getting away from artificial light with a star guide under your arm and a flashlight. In a short while you will be recognizing constellations and their exotic names, given to them by ancient peoples. You will soon know where and when to look for many of your "friends," and will find yourself unconsciously doing it whenever you are out at night.

EDNA IKENA, Junior I.

#### **Pinnacle**

I shall go down singing into this darkness Where there be cruel thorns hidden, and blinding mists, And I will come singing into a morning Though my feet bleed!

For somewhere else I have known Power and Chaos When planets wheeled crazily about me And great rains drenched the earth—And mountains toppled over each other And other mountains reared themselves out of the bubbling chaos In gigantic waves.

I have known Silence,
Of things crushed—
Too hurt to cry out—
Only gasp—
In the white silence of Pain.
And Faith, in the fragrance of broken, green-growing things.

I shall run out of this night Into the cool morning; Shoulders squared, Head high, Sun drenched, Singing— For I am running to a pinnacle!

M. A. D.

# Parent-Education in the Campus School

THE modern parent faces, in the bringing up of his children, problems so difficult that their own parents would have been amazed and bewildered had they been faced with problems of the same kind.

Standards have changed so materially, inventions multiplied so enormously and rapidly that the complexity of the social order increases the problems that both children and parents have to meet.

"The rapidity of social change and the lag of the schools in adapting themselves to it have been responsible in part for this great wave of interest in adult education."

Parents can no longer rely on their instinctive equipment if they would function as efficient parents. They are at the very center of the rapid changes that are taking place. They see and feel them daily in their own family life. They are uneasy, depressed, unhappy, and confused in trying to adjust themselves to this rapidly "changing civilization."

"Parents want help" is the real motive behind this rapid growth in child study classes all over our country. No longer do they wish to rear their children as they were reared, but they wish more than any other thing to know how they themselves can keep up with the times; to be able to understand their children; and to see themselves in their proper relationship to their children.

Parent education in the Campus School was the outgrowth three years ago of an evening meeting of the Te-Pa-Chi Club.

An informal committee of parents became interested in organizing a child study class in the Campus School. Letters were sent to all members of the club for suggestions as to the number of meetings to be held, the topics to be discussed, and the selection of a leader, and speakers on special topics.

A large majority voted for a child study class which would meet once a week at a time most convenient for both parents and leaders.

The content of the course has been decided by the parents in co-operation with the leader. The emphasis has been placed upon obedience, behavior problems, discipline, truth, falsehood, fear, anger, jealousy, imagination, and rewards and punishments.

The methods used include discussions based upon readings, book reports, papers prepared and read to the group by a member of the

class, observation of child behavior, questions asked by parents, and lectures by specialists in child development. Teachers from the Campus School, instructors in Normal School, doctors, nurses, camp leaders, pediatricians, mental hygienists, Girl Scout leaders—all have contributed to a well-rounded program.

Since the needs of any group of parents vary according to the needs of their children, the class arranged a program this year to take care of a diversity of problems. The following is the program for this year:

#### PRE-SCHOOL PRIMARY GROUP

Importance of habit formation-Miss Birdsong.

Educational aspects of a child's everyday living—Dr. Abercrombie.

Eating, Sleeping, Toileting.

Play-Miss Birdsong.

Emotional habits—Miss Helen Oppenheim, Assistant Director Child Study Association.

Thumb Sucking, Nail Biting.

Teasing, temper tantrums, jealousy-Miss Birdsong.

Truth and falsehood-Miss Birdsong.

Sex education-Miss Birdsong.

School adjustments-Miss Durling, Miss Grogan.

Summary-Miss Birdsong.

#### INTERMEDIATE GROUP

Characteristics of the gang age-Miss Birdsong.

Physical development and hygiene—Dr. Park, Johns Hopkins Hospital.

Sex education-Miss Birdsong.

Habit formation—Mrs. Albert Fleishman, Child Study Association.

School adjustments-Miss Hill.

Cultural interests—Art—Miss Neunsinger.

Music-Miss McDonald.

Games and sports—Dr. John Baldwin, pediatrician, Johns Hopkins Hospital.

Desirable character traits—Miss Birdsong.

#### ADOLESCENT GROUP

Physical picture of adolescence—Miss Tall.

Family relationships—Miss Birdsong.

Coming of age in simpler societies—Mrs. Walter Kohn, President Child Study Association.

Conflicts of young adolescent-Mrs. Walter Kohn.

Social adjustments—Miss Birdsong.

Activities and interests—Miss Lyder and Mr. Barnes, Scout Leaders. Vocational guidance—Miss Leona Buckwald, Baltimore Public School.

General discussion of questions peculiar to adolescents—Miss Birdsong.

NELLIE W. BIRDSONG.

#### Parents' Work at Towson

NCE each month the mothers of the Towson Elementary School meet to discuss matters of importance to the school. The parent chairmen of each class form a committee which carries out the plans of the whole group.

The organization has so far functioned very well. Besides providing for a new story room, the parents have subscribed to "My Weekly Reader," which will be used as a supplementary reader in the primary grades. The parents, moreover, have taken a great deal of interest in the classroom activities. In return, at the end of each unit of work, the classes present a program at the Parent Hour. At one of these programs the children dramatized a Pilgrim Church Service. This program was so well accepted that it encouraged another, at which a Dutch Market Day was presented.

One of the chief interests of the parents is the publication of a monthly paper telling about the activities of the different grades. We are quoting the first paragraph of the paper to give you an idea of the kind of material that is published.

#### News From Room Six

Grade III is far from Towson these days: in imagination, they are in the cheese markets of Holland, on her canals, or walking her dikes. They drop to sleep at night with the slow-moving, white-winged sails of Holland windmills before their eyes and the click of wooden heels sounding in their ears. Aren't you looking forward to their exhibition some day during the latter part of January?

Reported by Dorothy Liddell and
Bernice Carp, Junior X,

# Gothic Architecture as Reflected in Our Buildings

THE buildings on our campus reflect the entire grace of no single style of architecture. They do not pretend to imitate to perfection the unexcelled charm of the mediæval "Symphonies of Stone," but an Old World note is expressed by them in several obvious evidences of the Gothic style.

To the student of architecture who can recognize a Gothic structure by its pointed arches, clustered columns, traceried windows, vaulted roofs, flying buttresses, spires, pinnacles, and gargoyles, our buildings

will hold a genuine interest and lasting appeal.

The pointed arch in various forms would reveal itself at several doorways and openings, seemingly to set before him the highest virtue in the style—adaptability. This reputation amply justifies itself, for when there is a wide open space to span, the Gothic arch can adjust itself accordingly and vary its style.

Pinnacles gracing the higher points of the dormitory would catch his eye. These, if elongated to reach far into the sky, would become spires. In mediæval cathedrals these pinnacles on buttresses and towers were useful as well as ornamental, their weight being required to give

stability.

Now and again he would become aware of the presence of Gothic ornamentation which took its inspiration from almost every living thing. The wild foliage, trees, shrubs and flowers that flourished where the sculptor was at work served as models for decoration. An example of this naturalistic foliage may be found encircling the arch above our

stage.

But the student of the Gothic would revel most in discovering the two gargoyles which seem to act as sentinels at our very door, and reveal to us that the liking and real inventive genius of the Gothic sculptor was for the grotesque. These grotesque, wicked faced monsters are useful and symbolic Gothic creations with projecting spouts for shooting rain water clear of the building. This is quite the feeling that the sculptor wishes to convey, for they were supposed to represent evil spirits or little imps escaping from church. For this reason, they usually took the form of uncanny creatures—griffins, dragons and the like. One seasoned writer suggests a happier explanation for their being. He says that they seem to him like an appeal to all creatures to praise the Lord—"dragons and all deep sea beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl."

Although the gargoyles on our building serve in the main a decorative purpose only, they sound the keynote of Gothic influence in our

structures. With such as a beginning we are led to notice the less conspicuous ornamental symbolisms, all of which give forth a robust testimony of Gothic contribution on our campus.

CHARLOTTE M. WAGNER.

# College Textbook of Hygiene

SMILEY AND GOULD

HETHER it is the remains of my high school immaturity or fears of my own limitations, "college textbooks" have always seemed to me uninteresting. Smiley and Gould, however, have broken down the ancient "dry textbook" idea and put in its place one

that is both vital and interesting.

The subject-matter of the book includes, briefly, an introductory portion which gives many health problems from the standpoint of cause and effect. Let us take, for example, the question of Bacteria and Disease, the former, of course, being the cause, and the latter the effect. We get first a brief history of the scientific study of bacteria; second, something about the most important people connected with the study; third, the conditions favorable to the growth of bacteria; fourth, the methods of destruction; and finally the effects of the spread of organisms.

Another portion of the book deals with the specific prevention of certain diseases. Here we have such things as smallpox, typhoid and diphtheria discussed with detailed information as to the kinds of inocu-

lations suitable for each.

The remainder of the book discusses the various systems of the human machine, their make-up and function. Under such a topic

comes the nervous system and the respiratory system.

The authors make everything quite clear, and through means of glossaries, illustrations and concise expressions the book may be understood by the average non-technical person. The book is invaluable in that it deals with concrete examples and because it is possible to correlate every chapter with some phase of our own teaching procedure. For example, through the study of the digestive tract we may learn the proper care of teeth, or through the study of the respiratory system we may learn the care and prevention of the common cold. Since both mentioned, i.e., bad teeth and common cold, are the causes of the greatest percentage of absences from elementary school, it is most important not only that the teacher know what to tell her children, but that she be able to teach her children the correct treatment. The "College Textbook of Hygiene" is an essential for every professional library.

# The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State

Normal School at Towson

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# "As a Child I Spake as a Child"

ATURITY is something that one strives for. It implies a great deal of experience and an air of satisfaction which comes from the attitude that there is nothing more to know. The Very Young are painfully aware of their lack of this sort of maturity, and, because they have it not, esteem it highly. It is to be achieved, on the part of the child, by wearing a certain long black dress that belongs to one's older sister and a vivid lipstick. The Very Young are both vulnerable and invulnerable—vulnerable as to appearance and invulnerable as to knowledge. Their stock epithets take such forms as "Oh,

yeah?" and "Says you!" (I realize that these are not their latest, but for the ultra-ultra in slang you must talk to the Very Young.) Briefly, the Very Young's idea of maturity is sophistication. They have not thought about the matter further.

Maturity, to the Young and Simple (no longer the Very Young), is synonymous with Age. Of the two words they prefer Age—for they are still under thirty—as it is simpler and easier to use. To the Young and Simple, Maturity is a chronological state, i.e., a person of forty is more mature than one of thirty. It is no longer a state to be desired, but one to be shunned. It no longer means sophistication, but only piled up years. In order to understand the attitude of the Young and Simple toward Age, it is necessary to understand their attitude toward themselves. The Young and Simple glory in their youth. The world, too, glories in their youth, and if, in their exultation, the Young and Simple come to believe too strongly in their superiority, it is hardly to be wondered at. Youth is a wonderful thing; therefore, to the Young and Simple, Age is to be abhorred. It is to them a dignified, settled, inelastic way of life, to be deferred as long as possible, and to be considered as a remote possibility in the myriad number of possibilities from which the Young and Simple may choose. The tragedy of the Young and Simple is, alas, that they persist in trying to be Young and Simple and succeed only in being Not-So-Young, but Simple.

After passing the stage of the Very Young and the Young and Simple, Youth passes into that loathed stage of the Not-So-Young. It is a painful stage, and if one comes through safely, one is very fortunate! Then one enters into the stage of the No-Longer-Young with what grace one can muster. The No-Longer-Young are growing old, and must adjust themselves to the sad fact. But in the process of growing old they have unconsciously changed their views. Whereas they once shunned Maturity, Maturity has now become an ideal. It no longer means Age. Maturity has become an inner growth, not an outer growth. The mature people whom one admires most have large personalities and wide sympathies, independence and humility, and a rich savor of life. One cannot adequately describe or measure Maturity, yet finally one senses it, appreciates it, and unconsciously measures others by it. In the process of growing up one experiences several different ideas of maturity—and the last is the best—an ideal!

RUTH CAPLES.

#### Eyes That See Not

I work all day in the cotton fields
With the long furrows of earth falling endlessly
And I stretch for the soft white clouds of cotton
And feel the life of the world pulse through it.
And I slop cold water on my wrists and face and
It runs down my body like a silver stream over a
Rock in its path.
And when the shadows creep about me
I crawl away to rest.
I have no time for beauty.

I spend my days five hundred feet above the world And I watch it crawl beneath my feet Like drops of oil on a puddle of water. And I toss white hot rivets to a comrade Straddling a beam two stories down below me. And it swishes through the air Like Phœbus' chariot when it sinks at dusk. And when the last stone has been placed and from A part becomes a perfect whole, I close my tired eyes and sleep. I have no time for beauty.

I live my life in the dank, dark earth Digging for relics of the past I found a bit of marble once. The arm and hand—five fingers there—of a woman The smooth rhythm of that hand Touched my brow like the breeze of fleeing Artemis. The foreman said, "Good work." I got a raise And bought this pick To pull the secrets from the earth Like her reborn children. When the evening winds have dried the sweat on my Face and hands, I tumble home to sleep a dreamless sleep. I have no time for beauty.

M. L.

# Third Grade Creative Expression

THE Hokku poem of Japan—the best known of Japanese poetry—was the inspiration for these poems by 3B2 of School 236. In preparation for the creative work, the children were given a thorough Japanese background. English periods were spent in interpreting the real Japanese poems. This interpretation included only the finding of the word pictures. Other poems were read at opening exercises without any particular object other than enjoyment.

Further contact with things Japanese was provided through the geography work, the activity period, Japanese music, a visit by a Japanese lieutenant, and Japanese fairy tales and folk-lore. In addition, an exhibit table as well as books and stereoscopes were handled by the children. On the bulletin board and around the room were placed a variety of Japanese pictures.

With this knowledge the children wished to express themselves poetically. They had read words, and pictures had been imaged in their minds—now they were going to take those images and others and put them into thoughts so all could enjoy them.

After the first, the children's hesitancy quickly changed to enthusiasm. The children were encouraged to use freely either the pictures around the room or the ideas of the poems previously read. Rhythm and rhyme were not mentioned, but are obviously present in all of these poems.

A boat was floating by While the waves were very high, And the petals of the cherry blossoms Blew up to the sky.

LEONARD LITTLE.

#### THE FISH

Poor lonely fish deep down in the sea,

Nothing to keep it company but the roaring of the sea.

ROGER O'ROURKE.

The snow is falling on the pine tree by the icy brook,
And the deer in the forest and the leaves on the grass.

FLORENCE WAGNER.

Reported by Miriam Levin, student teacher.



#### Seen and Heard

THE merry month of March (why it is called a merry month is still being investigated) comes rolling along, and you, poor reader, cannot elevate your mind from such foolish drivel as ye editor laboriously (using both fingers) taps from the unwilling keys of his typewriter. (The typewriter balks at the thought of typing such tripe.) Putting ourselves in the place of the reader of this column (of course, we speak figuratively, since we could never sink to so low a level), we would advise that you spend your time much more profitably reading such valuable contributions as "Teacher Training in Oshkosh and Siwash."

If you have been able to endure this thus far, we believe that by biting your lips and gnashing your teeth you will, perhaps, reach the last page of this noteworthy tome.

February was quite a memorable month in our lives and careers. What was outstanding in that month of months??? Of course, you knew it all the time, THE SENIOR PLAY. The Seniors have blazed a new trail into the heavens of success. The old applecart, depression, has been upset by a group of willing workers who got to work and sold tickets to one of the largest after-school crowds! We need not laud the actors. Performances of this type speak for themselves.

Another memorable event in this great month was the Valentine Dance. This was one of the first monthly dances ever attended by ye editor. A good time was had by all.

The music at the Valentine Dance was not of the best to be found. The fact is, we were sadly disappointed. Can't something be done?

And then, of course, there were reports. The memory is far too painful, so we hurry on.

The cruel irony of fate!!!! But why worry? You can usually find someone else to take the place of the dearly beloved who received the summons.

We hear of several people who hid themselves in the balcony back of the seats in the assembly hall to witness one of the social affairs of the faculty. We were told that this very austere group were observed to be drinking water which was served in punch glasses.

One of our Freshman violinists has been observed in the company of a certain young lady in the Freshman class.

Have you noticed that a certain Senior boy has become intensely interested in The Tower Light? Judging from the amount of time he spends in the company of this editor, he must be writing a book.

We were very sorry to see that very popular young lady usually seen at the entrance of the library had left. Her reasons for going into training were quite good, namely, "humane service . . . appeals to me . . . uniforms look nice . . . beginning of a career . . . interesting work . . . a certain interne." At last the mystery of the ring is solved.

We have been informed of an almost "eye-scratching, hair-pulling" episode between two young ladies over the affections of a certain Junior male.

May we thank the kind person who was good enough to send a Valentine to notify us of our conceit. (As if we didn't know.)

A particular group of Freshman girls have been quite indignant at our remarks to the effect that they were very uninspiring—in the last issue. May we apologize for the use of such a mild term? We believe "insignificant" would be a better descriptive term. Of course, there are always exceptions.

It takes more than student teaching to daunt the courage of the I.A. group. We are still wondering why a certain group of young men visit the school Wednesday evenings???

Speaking of the I.A. group, we notice that one of its members has been seen wearing his own ring. Such is life.

We know of three Seniors and two Juniors who should be quite proud. Election to the Chi Alpha Sigma is of no small importance.

Beware of the "A.G.'s." Watch out for the "D.D.'s."

The naivetté of our Freshmen is quite refreshing. At a recent class meeting discussion of the selection of songs was in progress. One of the responses was, "Since you don't like this song, why don't you write one yourself?" After all, they're only Freshmen.

The best yet is offered by the Junior class meeting. Tryouts for cheer-leaders were in progress. One of the Junior ladies declined to try out because she was "so stiff from gym." Imagine her embarrassment when one of her feline companions, in a sotto voice, offered, "Oh, Jimmy!" The meeting was adjourned quickly.

May we congratulate a certain very attractive blonde on her improved appearance?

We wonder how THE TOWER LIGHT is able to get two Honor Students on its staff?

We imagine that the Campus School is everlastingly grateful for the new school. After looking over the new building we have decided that perhaps some day we may realize some of our ideals.

(Heard in certain class), "Let me tell you a story . . . You see, I have parents all over Baltimore . . . "

Love! And spring came to the Normal School.

We look forward to making use of the Glen in the near future. Of course, only for scientific purposes.

Many of the timid souls have approached ye editor with fears in their hearts that their private little romances be kept from the prying eyes of the school. May we remind them that to edit a column of this type ye editor needs news, and too many promises to withhold information will result in the disintegration of this worthy attempt.

From The Evening Sun of a recent date: "College romances stick. The Daily Maroon, University of Chicago student publication, says so, citing statistics by Dr. Paul Popenoe, director of the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations. 'It has been shown,' the paper said, 'that only one in seventy-five marriages which had been started by a romance while in college ends in a divorce.'"

From a colleague on a university paper: "Statistics obtained from the women in the various dorms at Dennison show that walking dates have a margin of 62 per cent. over all other types. Church dates are decreasing, and movie dates are out of the question."

A columnist on *The Athenaeum* of the University of West Virginia contributes the following gem: "A kiss is a peculiar proposition: Of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two; the small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to lie for it, the old man has to buy it; the baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask; to the young girl, faith; to the married woman, hope; to the old maid, charity."

Editor's Note—We fear that in his efforts to see and hear those little ways in which the wind hath blown the writer of this column has been swept off his feet by some wayward breeze. Perhaps the very atmosphere (the kind in which he revels) has become too heady, and he has breathed too deeply of that with which he surrounds us. The crux of the situation: Should anyone, feeling thus, be given the privilege of discussing others? Can anyone, feeling thus, view such situations objectively?

# The Wedding

Por weeks ahead the wedding bell had clanged within our ears. We heard it, we saw it, we breathed it—all because of the ingenious advertising of that "small but distinguished" group of Seniors.

The great day arrived. The seats were filled. Many a poor Freshman and Junior had been shanghaied into buying a ticket. The faculty was nobly represented.

"Flossie at the Football Game" keyed the audience up to the proper suspense felt at a football game. Margaret Spehnkouch made an able Flossie as well as a good coach and the sorrowing mother of the groom.

Everyone was prepared for a romantic setting, and what was the consternation of all to find an irate groom (Bob) searching for a lost collar button! Edward Gersuk made a convincing groom. (So convincing was his anxiety over the lost collar button that several members of the faculty were heard to wonder how much collar buttons cost and whether Towson was too far to walk for one.) The bride, Alice (Genevieve Shules), appeared, beautifully dressed and ready for the ceremony, only to find her best beloved in an obstinate state of mind, late, and worse yet—with no collar button! In the interim many of his friends tried to quiet him. Mike Saltzman as Ted, the groom's former roommate at college, had the proper fraternal attitude sufficient to keep Bob in a continual state of nerves. Ben Kremen as Archie, the master of ceremonies, succeeded beautifully in his part of "getting everyone's goat."

The groom, in need of an outlet for his emotions on the subject of collar buttons, managed to say that he didn't intend to get married—just loud enough for the bride to hear.

The bride rushed into the room and angrily demanded explanations. There was a scene during which the bride and groom enjoyed a "marital dispute." A great deal of patching up is attempted by Helen, the bride's sister (Helen Cox). Alice's aunt, Miss Grayson (Mary Ann Douglas—and even her best friends had trouble recognizing her in that black dress!), attempted to calm the ruffled waters in her mild Victorian way—to no avail.

The lovers, left to themselves, decided to treat the subject philosophically. In the midst of their abstract discussion they suddenly discovered they were made for each other. The scene ended with the usual climax of such scenes. The bride and collar buttonless groom went off the stage the way of all brides and grooms.

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.

# Faculty Notes

T is against our principles to present the faculty in any manner which would cause them to appear as human beings (such as we.) We must publish, unflinching, however, the reports of the late survey on idiosyncracies, pet antipathies and indulgences of the faculty.

Miss Crabtree has a fondness for swimming, skating, art, dreams, Florida, hot water and children. The last two items are exemplified in the following incident: Engrossed in amusing her small nephew, Miss Crabtree forgot the hot water which she had inadvertently left running in the bath-tub. Result—members of the family spent the evening "baling out" the house.

Miss Neunsinger is torn between the ministry and the theatre. Between two lights, as it were. (Will Miss Neunsinger get the point of

this jest?)

Miss Daniels and Miss Roach have inaugurated a series of afterschool physical education periods for the faculty. Folk-dancing, basketball, and horseback riding are among the forms of recreation. Folk dancing has become so enormously popular that a summer colony may have to be established on the "land" of one of the faculty members for

furthering this form of expression.

A purpose has been found for many things. The grapefruit plants bestowed upon 213 will serve to replenish Miss Daniel's and Miss Roach's diminishing fruit supply for the proposed summer colony. Mrs. Brouwer will be given charge of transporting the fruit. It will be safe with her. The flax plants will thrive and eventually be transformed into comfortable garments by those domestically inclined, for the wear of the summer campers. It would be only fair to allow the janitors to share in the enjoyment to be derived from utilizing these plants, as the janitors have shown a fine spirit of co-operation and patience in attempting to water them adequately.

Several of the faculty members are revealed as most domestic in private life. Miss Bader is an excellent cook. Miss Dowell and Miss Prickett, too, are well versed in the culinary arts. We have pleasing pictures of Miss Prickett surrounded by all her pots and pans, and Mrs. Stapleton and Miss Van Bibber figuratively leaning over the back fence to exchange pet recipes for cabbage salad. Miss Treut and Miss Brown are authorities on the art of frozen desserts and other electric refrigerator

delicacies.

Miss Keys and Miss Weyforth are canny shoppers.

There is one faculty member who is a veritable Jack-of-all-trades. She "can bake a cherry pie," she can sew a fine seam, she is renowned as carpenter, painter, cabinet-maker, roofer and plumber. It is she who

will be manager of the proposed summer colony, for, with all these practical talents, plus her versatility in folk-dancing, she will be a valuable asset to the establishment. She is Miss Blood. Her experiences were acquired at her summer cottage among the clouds near Lake Ontario.

Indignant protests have been heard from the faculty concerning the way in which Miss Bersch monopolizes the book agents and insurance agents who besiege 213. She won't even do so little as to introduce the charming visitors to the faculty. They claim it isn't fair. (There are some compensations in being closest to the door!)

Miss Jones travels in the most elegant circles. Aside from Normal School, her life is one gay round of limousines, banquets, and state

occasions.

Miss Orcutt has a dog that adores raisins.

Miss Osborne is an authority on "the common man."

Miss Cowan is by far "the most expert skater" in the faculty. She can cover the rink in two strides on racing skates and perform the fancy figures.

Miss Byerly is always measuring the immeasurable—(How high is

up?)

Miss Scarborough denies a preference for the boys.

Every few mornings Miss Medwedeff bursts radiantly into 213 bearing a great bouquet of fresh flowers. Investigation revealed not a romance, but a study of flower structure being carried on in the science classes.

Miss Birdsong has a real work shop.

Miss Tansil is a road fiend, and is always driving to Washington. Mr. Minnegan attends all the social functions in his new Packard subject of much faculty envy.)

(the subject of much faculty envy).

In a recent newspaper article Miss Tall was quoted as an authority on old Southern cooking. In spite of tremendous duties and myriad interests, Miss Tall finds time to welcome her friends with a true spirit of Southern hospitality. Among the most delightful occasions are her teas at Glen Esk, where she is hostess to both faculty and students.

Owing to limited space, the remaining part of the survey will be published in April. Anyone with ideas as to the naming of the summer colony for folk-dancing, or with ideas concerning appropriate allocation of duties and offices, communicate them to The Tower Light,

please.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss B.: "What did you have in Home Economics?"

Junior: "Cooking and sewing."

Miss B.: "What did you do in cooking?"

Junior: "We cooked."

#### **Assemblies**

N Thursday, January 19th, Junior VI presented a very delightful program of American music. The whole of the section participated. The repertoire included negro spirituals, cowboy, lumberjack, mountaineer and pioneer songs. Miss Prickett should feel proud

of her group.

On January 20th, Mr. Oliver Short, Commissioner of State Employment, gave us his thoughts concerning the present situation in America. The causes, as Mr. Short sees them, are lack of planning for the future, a gambling spirit, and a political and social unrest, which are the evidences of a materialistic individualism, plus the selfish nationalism which followed the World War. The remedy lies in an understanding appreciation of human values which will build up an unselfish internationalism.

On January 23rd, Freshman IV presented an assembly on current problems, the salient factors of which were pointed out and illustrated

by original cartoons.

On Tuesday, January 24th, Mrs. Walter Kohn, President of the Baltimore Branch of the Child Study Group of America, spoke to us of the need for mutual understanding by both teacher and parent of the child. "Teach the parents, but learn from them, too," Mrs. Kohn enjoined us. Mrs. Kohn's definition of a real teacher is one who is a leader, who has an intimate knowledge of the subject (the child) and who has a scholarly interest in her subject.

On January 30th, Miss Logan shared with us some thoughts from her course in the Philosophy of Education with Dr. Kilpatrick, during this past summer. Miss Logan pointed out that education is an adjustment made between the child and his world. We can best define it as "Life." The child must be provided with experiences that will build up judgments and generalizations. He must be given a scientific attitude toward problems and there must emerge, for the good of society, an individual who will lead for the highest happiness of himself and the group or will follow another, knowing where he is going and why. Miss Logan provided us with an abundance of thought-provoking material which will not soon be forgotten.

On January 31st, the Sixth Grade of the Campus School granted us a most delightful insight into the work which they have been doing in relation to Colonial Life in America. They stressed the social and industrial, rather than the military side of life in that period. Many of us feel quite backward when compared with these children, who display such fine products of many varied interests. Miss Arthur must

enjoy working with her group.

On Thursday, February 9th, Dr. David M. Robinson, of the Johns Hopkins University, gave us an interesting and informative account of his excavations of the ancient Greek city of Olynthus. He illustrated his talk with slides and made the past vivid by showing how human

were the lives of those men and women of long ago.

On Tuesday, February 14th, Miss Shannon, Assistant Director of the Maryland Institute of Art, spoke to us of some of the new trends in art education. She contrasted the older idea of copying nature with the newer one of creation. The aim of the new art education is to teach the child to *think* about art, to develop creative power, to develop discriminating taste, and to teach some techniques. We enjoyed examining the colorful and interesting work done by students of the class in design at the Institute.

KATHLEEN HAUGH.

# Assembly Program for February 15th

N February 15th a very delightful musical program was presented by several students of the Peabody Institute under the direction of Eleanor Chase Horn, who was accompanist as well as director.

The program follows in its entirety:

- 1. Duet-"The Angelus"...... Matilda Kaiser, Albert Zinser
- 3. Baritone Solo-"When Two That Love Are Parted,"

Albert Zinser

- 5. Contralto Solo—"A Russian Lament".....Louise Neunsinger
- 6. Quartet—"Ave Maria".....Matilda Kaiser, Virginia Fletcher Rebekah Wolman, Louise Neunsinger

# Junior II's Theatre Party

JUNIOR II had a theatre party! It was a farewell party to student teaching. On February 14th we went to the Maryland to see Katherine Cornell in "Alien Corn." On arriving at the theatre we found that we were not the only ones from Normal sitting in the "sky parlor." With the aid of opera glasses we had a few "close-ups" of the actors. We enjoyed the play very much, and found Miss Cornell worthy of all the praise she has been given.

Someone suggested that we take a trip backstage to see Miss Cornell after the play. We really didn't think we would be able to see her, but went anyway. Thinking that there is safety in numbers (there being about twenty of us), we walked very boldly behind scenes. A man poked his head around some scenery and asked, "Who are you and what do you want?"

Junior II in chorus, "We would like to see Miss Cornell."

"Oh, would you? Well, wait a minute," our new friend politely said.

After that remark our hopes sank. However, we waited, and in a few minutes we were ushered on the stage, and Miss Cornell came from the wings. She was still wearing the black velvet gown which she wore in the last act. Twenty future teachers stood speechless as Miss Cornell asked us how we liked the play. We finally stammered our approval and admiration. Imagine our surprise when Miss Cornell asked, "Are you actors?"

One of our group replied, "If you call trying to be interesting

in class acting, then we're actors."

Miss Cornell actually thanked us for coming backstage to see her. I can truly say that we walked on air for the rest of the evening.

E. M., Junior II.

# The Depression Party

ost people speak of the depression in highly uncomplimentary terms, but with their customary originality Juniors VIII and X held a party in honor of "Ol' Man Depression."

Almost everyone came dressed in appropriate costume. Of course no prizes were awarded, but if there had been, the prize would surely have gone to Miss Blood, who came clad in a newspaper skirt and informed us that her dress was hand-painted. We think the artist was Fontaine Fox.

After a rigid inspection, those who refused to enter into the spirit of the occasion and wore perfectly good articles of clothing were required to pay forfeits. One of the high spots of the entertainment was a declamation on "How I Came to Be in This Pitiful Condition," by Dot Mudd.

After playing such depression games as "Stealing" and "Farmer in the Dell" (Who is more depressed than the farmer?), we rushed to Miss Keys' room, where we fell into the bread line and received a liberal hand-out.

B. H.

# Colonial Life Assembly

THE sixth grade children of the Campus Elementary School shared their experiences of a Colonial life study with the Normal School

students in an assembly period January 31, 1933.

The children were grouped informally on the stage around a Colonial fireplace, with wool and flax wheels near. On easels and tables were arranged the results of their many activities, which the children

referred to in making their talks clear.

The program opened with a prologue in which the class chairman explained that the assembly was based on the class work done in American history, covering the Colonial period from 1607-1790, in which the social and economic sides of life had been stressed, though the military side had not been neglected. The chairman pointed out the impossibility of giving a complete picture of all that had been accomplished, and explained that the class had decided to concentrate primarily on its art activities for the assembly.

The chairman then introduced class members, who talked on some of the outstanding features of Colonial architecture and furniture, using diagrams and illustrations. Then followed a group of children who discussed the Colonial home as a self-sustaining unit in producing most of its own supplies. They discussed the making of homespun and their own experiences in washing, carding, and spinning wool. They compared the soap and candles made in a Colonial home with the soap and candles they had made in their school workroom. They described the making of Colonial paper and the linen paper made by the class.

Since needlecraft was not only a necessity but also a means of feminine entertainment and provision for the thrifty use of spare moments. Another group of children told about their textile activities. Several children had made hooked rugs, pillow covers and wall hangings, so they explained how they had originated designs, selected colors, and finally applied the yarn to the burlap. One child had dyed old silk stockings to hook into her rug's burlap. Other children told about their weaving, their knitting, patch work pillow covers, and embroidered wall hangings. In each case the child was able to show the progressive steps by referring to paper patterns with designs in color, frame, tools, materials used, and the finished article.

The apprentice method of learning a trade having been prevalent in Colonial times (such men as Paul Revere having learned to be a silversmith and Franklin a bookbinder in this way), most towns had handicraft shops. The class had experienced the skill and labor required for handwork in such Colonial shops by working with the following metals: nickel, silver, pewter, copper, and lead. Various children explained the processes used in etching their silver bracelets and napkin rings, molding and beating pewter and copper plates, candlesticks, and trays, casting lead paper weights and sawing out copper paper knives with pierced designs. Again the materials used, paper patterns, tools and finished products gave life and meaning to the processes described.

That no one might carry away the erroneous impression that history and art had been the only activities in the Colonial life study, one child outlined how reading from such writers as Cooper, Hawthorne, Irving and Longfellow had made worthwhile contributions, and read aloud a passage from Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," illustrating Irving's exaggeration of fact, which had proved so amusing to the class. Another child, using a map of the Colonial trade routes (1607-1790) made in the classroom, brought out the fact that a study of the geography of Europe, as well as the Atlantic Coast in America, had proved very helpful in understanding the Colonists' European background. Still another child made apparent what an immense amount of written work (spelling and composition) had been accomplished in describing excursions to such Colonial places as Ridgely House, in preparing reports, in explaining the making of bracelets, etc. All of these experiences had been collected into a class book, for which the class had designed the cover.

Finally, the beginning of American music was illustrated by the class with two-part singing of "Old Hundred," Holden's "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name" (the first native American melody used continuously since its composition), and "Yankee Doodle," our first national air.

The assembly closed with a brief outline by the chairman of the work done and subject-matter studied by the class in order to understand the industrial change from handwork to machine labor, and the westward sweep of Americans to the Pacific.

#### A cultured man is:

"A man of quick perceptions, broad sympathies, and wide affinities; Responsive, but independent; Self-reliant, but deferential; Loving truth and candor, but also moderation and proportion; Courageous, but gentle; Not finished, but perfecting."

From Eliot's "New Definition of the Cultivated Man." Presidential address before the National Education Association, Boston, July 6, 1903.



# Winter Sports at Normal

THE northern and western universities include the extra attraction of winter sports in their catalogue. Stepping toward the light we find none other than the Maryland State Normal School endeavoring to enjoy these activities on a minute scale, notwithstanding the fact that the little slope appeared gigantic to us beginners. Thanks to the precipitation of Mother Nature several of us glided over snow

on runners of sleds or skis rather than galoshes or wet shoes.

Between the barracks and the dormitories there were two well-padded paths of snow—one used for skiing, and the other, which was very hard and icy, used for more skiing and sleighing of the double-decker sort. Sleighing is an old tale around these parts, but for those who have not had the advantages of the North as some of our faculty have the skiing attempts were great novelties. It's a wonderful feeling to stand on two long sticks with your knees slightly bent and your body tilted forward and suddenly feel the sticks sliding down—down—down—and you wondering why the sticks haven't already become entangled and waiting for the moment when you will be lying in the snow. Sure enough the fall comes, and strange to say, even that seems to be a lot of fun. After all that came the part we were most adept in, that is, trudging up the hill, but it no longer seemed so monstrous and steep, with our skis under our arms.

From the above don't get the wrong idea and think that all those indulging in the sport of skiing are in the beginning stage. There are a few whom we have seen do very well and there are those of our

faculty about whom we have heard tales of skill.

Of course this snow-covered ground is no more and we can no longer indulge in the new pastime, but we have our memories, and we look forward to bigger and better snow seasons at Normal.

S. Tyser.

#### Basketball Notes

Since the latter part of November basketball practice, under the guidance of Miss Roach and Miss Daniels, has been held; on Monday afternoons for Juniors, and on Thursday afternoons for Freshmen. Those who have come out for basketball have been having the opportunity of getting experience not possible to be had in the regular physical education periods. At electives they have the chance for more actual playing of the game and a better means of developing fundamental skills, together with a broadening knowledge of what to do when unforeseen plays present themselves. As a culmination of these practices there will be games played in the near future between the Junior and Freshman first and second teams. After the Juniors or Frosh have won two games out of those played, the victors are to play a team drafted from the Seniors' exclusive group.

Those in the Freshman group who have showed up well in practice and from whom it is expected the two Frosh teams will be selected are: Ball, Bollinger, Muller, Tunney, Waxman, Brooks, Summers, Jacobsen, Lambert, Sterbak, Curley, Karney, Swope, Thomas, Cooke, McCall,

Stanley, and Yeager.

Monday, January 20th, at 7:00 P.M., the Juniors played the alumnæ team composed of H. Rullman, Powers, L. Gist, M. Dick, Brookhart, and L. Scott. The game was a practice game, during which various combinations of Junior players were tried. Those who played and from whose number it is probable the Junior teams will be selected are: Levin, Braverman, Salchunas, Williams, Harris, Sahlin, Rullman, Huff, Magaha, Needy, Easter, Bussard, Tyser, Steiner, and Crawford.

#### Basketball Notes

onday evening, February 13th, the alumnæ basketball team again invaded Normal—this time to play a practice game with the Freshmen. Quite unexpectedly the Frosh did not make as much progress against the superior ex-Normalites as the Juniors did. Judging from the two tilts the Junior-Freshman games should be close ones. The Frosh are by far the faster players, but the Juniors are steadier and surer of their plays. It is hoped that the games will be played some time in the near future; perhaps Wednesday, February 22nd, if the auditorium can be secured. Let's have a large crowd at the game for the contest.

#### Free Throws

AVE you heard? Normal defeated University of Baltimore by ten points. The final score was 33-23. It has been the custom of our team to lose on foul shots, but this game was won on their free throws. Coach Minnegan's "foul-shooting championship" has the boys in top-notch form.

The teamwork and aggressiveness which Coach Minnegan has been striving for was truly evident in this game. To the spectators of this game and the soccer game at Western Maryland, no further urging should be needed to work toward these two factors. We can readily see that

they are the necessities of a winning team.

Then there was the game at Blue Ridge College, which was also won by Normal, the score being 28-14. Normal scored the first point

of the game and retained the lead thereafter.

We resumed our sport relationship with "dear old Frostburg" and came out victorious. The first half was fast and furious, with both teams about on even terms. Came the second half and a bombardment by Normal. Normal's passwork had Frostburg running around in circles. The ball was passed in and out until an opening was secured, and then—zip—two more points. The final score was 44-28.

Blue Ridge visited us on Friday, February 17th, with high hopes of

avenging the defeat received in their gym. However, the aggressiveness of our boys led to a second victory over the "Red and White" team, the

final score being 30-20.

GEORGE MISSEL.

# Fencing

TE owe Theodore Woronka a vote of thanks for his splendid work in organizing a fencing team here at Normal and putting the team in good standing.

Our boys dropped the first two matches to Baltimore University and the Y.M.C.A. by close scores. McDonogh School supplied Manager Woronka's team with its first victory. The final score of 8-1 indicates the improvement made by Normal. City College extended the decision of their match to the last. With the score 4-4, Woronka took the final match 5-3 to earn a 5-4 victory for Normal. The results of the McDonogh meet follow:

Woronka defeated Gillet, 5-0.

Edel defeated White, 5-2.

Coursey, McDonogh, defeated Nichols, 5-3.

Woronka defeated Sprostz, 5-1. Edel defeated Taylor, 5-1. Nichols defeated McCaffrey, 5-0. Bainder defeated Taylor, 5-3. Woronka defeated McCaffrey, 5-0. Edel defeated Sprostz, 5-1.

Show your appreciation by coming to these meets and you will not be bored one second of the time you spend there.

George Missel.

# Education and Privilege

Privilege has been so deeply rooted in law and custom, and so commonly recognized and approved, that effort to achieve a position of privilege is often considered as laudable. Higher education constantly faces this issue. Where educational resources have been provided to enable young men and women to enter into their cultural inheritance and prepare to meet their responsibilities, those resources have sometimes been used in a deliberate effort to escape into a privileged class.

College and university should assist in that great undertaking of social evolution, the elimination of parasitism and privilege. This achievement will be something ner under the sun. Encouragement must come from aspiration and from science, more than from history. We must look forward and not backward. For such an undertaking no institution is more strategic than the college.

-Reprinted from Antioch Notes.

Culture is an infinite capacity for pain.

HERBERT BERNHARDT, Class of '35.

Culture is an intelligent, artistic, humane attitude toward life.

Author Unknown.

### **Diversity**

Some seek loveliness only in the lustrous petal of a rose And bewail mightily when it withers, bereft of fragrance. Yet they see no good in the deep, dank soil that bore it, (Being fastidious, concerning slippery worms that might abound therein.)

I would dig a deep hole with my two hands, Just to fill and hold the earth's warmth; I would even put my head in the hole To smell the earth smell, and call it beauty. (Being not afraid of worms.)

### Isn't It Strange?

"Isn't it strange that Princes and Kings And clowns that caper in sawdust rings, And just plain folks like you and me, Are builders for Eternity? To each is given a bag of tools, A shapeless mass, and a book of rules; And each must make ere life is flown, A stumbling block or a stepping stone."

Anonymous. (From the Baltimore Municipal Journal.)

### A Dream

I was adrift on a silken sea And gentle mermaids sang to me. They strewed upon the shining waves The riches of their treasure caves.

They showed me pearls and gleaming stones,
The rarest bits that Neptune owns;
Brought me sweet flowers from the deep,
And, singing, rocked me soft to sleep.
MILDRED SWOPE, Freshman V.

### Recess

Little Tommy was running errands for his sister. Among the requirements were some from the chemist.

"I would like a box of powder for my sister," said the boy.

"Certainly," replied the chemist, and, thinking to have a joke, he added, "some that goes off with a bang?"

But Tommy was equal to the occasion.

"No," he answered brightly, "the kind that goes on with a puff."

"Did that rabbit's foot you carry around in your pocket ever bring you any luck?"

"Sure thing. My wife got in my trousers pocket once to get something and thought it was a mouse."

\* \* \* \* \*

Antonio: "I had to give up all idea of becoming a crooner after seeing my doctor."

Pistachio: "Why, anything wrong with your vocal cords?"

Antonio: "No, but he said I was normal mentally."—Pathfinder.

Little Sammie's mother took him to an entertainment. It was his first treat.

As the soprano began to sing, Sammie became greatly excited over the gesticulations of the orchestra conductor.

"What's the man shakin' his stick at her for?" he demanded indignantly.

"Sh-h! He's not shaking his stick at her."

But Sammie was not convinced.

"Then what's she yellin' about?"—Selected.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

"Can any of you," the teacher asked, "tell me what 'amphibious' means, and give a sentence to illustrate?"

A bright little Negro held up his hand. "I know, sah! It's fibbing. Mos' fish stories am fibious!"—Boston Transcript.

\* \* \* \* \*

The train of thought is rather charming which led a little boy, when told not to mention a guest's amputated foot, to say, "No, and when I get to heaven I won't say anything to John the Baptist about his head."—Life's Little Laughs.

\* \* \* \* \*

We can understand why a fool and his money are soon parted, but where he gets it is what puzzles us.

#### BALL PLAYER AT HOME

'Twas midnight.

"Wow! Wow! WOW!" came weird noises from the crib.

The ball player-father poised on the edge of the bed.

"Four bawls and I walk," he murmured.—Patton's Monthly.

### EXPERTS ON THE JOB

Cub Reporter: "I'd like some advice, sir, on how to run a newspaper."

Editor: "You've come to the wrong person, son. Ask one of my

subscribers."—Wampus.

#### AN APPROPRIATE TEXT

A pastor in a small community ministered to a congregation that was small and very tight-fisted.

Having a large family, the good parson saw the dire necessity of

seeking a new field where he could increase his income.

On his last Sunday he announced from the pulpit that he had secured a position as chaplain in the county jail. "My text is—'I go to prepare a place for you."—Author Unknown.

"I've an invention at last that will mean a fortune"

"What is it this time?"

"Why, it's an extra key for a typewriter. When you don't know how to spell a word you hit that key, and it makes a blur that might be an 'e,' an 'a,' or almost anything else you like."—Ipswich Star.

## \* \* \* \* \* \* GREASED PIG

"Dad, what is influence?"

"Influence, my son, is a thing you think you have until you try to use it."—Der Wahre Jakob (Berlin).

Hazel: "I suppose you were nervous when you first asked your husband for money?"

Ruth: "No, I was calm, and collected."

### \* \* \* \* \* TRUTH MUST OUT

A certain justice of the peace who was not over-intelligent recalled a witness.

"My man," he said sternly, "you may yet find yourself committed for perjury. Only a few moments ago you told the court that you had only one brother, but your sister has sworn that she has two. Now, out with the truth."—Tit-Bits.

A prim maiden lady who had spent all her years in the Bostonian atmosphere went to see some relatives who lived in a nearby state. Shortly after the train pulled out of the station she noticed a slab of granite beside the track which read: "1-m from Boston."

The lady, thinking it was a tombstone that read, "I'm from Boston," added to herself, "how very simple and yet how sufficient."

—Pathfinder.

Dolly was just home after her first day at school. "Well, darling," asked her mother, "what did they teach you?"

"Not much," replied the child. "I've got to go again."-Montreal

Star.

She was very proud of her son's prowess. "He must be a very fast runner," she said, showing a paper to a friend. "It says here that he fairly burned up the track under his record-breaking speed, and it's true, because I saw it this morning, and the track was nothing but cinders."—Christian Observer.

"I know how to settle this unemployment problem," said the club wag. "If we put all the men of the world on one island, and all the women on another, we'd have everybody busy in no time."

"Well, what would they be doing?" "Why, boat-building."—Tit-Bits.

### Pie!

I'm sinking down, down, down—I've touched the ocean's floor!
There's a green sea monster who opens wide the door.
The sea folk stare and point laughing at me;
I am frightened and lost—I turn to flee.
But, lo, I heard a dull thudding roar;
The shiny sea folk fall in awe upon the floor.
I turn to behold an unbelievable sight,
A horrible monster with eyes of flashing light,
His horny body moved with matchless snake-like grace
As he came through the weedy water to the place
Where I stood afraid—my body was numb.
Said he, "If mortals to my unholy realm must come,
Then let them be condemned to die!"
Oh, why did I eat that piece of raisin pie?

A. WILHELM, Junior IV.

### Learn From Blunders

English—"Pupils, what are the three words you most often use?" "I don't know." "Right."

Biology—"What is a gill?" "A gill is a liquid measure, one-fourth

of a pint."

Chemistry—"What can you tell me about nitrates?" "They are cheaper than day rates."

Grammar—"What is an antecedent?" "An antecedent is a species

of ants."

Civics—"What is a 'rider' in Congressional matters?" "A rider is a man on horseback."

Arithmetic—"What is a parallelogram?" "It's a crooked square."

History—"Who killed Abraham Lincoln?" "Booth Tarkington."

Hygiene—"What is the insect that carries brain fever?" "Algebra."

RUTH SAPERSTEIN, Freshman I.

### HIRE A HALL

There is a serious crisis confronting New York society. The Metropolitan Opera is in danger of closing for good. Where will society go to talk while the opera is being sung?—Albany Knickerbocker Press.

\* \* \*

FLOWERS OF SPEECH He calls a spade a spade, Does Joe, Save when he drops it On his toe.

-Boston Transcript.

Mark Twain said: "If you cannot sleep, try lying on the edge of the bed—then you may drop off."

He: "Darling, you are the very breath of my life." She: "Honey, see how long you can hold you breath."

### ENGLISH?

They were developing good classroom habits as well as the habits of a turtle.—Freshman V.

#### THE LETTER "E"

The most unfortunate letter in the alphabet, some say, is the letter "e," because it's always out of "cash," forever in "debt" and never out of "danger."

That's all true. Still it's never in "war," always in "peace," and

always in something to "eat."

It is the beginning of "existence," the commencement of "east," and the end of "trouble."

Without it there could be no "life," no "heaven."

It is the center of "honesty" and is always in "love."

It is the beginning of "encouragement" and "endeavor" and the end of "failure."—The Gulf Coast Lumberman.

### NO STRING ON HIS FINGER

Waiter: "Haven't you forgotten something, sir?"

Professor: "Why, I thought I gave you the customary tip." Waiter: "You did, sir, but you forgot to eat."—Humorist.

\* \* \* \*

An actor was appearing in a play in which a thunderstorm played an important part. One night in the middle of a speech he was interrupted by a terrific peal.

The annoyed actor looked up into the flies and said, "That came in

the wrong place."

And the angry stage-hand replied, "Oh, did it? Well, it came from eaven."—*Tit-Bits*.

### KNEW ITS LANGUAGE

A certain famous motor-car manufacturer advertised that he had put a car together in seven minutes. The next evening he was called on the phone at dinner time and asked if it were so.

"Yes," was the reply. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing. But I believe I've got the car."—Puppet.

"Daddy, what's a horse's turf?"

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"It said in the paper tonight that the race horse that just died had never been beaten on the turf."

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# OF A FRIEND

### Winter Moon

When in winter the moon goes sailing
On the infinite seas of night,
With a flurry of snowflakes veiling
For a moment its silver light,
Does it see in the white world whirling
A ghost of the earth it loved,
With the petals of roses curling
Where the feet of summer roved?

Can it be that the moon remembers

The glow of the world in spring,
And that out of the year's dim embers

It can conjure the robin's wing?
Can it be that this pallid yearning

Of the wistful winter moon,
Will be known to the rose returning,

And will quicken her pulse in June.

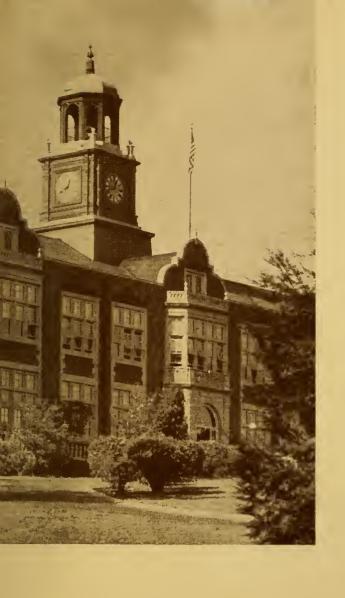
MILDRED SWOPE, Freshman V.











The Tower Light
June, 1933







# The Tower Light



Maryland State Normal School at Towson

T O W S O N, M D.



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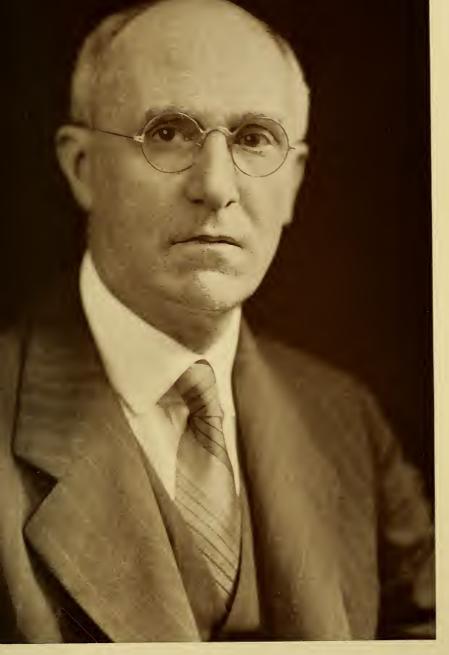
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### **DEDICATION**

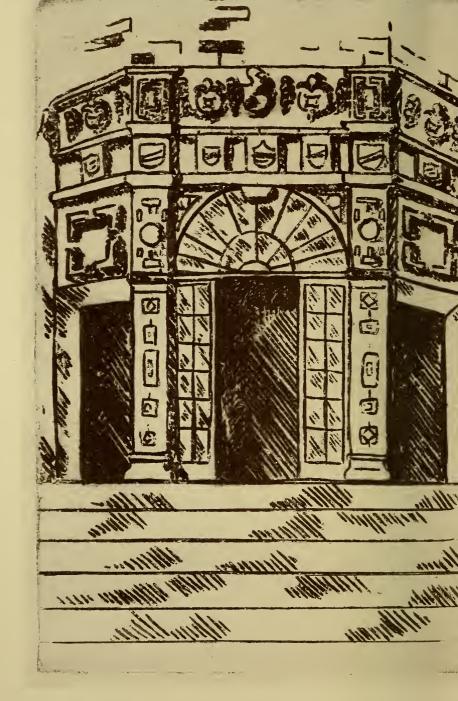
We dedicate this magazine to Mr. Albert S. Cook, State Superintendent of Schools, as one who has steadily and sincerely worked for the betterment of our Maryland State Normal School at Towson.

CLASS OF 1933.





MR. ALBERT S. COOK
State Superintendent of Schools



The Towson Doorway
to
"The Art of Living"

### The Class of '33

#### OUR FIRST THREE-YEAR GRADUATES

The first three-year diploma class goes out from our doors. Do you know the steps in our development since the World War ended? Teachers were scarce. Normal schools in Maryland as well as throughout the country were depleted and almost useless. Indeed, if we told the truth, they were believed to be somewhat worthless, so low had sunk our ideas of relative values—war or peace. Gradually, after the Armistice, schools began to be looked up to as the Second Line of Defense for our country, and things of peace took high rank as against things of war, which for four years had held supremacy.

Teacher training began to take on new meaning and Normal Schools were attracting attention once more. In 1920 there were 207 students in the Freshman class at Towson. Year by year the number increased; the curriculum became a more profound thing; selectivity of students loomed large as a basic requisite since quality of leadership must count in the education of young children, and standards leaped toward excellence. Then came the wise provision, passed by the Legislature in 1931, that the course should be extended to three years. The class that entered in September, 1930, came on a two-year basis; the first regular three-year group came in in September, 1931. Thirty-two wise young Freshmen students of 1930-1931 decided to waive their claims to a two-year diploma, and signed up, adopting the three-year course. Those thirty-two will graduate this June. They were wise when they made their decision. They are our first offering to the State from a three-year curriculum which we hope sends them out as young teachers better prepared; more mature; clearer eyed about life; more responsible. They are a friendly group, unafraid. To the teaching world we say, "Take them! Encourage them! Foster them, for though they are few in number, they are 'chosen and called.'"

LIDA LEE TALL.



### Statistics and Dreams

STATISTICS concerning youth are compiled in every school in the country. Statistics are piled high and stored away for the ages to come. Each year produces more statistics for the files, and out into the world goes that continuous stream of living matter which for its short period has partaken of the fruits of the Tree of Knowledge. Interesting indeed are those recorded facts, for here it is that Educators read the results of their teachings.

Youth as it moves becomes either one kind or the other; either pliant, pliable, thinking, with facts before him to become a dreamer of real dreams, or he becomes one of those who has lost the spirit of life and has dreamed no dreams, has lived no individual life, but like a chameleon has assumed the drab protective coloring of decayed limbs on age-old trees. Such as these either think or they do not; hence they contribute to life or they do not.

Statistics remarks these tendencies of behavior and notes numerically item after item and compiles them into table after table. The reading of these tables mark the trend of growth or decay in the race. All action can be noted as a movement in one direction or another. Every movement recorded as an item and verified is called a true fact. True facts are truth as man sees it. Truth in facts are the means of progress.

But facts alone do not build new worlds, but rather the dreams dreamed deep in the thoughts of men produce the real results. Beautiful thoughts are periods of insight into life, when the individual sees with crystal clearness and judges with accuracy the relation of facts to each other. Dreams become reality to him! Dreams expressed in beauty of thought make possible the idealistic expressions of the human race.

Dreamers, you who soar to worlds sublime in beautiful things—go seek the facts that fashion Truth! Realists, you who live in material things—go forth to dream dreams that form the living soul of Truth!

ELIZABETH BYERLY.



### Wind

THE writing of a class prophecy holds drama and a bit of pathos. As I half jokingly try to measure and gauge a future, I seem to feel the presence of some vast force of fate watching ironically over my shoulder, waiting to lift, or perhaps to crush!

Today, we are all together, and our everyday lives and thoughts are interbound through association. We have definite impressions of each other, which we casually acknowledge, but we do not really know each other, or even ourselves. There are parts to us that have never been touched and challenged. As life plays upon us it may waken and quicken these unknown selves, into discords or harmonies we have never heard before.

At our age, life has limitless possibilities. It is charged with mysticism and drama. But as we live on, life will narrow itself, in that we will begin to see its boundaries, and a uniformity of grayness in its colors. I don't know how I know it, but I feel it—I suppose we shall be ready for peace, then.

All life is music. It is deepness, distance, light and shade, and movement—some of us call it God. Some of us will feel in it perhaps a surging rhythm, like that of a majestic processional; to some who do not listen, it may be a faintly disquieting repetition of sound; some few may throttle the very fates with their intensity, and wring and tear a purging poignancy from chaos and discord; to a great many it will be the even rhythm and melodic calmness of a well ordered life, and contentment (a graying of colors in peace). Or it may be a sometimes wistful, sometimes crying, whimsical melody—or it may be the modulation of chords—stark minor, then major, stretching, swelling, deepening, bursting!

How the forces of life will seize us, grind us and change us in five years we cannot know.

It is as though a being holds in the palm of his hand a few little grains. Some are large, some are small—none are alike. As he holds them a wind blows, and—puff—they blow into the air, to be carried by what winds, unknown, to what shores, unknown . . . .

MARY DOUGLAS.

### May Day

In the wake of a rain that momentarily daunted all hopes of a May Day at Normal came a "made to order" setting—blue skies, warm sunshine lighting a carpet of green—all this befitted the beauty of a Queen. Trumpets heralded the coming of her court garbed in hues of spring. As these lovely maidens paused in tribute before the royal throne, the Queen ascended to the honored seat above. According to tradition the Regal Maid was crowned, and the audience gathered with pleasure around the bowered throne.

Poets whose imagination had been stirred contributed their thoughts of May.

Dances, songs, and contests added a less dignified note to the occasion, and with merry-making the court seemed well pleased.

As the shadows lengthened, our herald sensed the spirit of approaching evening. She who in merry tones had announced the Queen's arrival now somewhat reluctantly hinted of the ending of another May Day at Normal.

CHARLOTTE WAGNER.

### Perspective

Out today
Where the sky and the sea
Sweep the horizon in a glad free line
Strong winds blow and time is lost
In one long surge of color.

The atom of God in me Is grateful for this breath Of the living Eternity.

M. SIMMONS.



May Day, 1933



May Day, 1933

### The Maryland State Normal School

at Towson, Maryland

### COMMENCEMENT ACTIVITIES, JUNE 7 to 12

#### Standard Time

1933

### Program

Wednesday, June 7th

6:00 P. M.—Senior Campus Supper and Council Fire.

THURSDAY, JUNE 8TH

Visiting High School teams arrive. (Our guests at Newell Hall.) 8:00 P. M.—Visiting teams entertained by the Athletic Association.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9TH

9:00 A. M.—State Volley Ball Meet (Stadium).

6:00 P. M.-Supper on Campus.

7:00 P. M.—Campus Singing.

Saturday, June 10th—Alumni Day

3:00- 3:30 P. M.—Reception at New Elementary School Building.

3:30- 4:30 P. M.—Class Reunions.

5:00- 5:45 P. M.—Business Meeting.

6:15- 8:30 P. M.—Dinner, Music by School Orchestra.

9:00-12:00 P. M.—Dancing.

Sunday, June 11th

4:00 P. M.—Baccalaureate Service, Auditorium of School.

Sermon by Reverend Albert E. Day, Mt. Vernon Place

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Monday, June 12th—Commencement Day

10:30 A. M.—The Procession of Guests, Faculty and Students will form.

11:00 A. M.—Commencement, Auditorium.

Speaker, Governor Albert C. Ritchie.

### "Footprints on the Sands of Time"

THE departing Senior Class entered Normal under the old two-year plan, and was originally considered a part of the Class of 1932. As is the custom in the golden days of September, a great refining process known as *testing* occurred, from which the newcomers emerged chastened and classified. In brief, they were ready for the gentle hands of delighted Seniors.

Rumors have persisted since that time, of ear-ringed, bearded men and black-hosed, pig-tailed girls. We have neither picture nor manuscript to prove these things, but we can say authoritatively that one member of the present Senior Class was more than perturbed because the entrants were expected to finance the lighting of the tower. (\$1.50 for Tower Light.)

However, at least thirty of this group thought Normal was "free from worry, care and strife," for in September, 1932, they separated themselves from the new Senior Class, again called themselves Juniors and became the Class of 1933.

In order to prepare themselves for the oncoming year, the Juniors held their election in the spring of 1932. The results were as follows:

| President                 | Edward Gersuk        |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| Vice-President            | . MARGUERITE KIMBALL |
| Secretary                 | Frances Shepperd     |
| Treasurer                 |                      |
| Social Chairman           | Martha Alford        |
| Assistant Social Chairman | MICHAEL SALZMAN      |

Soon after this event Miss Byerly consented to become the class adviser, and fairest prospects for the new year were assured.

The year 1932-33 opened without the Seniors. They were staking their second and final claim in the field of Student Teaching. On November 11th, a group of thirty-two weather-beaten but fortunate prospectors returned to Towson and became just students at Normal School.

Immediately Juniors acting as presidents of organizations, gave place to Seniors. Marguerite Kurrle took over the government of the General Student Council. On certain Fridays Marguerite Spehnkouch presided over the resident students, while Charlotte Wagner, with Catherine Hildebrand as scribe, conducted the meetings of the Day Student Council.

One day a very strange thing happened in assembly. Large envelopes were distributed rather judiciously to three Seniors. We have been told that the recipients were immediately worried—to no purpose. These three, Marguerite Kurrle, Martha Bennett and Elnetia Ewing, were invited to become members of the Chi Alpha Sigma, one of the greatest honors at Normal! Eunice Burdette had been so recognized the previous year.

Meanwhile the quiet life had few charms for the Seniors. Consequently, early in the new year, they presented "The Wedding" to a large and enthusiastic audience. Later, on the Girls' Demonstration Night, the Seniors worked valiantly and cheered lustily when the Juniors captured the cherished cup. Strange shadows on the screen denoted the presence of Louis Rachanow, Ben Kremen, and Eddie Gersuk, during the Men's Revue. Mike Salzman was the versatile announcer.

No doubt some future Normalite may peruse this issue in some very distant hour. For you, who skim this page we are making a little explanation. Are you wondering why this little band marked their last days at Normal, without even a faint echo of the strains that willing orchestras produce at proms? Are you wondering why they were content to go from Normal without the protecting armor of a yearbook? The answer to the first, lies not in passionate devotion to study to the utter exclusion of the "light fantastic." Indeed, no, there is scarce a soul in all the group, who cannot let books slide, when music reverberates through these halls. As for the second question, you must not think there is a dearth of either literary or artistic ability. Mary Ann Douglas, Ruth Caples and Genevieve Shules were always ready and willing help with poem, essay and design. The real reason for these two peculiar circumstances, lies in the decision of William Woodin, United States Secretary of the Treasury.

Herein lies history, and incidentally national events are very close to the Seniors! When Mr. Woodin closed all the banks of the country on March 6th, we doubt if he even considered the effect the measure would have on the Seniors at Normal. However, as late as May, 1933, our bank was still guarding most of the students' association funds. In short, the money was tied up in the bank, and the Class of 1933 was without funds.

Our faculty, however, was not willing to see the first of the threeyear classes go from Normal without "a cup of kindness." On May 29th, the instructors entertained the Seniors at dinner, and an evening of pleasure followed. Mutual enjoyment in the ordinary everyday amusements, brought both groups closer together, and gave further understanding to old friendships, and to the Seniors, a precious memory. The Class of 1933 is leaving Normal. Its members bequeath no wise statement that will guide others. The Seniors have simply lived as others have before them. Each year saw a better appreciation of the principles that guided them. Many things are still indefinite. Perhaps the future holds clearer perceptions. Was this the idea that was forming in the minds of the Seniors, when they chose to inscribe but one word on their banner—"ONWARD?"

MARY A. WRIGHT.

### The Ballad of Nineteen Thirty-three

The Senior Class of Thirty-three Has an ancient history Nineteen-thirty in the fall We heard the voice of teaching call.

Why overnight! Mirable dictu! Big brothers and sisters we gained Who told us the things we already knew, But nothing they taught us remained.

In Rights Week we learned the proper way To greet the Seniors and say good-day, In middies and skirts we went to school And suffered in silence the ridicule.

The Seniors gave black marks with lavish grace, The Juniors were weeping all over the place, And when at the end the culprits were tried A lollypop for each did soothe their pride.

We studied heroically, expecting each day To be summoned and sent along on our way. We suffered and studied and managed to stay Till the end of school gave us a holiday.

The teachers said that we could remain For a third year at the Normal School. Then we changed our status and became again The Junior Class for the second time. Then backward we went to the Freshmen to learn 'Bout the world of today and of the past concern Until we began to think that we knew All the teachers at Normal could do.

But we were mistaken as often we are, We found that our knowledge was too meagre by far, For student teaching we soon would see, Ignorant then we were likely to be!

For nine weeks we worried, slaved, and fought For those little blue marks in the registrar's file But finally the day that we had long sought—April the eighth, the end of our trial.

The day we came back, we were sober and sad, Thinking of children both good and bad, Remembering reading and writing, and tests, But very much missing the "little pests."

The home and the farm and transportation, The desert, the West, and Merrie Old England Were subjects of units we struggled to make While learning to hammer, to saw, and to bake.

On the sixth of May the tables were turned, The Seniors were served by the teachers so learned. Then out for song and dance on the green, In honor of Betty, the Senior May Queen.

On June the ninth the Seniors departed To leave us downcast and broken-hearted. Diplomas and flowers then graced the hall And we were left to return in the fall.

We proudly returned in the fall of the year, As Seniors we met Student Teaching sans fear. We took our units and tried to do What the teachers at Normal had told us to.

Early to rise and late to bed That was the kind of life we led. With papers to mark and charts to make We managed to keep our families awake. On Armistice Day the truce was declared, From further torture we now would be spared, For teaching and charts had now at last Become a part of an illustrious past.

Back to Normal we went to wait For the S. T. mark that was our fate. The Freshmen we found to be lots of fun We learned the names of them one by one.

We visited the sewage disposal plant And there we did both rave and rant, And hold our noses, and gasp for air, Because of the odors everywhere.

When Eddie stepped off with Shules one day, (It was just because of the Senior Play) We all turned out to "do them proud" And formed a very jolly crowd.

For Freshmen, Juniors, and Faculty Came out to see our play and tea; They laughed and danced and at the end We, the Seniors, had cash to spend.

But alas and alack, for all our swank, We put our trust in a colicky bank And now we pine in misery, For all our money is there, you see.

To Shakespeare next we turned our minds After studying ballads and things that rhymed. In assembly time we planned to give A taste of what made Shakespeare live.

But ere doing that we wanted to go To the Folger Museum, where, as you know, Shakespeare's shrined and his works on display To students who come there from far away.

'Twas a fine Wednesday morn When off we were borne In car and train, with lunches each one, To study Shakespeare in Washington. We laughed and we joked and managed to spend A glorious day we hoped wouldn't end. At Folger's Museum we saw all that was fine, And sat in a theatre of Shakespeare's time.

The Congressional Library next claimed our attention And there we saw far too much to mention. We thought that we would then like to go To the President's house and the Capitol also.

We listened to Senators debate quick and fast And wondered how long the fun would last; But we really felt that our Seniors fair Could take the place of the Senators there.

We have a record for lively debate That we feel in court would carry great weight; So instead of teachers and stiff school-marms We're going to be lawyers and foreclose on farms.

Those Washington streets are hard to know; And we found that fact to be quite so, For after asking a million or two We managed to find a road that we knew.

In school the next day we were all so tired, Though with fervor and pep we were greatly fired To show the school how well we knew What the people in Shakespeare's time did do.

In assembly time we had the Shrew, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Juliet, too. And all the school said it was well done And we were praised for it by Miss Munn.

Disappointed by rain on the third of May The happy event was held the next day; When the school turned out to see our queen: A lady most noble, and fair, and serene.

May Day over, we settled down To ponder, and worry, and fret, and frown Over courses of study and much education: Professionals soon would claim our attention. Professionals over, we celebrated At a banquet, for which we had long been dated; Oh, wasn't it nice of the "faculty bunch" To give us a dinner instead of a lunch?

June the twelfth, with many sad tears, The thing we had wanted three long years: A piece of skin, a bow of white, Received by us with great delight.

With shaking voice and moistened eye We bade our teachers all good-bye. Never to sit in these halls so dear, Never another test to fear!

Happy landings, O Class Thirty-three! Carry our spirit so fine and free Down the years to solve the mystery Of what we'll contribute to history.

> WILMA A. SMITH, IDA M. HAUSMANN,

> > Seniors.

# Senior Activities

In the fall when student teaching was over, many Juniors and Freshmen asked each other who the Seniors were. But soon the Seniors became known, for they began their activities.

What was the meaning of the posters placed in such spectacular places? Oh, yes, the Senior Play. Who is there who does not remember

the dramatic "Wedding?"

It was a bit disheartening to learn that the Seniors would not, because of the smallness of their group, be able to finance a prom. However, the Juniors kindly invited the group to their Junior Prom.

May Day was a bright spot. It was traditionally a Senior Day,

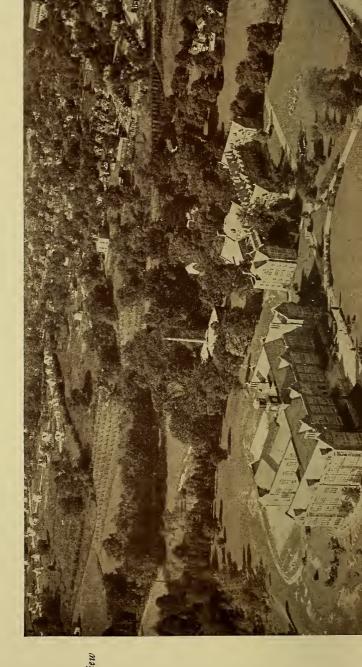
and it lived up to its traditions in impressiveness and dignity.

Now brightening the future, temporarily darkened by prospects of Professionals, are the Faculty Dinner on May 29th, the Senior Council Fire, the Baccalaureate Service on June 11th, and the grand finale—Commencement on June 12th.

MARTHA ALFORD, Senior Social Chairman.



Campus\_Drive



Aeroplane View

# Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity

THE Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity holds high the ideals of character, achievement and scholarship. The students elected to this society have proved themselves worthy members of the school and represent the best in character, achievement and scholarship. They have contributed much to the life of the school. They are leaders; they seek responsibility. Election to the Chi Alpha Sigma Fraternity is one of the highest honors in the school.

Eunice Burdette heads the list of seniors in the society. She has been a member for the last two years and has served faithfully as secretary-treasurer. Soon she will yield an able pen to another Normalite in next year's senior class.

Martha Bennett has given much unselfish service and is outstandingly dependable. Martha seems capable of doing everything from reading about technocracy to pulling up tulips.

Elnetia Ewing is another member of this distinguished group. "Nettie," as she is known to her friends, believes life is just one long question. Perhaps she is the only one right about it. Responsibility rests familiarly on her shoulders. She is a serious person—only we can't help remembering that her secret ambition is to wiggle her ears.

Marguerite Kurrle is cool, calm and efficient. She combines beauty and grey matter in the service of ye Alma Mater. The dignified Student Council President is a Maid of Honor—in more ways than one.

## Installation of Officers

Wednesday, May 3, 1933.

Spring—growth—new hopes—new life. These were the sentiments expressed when the General, Resident, and Day Student Council Officers, and the Class Officers turned over the student leadership "controls" to their capable successors.

The Assembly from start to finish was entirely a student affair; we even sang Alma Mater without our usual faculty guidance.

One year, 365 days, are ahead, during which this growth may continue, and the new hopes be realized.

May the student leadership of the year 1933-1934 end happily as does the year 1932-1933.

MARGUERITE KURRLE.

## Believe!

T was Easter. Throngs of people filled the streets and highways on their way to church. Very different motives prompted people to go out into the sunshine, and to church. Some were driven by impulse, others were anxious to be seen by friends; many were driven by the emotion of the season; a few were prompted by emotion controlled by thought. The world was in a great crisis. Easter, the awakening season, always has meant something in the philosophy of living. Could it mean something to the world in its chaotic state today?

As the towers of the unfinished cathedral came into view the strains of the great organ accompanied by thousands of voices rang forth in their alleluias the faith and the hope of a new day. As one left the blooming flowers, brilliant sunshine, and granite boulders on which this magnificent edifice was being built and entered the portals of the church truly the only thought which came into mind, no matter what one's motives, one's creed, one's race, or one's religion was, "I believe in God—."

The silence of the great church was upon the kneeling parishioners. Great reverence coupled with exuberance filled the heart. There were Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, English, Italian, French, and Americans all humbly paying tribute in their individual way. Some stood with head bowed and eyes closed, others with head held high, a few knelt with head touching the cold marble. One saw these people and thought of their contributions to life. Some were artists, some musicians, some statesmen, some educators, and some were just people with no title, no degree, no pedigree, no label—but they were people who cared, who thought of finer things than just self, who contributed much to the comforts and happiness of many by taking time to listen to tragedies and joys of fellowmen, and by sharing sympathetically with others whether in a tangible or intangible way.

Great names such as Grenfell, Nightingale and others came into mind as one looked at the group. Yes, one can recognize greatness in the great deeds of great people, but can one also recognize greatness in the humble deeds of humble people? Here, too, a thought came, I believe in mankind.

All this was happening in one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world, the most cosmopolitan city in America, but it was America. The picture of the world outside the cathedral was not a pleasant one. Thousands of banks were closed, millions were out of work, foreign nations' attitudes were not entirely friendly in the matter of tariff and war debts, prohibition had been substituted for temperance, crime and divorce had increased. This was the picture, but today things have changed. Hundreds of banks are open on a secure foundation, thousands of men are going back to work, a tariff truce has been declared by the major nations of the world, the thinking people are working for temperance and not prohibition, and the theory of heartless individualism is slowly being replaced by the theory of the greatest good to the greatest number. American institutions and ideals are going forward again. It will take time. It will take much money. It will take great planning and thought. It will take co-operation and less competition. Isn't it a privilege to say, "I believe in America?"

Countries, nations, institutions are just as strong as the individuals who are parts of them. No one nation, church or school can be great because just one person, or a group of persons, at the head is great. One must have fine leadership in order to grow, but what about us, the individuals who are being led? Have we faith in ourselves? Are we big enough to go on?

It is possible to look at ourselves in three different ways. We can be Pollyannas, use rose-colored spectacles and refuse to see honestly. We can slide the ruler just a little at both ends and say that because we have done this particular thing it must be good, or I didn't mean it the way it happened, excusing ourselves always. Then there is another way. It is possible to look at ourselves in a pessimistic way. We can see what derelicts of society we really are, making one mistake after another, and feel that there is little hope for the contemptible hypocrite, which is all that we can see in ourselves. Both of these ways are wrong and not quite square. There is another way, the way of the intelligent optimist. He looks at himself, sees his life squarely with all of its shortcomings and failures, but draws a line, totals the score and makes a plan of action to go forward and not repeat the old mistakes if it is possible to avoid them. He looks at life as it is, with hope. He plans to make it better in the future. It is not easy to look at one's self honestly and sincerely. It is the hardest place in the world to say, "I believe-."

But if one is to live life and not escape it, if one is to get the fullest meanings from life, if one is to belong to a great country, to mankind and to eternity, one must believe in himself, believe in his country, believe in mankind, and believe in God.

W. PAULINE RUTLEDGE.

# The New Campus School

NE day in late February when the sun shone warm and bright, and the first faint stirrings of spring gave the call of the great outdoors, moving time came for the elementary school. There was no more excitement in Hamlin Town when its children followed the Pied Piper than Towson had on that great day. Grown-ups may have their own ideas about moving, but young folks who have spent weeks and months in anticipation, prefer their own way of doing things, and in this case their own way was to take up their belongings, large and small, and in joyous procession travel directly to their new home. As ants hurry about in an ordered confusion, bearing burdens larger than their small bodies, children scurried back and forth, crossing each other's paths, making directly for the spot which they had known as their own even before there was a roof to cover it. Had they not seen the foundation laid, watched the building take form, and visited it to find out just where they belonged? Had they not planned week after week what they would do "when we move?" Had they not sensed that somehow one part of their lives was ending, another beginning? Had they not begun to feel that they were ready to leave an outworn shell, a low-vaulted past to enter a temple nobler than the last? And with what eagerness they faced the adventure of leaving behind useless habits as well as outworn tools to rebuild a school worthy in spirit of so fine a habitation!

The new school has beauty. Not only is it placed in a setting to which nature has been kind, but it also has the loveliness that is the result of being eminently fitted for its purpose. Abundance of light, air and sunshine—fundamental for children—a glorious view of glen, hillside and far fields invigorates the body and spirit. Blossoming fruit trees, dogwood, flowering shrubs, and well-kept fields give evidence that others before us have loved this place, lived here and found it good. Surroundings of such mellowness insured a settled aspect for the new building from the beginning. No crude newness strikes the eye, nor mars the pleasure of occupancy. So well, too, have architects and builders blended material and design with the adjacent buildings, that this one takes its place in the Normal School group as if it were conceived in the original plan.

The joy spot from the standpoint of architectural loveliness is the entrance. The wide terrace leading to several doorways gives an air of gracious hospitality which is enhanced by the ample vestibule, entrance hall, and just a few steps above these the landing, leading to the assembly room. Imagination immediately peoples these generous spaces with

perhaps a hundred Normal School students arriving to visit classes for observation, or with groups of parents lingering to talk after a well-attended evening meeting, or the closing exercises in June. To the left of the entrance hall, a closet is conveniently placed to care for wraps, and to serve as a station for folding chairs for classroom visitors. Built into the walls on either side of the hall are cases for exhibiting school work or educational collections such as art objects. The walnut paneling, wrought iron hardware, and ornamental lights are beautiful enough to banish forever the idea that a school shall ever again be a prison house to surround a growing boy.

I said that the school has the beauty of utility. Each classroom unit is something in which to take pride. It was designed not only for modern elementary school instruction, but also to serve as a laboratory for observation and the training of teachers. The main room, therefore, is somewhat larger than is usual, and at the back, beyond a glass partition, is a teacher's office and conference room large enough to serve also as an auxiliary classroom for group work with children. From the standpoint of instruction, perhaps this room is the joy spot. Or is it the library, the assembly room, the play room, or the workshop?

The workshop is just what its name implies. Activities of all sorts which cannot well be carried on in an ordinary classroom with polished desks and finished floors are conducted there. Facilities are provided for children to work with wood, clay, plaster of paris, and the like; to wash, iron, dye materials; to cook, sew, and carry on any work that class activities may suggest. When the maple tree on the campus was tapped, here the sap was boiled down. In great contrast to this, primary grade children recently lay on the large tables while students under direction helped them with posture exercises. These examples merely suggest the many opportunities which such equipment gives for enriching the school program.

The assembly room gives double service as a music room for Normal School classes and as an assembly and music room for the children. A central place where children may go to the piano for rhythms, dancing, and chorus work makes possible the happy, wholesome social experience which group music alone can provide. Around this room, too, some of our most delightful school traditions will be built—in fact are already taking form. The stage has been used for several plays; it will provide inspiration for many more. Weekly assemblies, student council meetings, school parties, and parent-teacher meetings have been held there. Such gatherings are priceless in unifying a school—in building a distinctive community personality.

It is significant that in spite of the advantages of having a home of their own, some of the children left the old building with consid-

erable regret. This was especially true of the older ones, who had spent a number of eventful years in the midst of the Normal School students, mingling with them in halls and classrooms, making friends among them, sharing their equipment, edging in on their athletic and social events, listening to bits of grown-ups' conversations, observing their doings much as children in homes sometimes sit on the top step and survey what is going on below stairs. This contact must have developed a considerable amount of understanding, for one of the older boys remarked, "I should think the students would like having the building to themselves; it will seem so much more like a college." On the other hand Normal School students said, "We miss the children; we liked having them around." There is something wholesome about these mutual loyalties.

We think, with the poet, that leaving the outgrown shell means entering upon a life more free. There is no doubt that with the sense of possession that came to the children when they took up their residence in the new building, there came also a sense of freedom and also of responsibility. The beautiful gift is theirs to own, theirs to enjoy, but also theirs to cherish. It is theirs to pass on, in the manner of the old Athenians, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to them.

IRENE M. STEELE.

# Truth and Beauty

first, the intellect whose aim is truth; next the will, whose aim is the good; third, sensibility, whose aim is the beautiful. The true, the good, and the beautiful—a rare combination? No—not if we look carefully enough. We can help to develop these three traits by broadening the cultural background of children—preparing them for future as well as present living. Every day we should become more and more conscious of the sensibilities and emotions of children. Daily we should see more clearly the necessity for developing ourselves along æsthetic lines—music, art, dramatics, literature. It is of vital importance for us to enrich our cultural background, for we shall be entrusted with the most sacred things God has made. "The child is the product of the past, he lives in the present and for the future." What will his future be? That depends in a large measure on us.

N. MACHT.

## THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Miss Lida Lee Tall, the principal of the Normal School, seeks the opportunity to give a word of greeting to all members of the Alumni

Association, in the Social Room, Richmond Hall.

Special rooms for class meetings will be assigned to anyone who sends for reservation by June 9th. Communicate with Miss Mary Hudson Scarborough, Maryland State Normal School, Towson, Maryland. The Classes of 1868, 1873, 1878, 1883, 1888, 1893, 1898, 1903, 1908, 1913, 1918, 1923, 1928, are holding special five-year reunions. Let us hope that all classes will meet in addition. Is your class meeting?

#### **BUSINESS MEETING**

The principal matters of business to be brought up on this occasion will be:

First, reports of Committees and of County Units.

Second, election of officers.

Third, membership drive.

Fourth, the work of the Field Secretary.

Fifth, the new project—a Students' Building on the campus.

### DINNER

The subscription dinner will be served under the auspices of the dormitory staff, and the students will provide an attractive musical program. Price, \$1.00. Please send your reservation, with check or money order, stating also year of graduation, not later than June 9th, to Miss Mary A. Grogan, Maryland State Normal School, Towson, Maryland.

Annual dues, \$2.50 (which includes nine issues of THE TOWER LIGHT) or \$1.00 (without THE TOWER LIGHT), unless already paid, should be forwarded at this time to Miss Mary A. Grogan. The fiscal year of the association begins September 1st and ends August 31st. Payment of dues entitles active members to admission to the entertainment feature of the Founder's Day celebration, and a ticket to the Alumni Reception and Dance.

All Seniors and their escorts are invited to the dance as guests of

the Alumni.

### **OUT-OF-TOWN ALUMNI**

Provision has been made to accommodate forty out-of-town graduates at the rate of 50 cents for room and breakfast. Reservations will be honored as received. Requests for room reservations should be made before June 8th. Address: Miss Ruth C. Sperry, Maryland State Normal School, Towson, Maryland.

Dressing rooms for men and women are located in Newell Hall and

in the Administration Building.

## Alumni Day

HIS year Alumni Day will be Saturday, June 10, 1933. Is your class having a reunion? All classes ending in "3" and "8" are

- holding special reunions.

At three o'clock in the afternoon Miss Tall will greet the members of the association in the New Elementary School Building. All alumni will meet at four o'clock in rooms designated in the Administration Building. At five o'clock there will be a business meeting in Room 217. After this meeting everyone will retire to the dining room in Newell Hall for dinner. Dancing will begin after dinner at 8:30 P. M.

Do not miss your class reunion this year. Get in touch with your

class chairman. Maybe she has the wrong address for you.

Here are the names of the class chairmen. Pick out yours.

#### CLASS CHAIRMEN

1868-

1873—Miss Ella Harrison, 1617 Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Maryland.

1878-

1883-

1888—Miss Ada M. Andrews, 3305 Windsor Mill Road, Walbrook, Baltimore, Maryland.

1893—Mrs. James Andrews, 2824 Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

1898---

1903—Miss Ethel Melvin, Principal School No. 60, Francis Street and Clifton Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

1908-Mrs. William Fhensenfeld, 332 East University Parkway.

1913—Miss Mary Grogan, Maryland State Normal School, Towson, Maryland.

1918—Mrs. Wm. M. Bernhardt, Townsend Avenue, Brooklyn, Maryland.

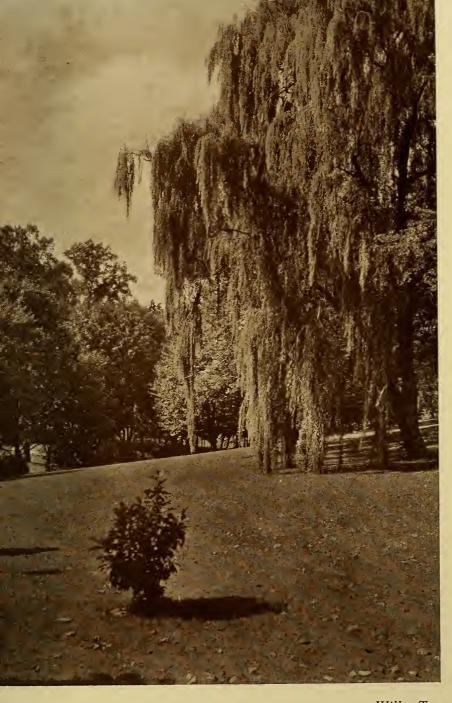
1928—Mrs. Frank Barger, McDonogh School, McDonogh, Maryland. 1932—Mr. Reuben Baer, 1551 North Fulton Avenue, Baltimore,

Maryland.

### To the Class of '23

The Class of 1923 will celebrate its tenth reunion this year. We hope that a large number of its members will return. If you can come, we promise you a good time. If you cannot, write to Mrs. Stapleton at the school, tell her all about yourself, so that we may know what you are doing and thinking and so feel you are with us in spirit. All who write will hear from us after the banquet.

CLASS OF '23.



Willow Tree



Newell Hall

## To the Alumni

o all members of the Alumni, who will return to their Alma Mater on June 10th, the school extends a hearty welcome. The loyalty of the graduates brings courage and confidence to the faculty and thus strengthens the morale of a school as no other factor can. Come back this year. Though it may mean a personal sacrifice, the reward will be great, both for the school and for you. The crucible of the times has separated the gold from the dross. We value friendship more than we ever have, for we know it to be the real and the permanent satisfaction of life. Auld Lang Syne extends again the hand of friendship, warm with cherished memories, and bearing faith and cheer in his clasp.

## Hagerstown Alumni Unit Meets

On Saturday, May 13th, members of the Hagerstown Alumni Unit assembled at the Dagmar Hotel for luncheon. There were approximately forty-five members present, including Dr. Tall and Miss Scarborough. During the serving of the delicious luncheon Miss Louise Staley gave a reading, Misses Lois Helm and Katherine Noel rendered a vocal duet, Miss Virginia Morin gave a welcoming address, and Dr. Tall spoke a few words. To close the meeting, the members sang "Alma Mater."

## Hagerstown Alumni Present at Luncheon

Virginia Morin, '30
Katherine Noel, '30
Lois Helm, '30
Jane Evans, '32
Pearl Rhodes, '29
Mary Helser, '24
Hilda Varner, '21
Margaret A. White, '30
Olive Myers, '28
Jeanne Weller, '31
Blanche Wolfkill, '19
Geneve Krontz, '29
Margaret L. Rohrer, '27
Elsie M. Horst, '28

Helen Cushen, '27 Rayetta France, '27 Alice M. Quick, '29 Anne H. Richardson, '23 Isabella Beckenbaugh, '17 Mary H. Scarborough, '91 Kitty Miller, '28 Mae Angle, '28 Louise Staley, '28 Charlotte Hauver, '32 Catherine Cox, '32 Helen Cox Clohecy, '23 Pauline Connor, '29 Charlotte Minnick, '29 Martha Seaman, '25 Annilea Browne, '31 Frances Grimes, '24 Edna D. McCardell, '22 Rachel Remsberg, '23 Lavinia Moore, '24 Alice Garver Hoffman, '25 Teny M. Horst, '28 Laura C. King, '88 Jane Martin, '31 Madeline M. Diffendall, '31 Josephine Byers, '31 Eleanor Harbaugh, '30 Helen L. Widmyer, '31 Jean McLaughlin, '31

# A Latch String Out

Dear Class of 1933:

You are looking forward to the twelfth day of June with great expectations, but with mingled feelings. It is truly a significant day

in your school life. For one thing it brings a decided change in your relationships to your school. The moment you receive your diploma you become an Alumnus of the Maryland State Normal School. This does not mean that you sever any connections that are possible to continue, but that you have a new tie, another opportunity open to you.

The alumni association welcomes you, our youngest alumni. It invites you to become active members of the association. It asks you to bring to it your point of view, your fresh, vigorous endeavor. In this way you can best keep close to and grow along with your Alma Mater, which you have served, which has served you, and which you love.

Very cordially yours,

Mary Scarborough, Field Secretary.

# My Tribute to the Teacher

J. W. CRABTREE, Secretary National Education Association

THERE will be no moratorium on education. A moratorium on education would mean a moratorium on civilization. This is one of the reasons why teachers will continue the schools, pay or no pay. The nation, as it becomes aware of the services and sacrifices of teachers and of the great significance of their courage and farsightedness, will show the appreciation that it has shown to its soldiers who sacrificed their lives for their country.

In the crisis of the seventies, I was amazed, as a boy, at the sacrifices made by the pioneer teacher of that day. Since then, I have observed that whether in time of famine or in time of plenty, the teacher has lived not for self, but for the children and the community. I have noticed that the selfish man or woman seldom remains long in

the profession.

When the terrible days of the World War came upon us, who led in food conservation? Who led in the sale of Liberty Bonds? Who led in collecting food, clothing, and funds for the Red Cross? Who kept the schools going, whether funds were available or not? And what of the teachers of today? They are serving in a worse crisis than ever before. Their responsibility is greater. Environment is more destructive in its effect on children. The teacher-load is almost doubled. In spite of all this, the teacher is again leading in welfare activities. There may be a delay in pay—a month or six months—or the pay may be cut off for the year, yet the work of the school goes on!

Who is it that removes gloom from the lives of children who come from homes filled with sorrow and suffering because of the depression?

Who is it that inspires children with courage and ambition? Who teaches them to look forward to better days? Who is it that is saving civilization in these dark hours?

All honor, therefore, to the teacher of 1933! Your courage and your devotion stand out as the safeguard of our democracy and as the hope of the nation!

## Faces

The sea of faces that surrounds us is wide and ever present. They were at the Beginning and they will be at the End. Each face is a monument to its owner. But though they be individual monuments they are all related. Physically they have the same features—the eyes, the nose, the mouth, the ears, the forehead, the cheek, the jaw, the chin, and the profile. But they are related in still another way. The face has been called "the image of God." God made a face after His own likeness; and, after He had finished, He was disquieted. The face lacked a quality. He looked again at His handiwork and then He knew what it was. The face lacked His divinity, and so He breathed a divine breath upon this face and He was satisfied. Since that moment by that look every face has been directly related to God and to each other face.

But as the world spun on and on and on these faces lost their divinity. The vanities and foolish prides made them earthly. Sometimes we do see a face that takes us alarmingly back to the Beginning.

There is so much in such a face, we cannot look long enough.

Some faces remind me of flowers; there is the daffodil face. When we see a daffodil in a sea of friendly green, we wonder at God's glory represented by such a gorgeous composition of grace, charm, naïveté, innocence, mischief, sauciness, impishness, dancing gayety, and simplicity. The face of a young child is like a daffodil—inquisitive, insatiable, dancing, guileless, gay, sincere. I think most of us have had such a face at one time—but not for long. Why? A child's face is not yet truly molded. As he grows older, he begins to hammer, and chisel, and push out definite outlines of his face. Some, even after this remolding retain the daffodil look—but more try synthetically to retain it. Don't let the face become as a wilted daffodil. Daffodils are not meant to be dried and wilted.

There is the violet face—soothing, serene, smooth, comforting, lovely, vivid—and yet, not by its coloring, dark light is the heart of it. If we look closer we see hidden tinkles of laughter—a sense of humor (violets have it—I have seen it) and grace—so much grace.

I am afraid of the lily face. I am thinking of the sleek, satisfied, bold, sophisticated lily. I am sure there is a blackness in its heart.

I am infinitely sorry for the rose face—the full-blown beauty open to anyone and everyone. It is so frank. There is only a temporary interest. When the beauty falls from such a face—what will be left?

Then there is the elfin face. It is not a flower face, no—but to me it is related to the daffodil face. Does it seem irreverent to speak of elfin faces and fairy faces and God at the same time? It does not to me. Man, in his desire to create something tangible for a feeling he had, made elves and fairies, and the understanding God finally crystallized that desire by giving the elfin face to a mortal. He made the elfin face with its ever searching, wondering loveliness and the delicious sweep of the tip-tilted nose and a whimsical, fun-loving mouth and eyes.

Enough of the flower faces. To me the most beautiful of all is the lined face. It is to be seen especially in the faces of the aged and in those who have suffered. There can be no more change in a face like this. Its making has ended. This face is a culmination of the entire years through which the person has struggled, lost and conquered. Max Picard has called certain types of faces—star faces. This type is my star face. But read what he says: "In some faces, the course of stars are drawn in deep furrows. It is as if the stars came here to seek something that they could not find in the sky—so deep have they dug their furrows. . . . The earthiness in the face remains only as a few islands washed by a sea of stars. Earth torn apart into islands—but torn apart by star lines! Earth that has no room to move because star lines are moving everywhere! What a wonderful fate of the mundane to be a guest of the stars."

But we all fear these lines—children most of all. Why? Can these children see why these lines were drawn so deeply? Do they know the pain when one is made? Do they wonder what marks will brand their

faces? They don't tell us.

And how can we know these types that I have spoken of and how can we know the divine look? Perhaps the eyes—their hidden depths, their hidden myriads of twinkles, the softly and carefully etched lines at their corners; perhaps the nose; perhaps the mouth with its gentle curvings and whimsicalities or its straight line; perhaps the cheek and the jaw with its softness or its hardness; perhaps the smile; and lastly, perhaps the profile—that angle of action. I cannot tell you how. You must depend on your nearness to your God, your understanding, your intuition, your knowledge.

MARY DI MARCANTONIO, '32.

## Montebello Fourth Grade Stories

## Class Taught by Virginia Mahon, '30

SPRING SCENERY

In the spring you see many gorgeous sights. You see the birds nesting in the trees. Many lovely blossoms hang from the trees. Dainty flowers grow by the wayside. You hear the birds singing sweetly. Flocks of birds are coming from the South. The green grass and the blue sky look very beautiful together. There are clouds of pure white floating overhead. I think that the scenery the spring gives is most beautiful of all.

Dorothy Whorton, May 9, 1933.

#### A NEWCOMER

One day there was great excitement in the orchard. Everybody was hustling around. Peter was talking to Jenny Wren. "What is the matter," asked Peter? "Oh," replied Jenny, "don't you know that Goldy, the Baltimore Oriole, is coming here to live? She builds one of the safest nests I know of. If any robbers come they cannot get the eggs. She makes us all happy with her beautiful songs. It is very lovely to have Goldy around."

LEONARD CELMER, May 9, 1933.

#### AN ORCHARD ROBBER

One day Jenny Wren arrived home to see a sight which made her fly swiftly. There was Mr. Blue Jay trying to poke his bill into her nest to get her nestlings. Mr. Blue Jay did not notice her as she came up, for he was so absorbed in getting her eggs he did not notice anything else. Jenny Wren was very angry. She seated herself in her little doorway and immediately started to quarrel. Mr. Blue Jay was startled. He had tried to do this before, but had never succeeded. Jenny Wren told Mr. Blue Jay he ought to be ashamed of himself. Mr. Blue Jay was. He never tried to steal Jenny Wren's eggs again.

EDITH WEAVER, May 9, 1933.

## Spring

When all the birds come back and sing, Everyone knows that it is spring, Flowers lift their blooming heads, From the beautiful garden beds. All the birds chirp, All the animals play, Everyone smiles and everyone's gay.

ROBERT J. KOCH, Seventh Grade, Riderwood School.

# These poems were written by Fifth Grade children in Frederick, taught by Virginia McCauley, '30.

#### **DANDELIONS**

On the grassy hillsides, By the shallow stream, In the woods and forests Bright dandelions gleam.

O little beams of sunshine, The first to come this year, You bring your little messages Of happiness and cheer.

Swaying in the breezes, Smiling as I pass, Little golden dandelions Peeping through the grass.

ELEANOR FRANCES DELAPLAINE.

#### SPRING IS HERE

I'm sure that spring is coming,
For everywhere I go
I hear the gay bees humming
And flying to and fro.

The flowers are gaily blooming,
The birds sing with cheer.
In fact I am not thinking—
For I know that spring is here!
EMILY MYERS.

#### SING, ROBIN!

Come, little brother robin, Fly with your wings. Sing a song of happiness And welcome spring.

Come, little brother robin, With the others. Sing a cheerful, springtime song Like your brothers.

HUNTER BOWERS.

#### **SPRINGTIME**

The trees are budding here and there.
The grass is swaying in the air.
The south wind with her balmy breeze
Is softly blowing through the nodding trees.

MARY RANKIN.

#### WHERE I LIKE TO GO

I love to go to the little stream
Where the moss and lily grows,
Where the dew and flowers starlike gleam,
As on the water flows.
While the birds are singing
There's the hum of a busy bee.
Overhead the fresh green branches
Swing and nod to me.

I hear the croak of frogs—way down below.

That's where I like to go!

That's where I like to go!

JANE McCOMAS.

#### SPRINGTIME IS HERE!

I hear the robins singing, For the springtime they are bringing. Happy songs of joy and cheer Proclaim that spring is really here.

I see the vi'lets beaming: In the sunshine they are gleaming. Narcissus, nodding its head, Adds perfume to the flower bed. VIRGINIA ABRECHT.

#### THE ROBIN

"Robin, Robin, who calls you here? Why do you come to a land so drear?"
"The weather, the weather, children, dear. He is the one who calls me here."

"Robin, Robin, where is your nest?

Are you sure it is your very best?

Where did you get your breast so red?

Did you steal it from the sunset overhead?"

RUTH STORM.

## Riderwood School Stories

## An Activity in Greek History

In connection with the study of the Olympic Games in their Greek History Unit, the children of the sixth grade at Riderwood School created a Greek Dance. The steps of the dance were taken from various sports participated in by the Greeks at these games. As a result of this activity, the children expressed their feelings for the dance in written compositions. The following is an example of one of these.

Dorothea Becker, Junior VIII.

#### The Greek Dance

In studying Greek history we learned that every four years the Greeks went to Olympia to worship Zeus, the chief among all gods. At Olympia the Greeks had such games as races, wrestling matches, boxing and others. When we found how gracefully they did these, we decided to get a record and fit some of the games to music to see if we could do it as gracefully as the Greeks. The steps made for these dances were discus throwing, running steps, jumping steps, and the javelin throwing. Between each step we did a waltz.

We liked the dance so much that before long we did it well.

DOROTHY AMOS, Grade VI, Riderwood School.

## Guilford School Fourth Grade Stories

#### SKIPPY AND I

Skippy and I have the most fun together. He loves me and I love him, too. Skippy is a real pal. I like him so much that when mother and dad are not looking I drop some things that he likes to eat so that he can eat with us.

Warren Ford, April 25, 1933.

#### OUR LITTLE LONE TURTLE

We have a little turtle in our Fourth Grade. He often watches us at work. When we have History he wonders what it is all about. He will never study History because he is only a turtle.

DOROTHY MENZIES,
April 25, 1933.

# Students of International Institute Visit Normal

VERY experience teaches. One day the students of Normal experienced in a most delightful way bits of manners, customs, dress, feeling and thought of lands far from our own. The yearly visit of the International Students is truly an experience both stimulating and instructive.

We were impressed with the eager minds with which we came in contact. We expected to question and learn, and instead found ourselves questioned in such an intelligent manner that we were put upon our mettle, eager to give of our best, thereby learning more than we realized.

It is always challenging to hear what others think of us. We may have been told in many ways to provide for our brighter pupils, but to be informed by a young Japanese student that the chief weakness of our school system, as he saw it, was the lack of adequate provision for gifted children, recalls to us "Creative Youth" and impresses us anew.

Who could listen to the lovely voice of the lady from India without thinking and reading more sympathetically of India and her problems.

Thus do we grow.

Perhaps the most unusual experience of the day came when one foreign student and one member of the faculty were claimed by four eager American students as luncheon guests. "You use your fork in the American way," smilingly remarked a young German student, "I use mine in the Continental way. I think it is easier."

The negro question was under discussion when one student from Normal ventured to suggest that the guests from Columbia might not have realized that the southern negro was very different from those usually found in New York. "But I know the southern negro. I spent my Christmas vacation in Florida," protested the guest. Then seeing the amused look on the face of the faculty member, he smiled broadly at himself and said, "I don't know much about them, you think, not enough experience. Well, maybe not."

One could not help contrasting their command of English and their easy, pleasant manner with our one languaged difficulties which would inevitably arise if we should return their visits.

Experiencing? Yes, and we wish that all our experiences might

be as pleasant and profitable.

EUNICE BURDETTE.

# A Bird's-Eye View of the New York Trip

HURSDAY, April 6, 1933, will long be a happy memory in our hearts. At 8:46 on this eventful day the train pulled out of Mount Royal Station and started for New York. The train trip was most delightful, for under Miss Brundick's guidance we went sightseeing on this de luxe train. We arrived in Trenton, New Jersey, about 11:30. After a very refreshing luncheon we toured the grounds and buildings of the new Trenton Normal School. After bidding farewell to many pleasant people (some never to be forgotten), we went to visit the Lenox china factory. This was followed by a bus tour, through a drizzling rain, around the Princeton campus. Martha's Kitchen offered a most appetizing dinner. Once more we boarded the train for New York. We approached the city on a ferry boat. The bulky figure of the Statue of Liberty could be hazily seen through the fog that hung low over the river. In front of us loomed the skyscrappers, their tops hidden in the fog. To many of us who were visiting this cosmopolitan city for the first time it was indeed an interesting as well as an exciting picture. Buses carried us through the wet and foggy streets to the Taft Hotel. We inspected our rooms, and improved our toilets in preparation for a sightseeing trip of New York. Glass-roofed buses carried us down the Great White Way to the Jewish Ghetto, Chinatown, through Times Square, up Fifth Avenue, and back to the hotel. Seeing New York's lofty buildings and her great electric signs through a glassroofed bus is a real thrill. Midnight luncheons and then off to bed. Thus ended the first day.

FRIDAY. I never knew that a day could be so busy. The day was begun by breakfasting at the hotel. Then we divided into groups for school visiting. Some of us even managed to rummage in Greenwich Village in search of odd jewelry. We all attended a tea at Columbia University in the afternoon at which we met many charming people, among whom was our own Dr. Snyder. Hurrying home, we dressed for dinner, which was held at the Pennsylvania Hotel. The dinner turned out to be a feast of delicious food, followed by a dance. As you all know, two of our group won the waltz prize, and they certainly deserved it. Tired after a full day, we sought "Sandman's Land" of pleasant dreams.

SATURDAY. If you will believe it, Saturday was a busier day than Friday. Participating in student discussion groups and listening to speeches made by our worthy delegates began the day. We lunched in an automat. In the afternoon we visited Radio City. Shopping for souvenirs and gifts followed. A visit to the top of the Empire State

Building was made at five o'clock. We dined at a very unique restaurant known as the "Firenzy." A good show or a theater ended the

day.

SUNDAY. Not a day for resting by any means. We rushed about to get in all the things so far neglected and went to church. Hurried lunches were eaten so that last-minute packing might be accomplished. Three o'clock saw us leaving this city of adventure and heading home. We dined on the train and enjoyed exchanging gossip of our New York adventures. We arrived home about seven o'clock. Friendly faces greeted us from the train windows. Greetings and farewells having been said, we collected scattered baggage and departed for home.

You will agree that this was a very eventful trip and well proportioned. Next year perhaps you, too, may want to join this New York

Group. I hope so.

IDA MAY GIBBONS.

## Who Said Men Aren't Cooks?

On Tuesday, March 12, 1933, the Freshman men students in Miss

Keys' Health Education Class gave a dinner.

This dinner was planned, food purchased, cooked, served, dishes washed and room put in order by all the men students under the guidance of Miss Kevs.

The meal turned out to be a great success. Our guest of honor was Mr. Minnegan. We were disappointed by the absence of Miss Tall.

The menu included goulash, steamed rice, sliced tomatoes, bread, butter, cocoa, and ginger bread which was successfully baked by Mr. Podlich of Freshman III.

On Wednesday all remaining food was eaten.

JOHN F. OWINGS, Freshman IV.

## Faculty Notes

THE Johns Hopkins Chapter of the Pi Lambda Theta Fraternity, an honorary fraternity for women in education, has elected Miss Brown to membership. Miss Brown was initiated on April 29th. Miss Jones will teach at the Johns Hopkins Summer School.

Miss Treut will spend the summer in Germany.

Miss Dowell was elected to the Alpha Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity in April.

Miss Medwedeff will journey to the west coast this summer. Miss Crabtree, who "goes in" for horseback riding, seems to have trouble in adjusting her costume to the whims of the weather.

The majority of the faculty are going to spend the summer very much "at home" this year and study "the ant's ways."

# The Tower Light

Published monthly by the students of the Maryland State
Normal School at Towson

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ALICE MUNN, Managing Editor

## More Light

THE TOWER LIGHT has carried its light from Room 205, a small room, but one that breathed a spirit of friendliness to all who

- came within its portals, to a larger one in Room 19.

That self-same spirit is awaiting the students in the now more spacious office. Those who come—some eager, some timid, and some a little fearful—to contribute their labors of love will all be welcomed. Large sunny windows, green plants, and thick new rugs do their part to add to the homelike atmosphere of the place. Due to the untiring efforts of Lewis we have some much needed furniture. A bit of color is lent the room by a green bowl of bittersweet conspicuously placed on the bookcase.

Don't be lonesome for the old office, but help make the new one a more attractive place than the old.

E. SHUE.

## To Build Discrimination

NE of the aims of college should be to clarify, to educate, and to strengthen ethical conviction, to develop discrimination between perplexity and compromise, between tolerance and indifference. Student ethical backgrounds vary greatly. Some have had exceptionally understanding parents and associates; some have a background of general indifference as to social purposes. What is chiefly needed is neither compulsion, nor acceptance of indifference, but inspiration and education, and example of discrimination, courage, tastes, and controls that will incite desire for ethical leadership.

Men learn best by the contagion of example and by the persuasion of clear thinking, clearly expressed. If students see ethical conviction as the special concern of a few, as physics or language is of others, they may have little interest in it. If they see ethical discrimination and commitment holding high place in the general interests and judgments

of men, they also will give it high place.

The intelligent judgment and the vigor of purpose which lead to wise discrimination between compromise and dilemma—these qualities do not develop without help. They result from an increase of intellectual knowledge and understanding, from contagion of strong purpose, and from actual practice in living. The problem is to unite all those elements as an integral part of college education.

No one element is enough. Fine purpose and strong will may be badly informed through narrow teaching. Informed philosophic insight may be associated with flabby will and clumsy lack of skill. Both insight and strong purpose, when developed in the abstract at college, if lacking the skill that comes with practice, may waste much time and

energy when they come to be applied.

Antioch undertakes to develop intellectual discrimination and strong purpose, and then to provide opportunity in practical life, under college guidance, for their exercise. Success in these respects is imperfect, but less so than if either factor were ignored.—From Antioch Notes.



# Filling in the Gaps

In 1540 Coronado, looking for the fabled gold of the Seven Cities of Cibola, sent some of his men to find a "large river" of which he had heard. Hopi Indians guided these Spanish conquistadores to a vantage point, whence they beheld a great chasm whose walls gave back ever-changing colors, and whose rock layers were sculptured into towering pinnacles and matchless castles. A mile below ran a stream which looked like a brook, but which the Indians said was a league wide. For three days the white men followed the rim of the canyon searching for a suitable place to descend to the water, but they were unable to get more than a third of the way down. There was no evidence of gold, and in this magnificent but inhospitable land one might easily die of thirst, so the Spaniards returned to their party, and for more than three hundred years the Grand Canyon, with the other canyons of the Colorado, remained an unsolved problem.

The Indians explained the Canyon in their own way. Long ago, a great and wise chief mourned hopelessly the death of his wife. Finally Ta-vwoats, one of the Indian gods, told him that his wife was in a happier land, and offered to take him there to see for himself, if he would cease mourning on his return. This the chief promised. Then Ta-vwoats made a trail through the mountains separating the happy land from the chief's desert home. This trail was the canyon gorge of the Colorado. The chief promised to tell no one of the trail, but evidently the Indian god trusted little to human frailties, for into the gorge he rolled a river, "a mad, raging stream, that should engulf any

that might attempt to enter thereby."

Spanish padres, and later American trappers probably knew the canyon region somewhat. From look-out points at the tops of the canyons this river of mystery was observed, and in some places descents were made. The river was reputed, however, to flow underground for long distances, and to have falls whose thunder could be heard on distant mountain tops; many parties were said to have perished of thirst on the brink of the canyon, unable to reach the roaring, mocking waters below.

In 1854 the United States government sent an exploring expedition along the thirty-fifth parallel to find a practical railway route to the Pacific. Since the labyrinth of canyons makes perhaps the most effective transportation barrier in the world, the Colorado still defied examination.

Later Lieutenant Ives was sent to explore the river as far as possible. A boat was shipped in sections from Philadelphia, and in it the

Ives party started up the Colorado from its mouth in the Gulf of California. The boat was badly damaged against some rocks, and so Ives went overland, and on his journey glimpsed the Grand Canyon. Apparently chagrined by his own failure, he saw little to appreciate in the Canyon, for he wrote: "The region last explored is, of course, valueless. It can be approached only from the south, and after entering it there is nothing to do but leave. Ours has been the first, and will doubtless be the last party of whites to visit this profitless locality. It seems intended by nature that the Colorado River, along the greater portion of its lonely and majestic way, shall be forever unvisited and undisturbed."

But Ives reckoned without John Wesley Powell. Powell fought in the Civil War, where he lost an arm. Later he became a geology professor, and during summer vacations made field trips to the Colorado territory. While there in 1867 he happened to explore a canyon of the Grand River and thus became imbued with a desire to explore the canyons of the Colorado. The Colorado River is formed by a junction of the Green and the Grand, both of which rise in mountain The lower third of the Colorado basin is little above sea level, but its upper two-thirds range from 4,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea, in a land surrounded by snow-clad mountains. The summer sun sends the snow tumbling down the mountain sides in cascades. "Ten million cascade brooks unite to form ten thousand torrent creeks; ten thousand torrent creeks unite to form a hundred rivers beset with cataracts; a hundred roaring rivers unite to form the Colorado, which rolls a mad, turbid stream into the Gulf of California." For more than a thousand miles the Colorado has cut for itself a canyon, which has become rather a series of canyons because of the transverse streams which join it.

On May 24, 1869, Green River City, Wyoming, turned out to see John Wesley Powell with nine companions start in four small rowboats on what seemed a most foolhardy and perilous journey down the canyons of the unknown Colorado. The party carried rations and clothing for ten months, and sextants, chronometers, barometers and other instruments for making scientific observations. This equipment was divided among three boats for safety. Except for running on sand bars, being drenched by rain, breaking an oar on the rocks, and losing two men overboard temporarily, the first few days were uneventful. Then they came to the first of the great canyons, which they named Flaming Gorge. An old Indian, Pariats, had told Powell the preceding summer of one of his tribe, who had tried to run this canyon. His story is suggestive. "'The rocks,' he said, holding his hands above his head, his arms vertical and looking between them to the heavens, 'the rocks h-e-a-p, h-e-a-p high; the water go h-oo-woogh, h-oo-woogh;

water-pony (boat) h-e-a-p buck; water catch 'em; no see 'em Injun any more; no see 'em squaw any more; no see 'em papoose any more!' "

The trip down the river was packed with thrills and dangers. Through one canyon after another the party passed. They careened madly through rocky channels, mounting high on the crest of huge waves, plunging sharply into deep troughs, twisting, turning, shooting down falls until quiet water below was reached. Some of the men barely escaped with their lives when one of the boats was smashed to pieces against the rocks. Clothing, rations and instruments were lost or damaged when the boats were swamped, as they often were. At night everything must be spread out to dry. The men were drenched to the skin day after day. Additional supplies were destroyed when fire in the dead willows near their camp routed them out. Occasionally they were able to supplement their food by hunting.

Some of the canyons were made so dangerous by rocks in the channel that the men had to portage the supplies, and then go along the shore and let the boats down by lines. All this was hard, grueling work, and always, in addition to the physical dangers and discomforts, there was the strain of facing the unknown.

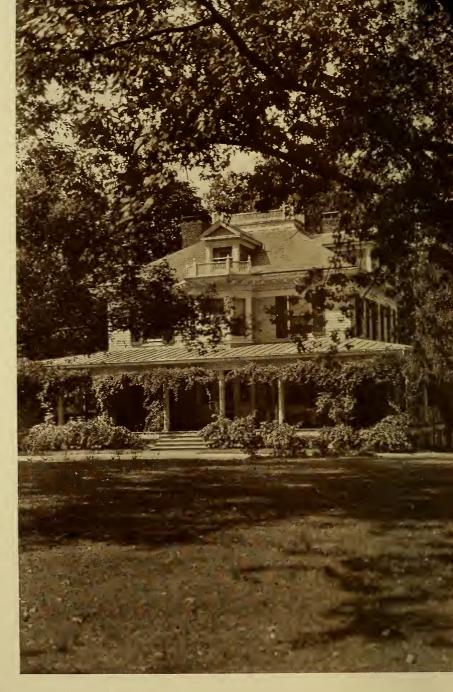
At each camp Powell made observations, often climbing precipitous cliffs to do so. Records of latitude, longitude and altitude were made, and accounts kept of plants, animals, fossils and rock formations. At several places Indian relics were found.

By August 13th the party had reached the beginning of the Grand Canyon, which we now know to be 280 miles long. Against the cliffs the great river looked insignificant. The voyagers were three-fourths of a mile in the depths of the earth with an unknown distance and unknown waters ahead. Less than a month's rations remained, musty flour full of lumps, spoiled bacon, a few dried apples and plenty of coffee. Sugar and salt had long since gone into solution. Not a man had an entire suit of clothes, and there was not a blanket apiece. Good water was hard to get, for the Colorado is never clear. Now rains made it muddier than ever. One day, disappointed that a tributary stream proved even fouler than the Colorado, the men called it "Dirty Devil." A few days later, their joy at finding a beautiful clear creek coming out of a gorgeous red canyon expressed itself in the name "Bright Angel," now known to every visitor of the region.

Two weeks after entering the Canyon they were encamped one night at the head of what seemed to be an almost impassable stretch of water. One of the men remonstrated against risking their lives by going farther. It was impossible, of course, to retrace their journey, but at this point they could climb to the rim of the canyon. They must make their choice between sticking to the river, or leaving the



Administration Building



Principal's Residence

exploration unfinished. Powell, much worried, took observations. He estimated that seventy-five miles of desert lay between them and the nearest Mormon town. Three of the men decided to leave, the others to go on. Breakfast next morning was quiet. The men who left took guns, and duplicate records of the trip, but refused their share of the meagre rations. The parting was solemn, each group thinking the other was choosing the dangerous course. The three deserters were never seen again, for they were killed by the Indians. The next day, after safely navigating more rough and dangerous waters, Powell and his men emerged from the Grand Canyon. There was great rejoicing tempered by apprehension for those who had left. The following day they came upon some Indians, and later upon some white men fishing. The great river, no longer a mystery, rolled by in silent majesty.

On your map you may see the Colorado River. It is a wavy black line.

PEARLE BLOOD.

## A Friend Gone

Dear Lida Lee Tall:

I want Father's friends to know how beautifully his life came to a close. A twelve-year-old grandson said, "He had a long, useful life, and when he couldn't go on with it he stopped."

This last week Payson Smith and Florence Hale and other school friends came to see him. My oldest brother spent Thursday night here and Father was in fine form though frail. He had dinner as usual—sat over the open fire—wrote an editorial. At midnight he was wakeful and the housekeeper took him a glass of orange juice and tucked him in afresh. Then when she looked in at seven, life had ended for him.

We all thank you for the message.

Yours faithfully,

EDITH WINSHIP.

February 18th.



## **Assemblies**

N February 20th, Miss Treut talked on the history of student teaching. She discussed the present situation; then reverted to the past history of student teaching and unfolded its various stages of progress. An interesting comment was that in 1896, under the nomenclature of Practice Teaching, "Teaching included the amount of time that could be profitably spared from lectures, classes, etc." As we, the students of Normal School, have either been student teaching or will go in the near future, this topic was a very suitable and very profitable one for us.

On February 21st, Miss Lentz of the Maryland Tuberculosis Association and Director of Child Health Education and Protection Against Tuberculosis, was our speaker. She said that the grade teacher's responsibility for the health of her children was threefold: (1) The teacher's own good health; (2) physical aspects of the classroom; (3) the teaching of health education. She emphasized the prevention of tuberculosis which is primarily a childhood disease. She also stressed the need for an adequate type of examination for the discovery of symptoms of tuber-

culosis in the public schools.

Very appropriately on George Washington's birthday, February 22nd, Mr. J. Alexis Shriver entertained us with an illustrated informal lecture. His subject was "Colonial Homes in Maryland" which were at one time visited by our honorable forefather, George Washington. Although some of these homes are now practically in ruins, some even entirely destroyed, it is a fitting tribute to Washington's memory that we of the present are intensely interested in anything with which he came in close contact.

On February 23rd, Miss McComas brought to us another of her series of illustrated art lectures. Her topic was the "Art of Holland." The central figures portrayed were Franz Hals, Jacob Ruisdale, and Rembrandt; the last mentioned perhaps the greatest master of dark and

light the world has ever produced.

On February 24th, our guest speakers were Miss Abell, President of the Judicial Board at Goucher, and Mr. Triplett, President of the Student Council at Johns Hopkins. To help guide us in the forthcoming nominations for student officers they spoke on the characteristics of leaders. "What are the proper qualifications to be considered when nominating a candidate?" As expressed by them these qualifications are: an understanding of human personalities, the confidence of the students and faculty, the courage to stand up for one's convictions, a realization of the seriousness of the position, and tactfulness and diplomacy. A highlight of Mr. Triplett's speech was the comment that "the student

body has to back the candidates after they are elected—that is what makes student government effective."

On February 27th, Miss Elisa Cortez, a colorful and interesting personality, delighted us with scenic portrayals and historical instances made more vivid in the light of her own varied background of experience. Miss Cortez, a native of Mexico, is in charge of the Y. W. C. A. movement in South America. It is, perhaps, an odd note that one so genial should be the lineal descendant of a man as renowned as was Cortez for his ferocious fighting characteristics.

With amazing ease Miss Cortez charmed us with descriptions of the principal countries of South America, their products and industries. An interesting comment was upon the vagaries of revolutions in general

and of the revolutionists in particular.

On February 28th, Mr. Chester Morrow, a man of versatile tastes, brought to us a wealth of information concerning the Little Theater. Mr. Morrow feels that the theater supplies for many people their felt needs; the need for the relaxation from a commonplace, humdrum life; the need for vicarious thrills, and the need for spoken English. One must certainly feel a pride in Baltimore, an early exponent of the Little Theater Movement.

On March 2nd, Mr. Burger of New York City, an authority on Single Tax, was our speaker. Although he announced as his topic the question: "Will Technocracy Solve Our Problems?" he expounded in his talk the basic principles of Single Tax. He pointed out that land is not wealth; it is the ultimate source of all wealth, since wealth is produced by the application of labor to land or products from land. He traced the social inequalities that plague the world because of the unfair ownership of land. Our troubles today, he declared, arise from an improper distribution of land, food and shelter—not because of any scarcity of wealth, nor from the operation of labor-saving machines, as the technocrats claim.

On March 6th, Miss Rutledge in her own inimitable way urged us not to feel discouraged at the present apparent degradation of mankind. She pointed out to us that men of today frequently display inherent nobility even though we, of this highly specialized and rushing modern world, do not always encounter the evidences thereof. The main theme of her talk could have been expressed in no better way than in the words of Rabbi Lazaron, "We shall never cease to marvel at the miracle of man and at the magnitude of God."

On March 8th, Mr. Mozealous, graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music and father of one of our own Normal students, spoke to us about the salient features of voice culture. After an exposition of the advance in vocal expression through the ages, he explained the

three phases of vocal culture to be stressed today; namely, breathing, pronunciation, and resonance. He called attention to the ever present demand for good speakers and to the physical as well as the cultural benefits to be derived from proper voice culture.

On March 13th, Mrs. Lowe talked to us, asking that we develop within ourselves a power of sharp discrimination in order that we may be able to influence children to apply standards of measurement to the material which they hear over the radio. To appreciate a really enduring musical selection, Mrs. Lowe said one must know the composition well and one must have heard it over and over again.

On March 16th, Dr. McCarthy, Professor at the University of Maryland Dental School, spoke of the necessity for cleaning the teeth regularly and well. He gave special instruction as to the proper manipulation of the tooth brush. This is the first of a series of lectures on oral hygiene for which the Normal School is indebted to the Dental College.

On March 21st, the members of the Chi Alpha Sigma devoted their time in the assembly to giving the student body a richer acquaintance with the state of Maryland. In doing so they utilized records, prints and literature to great advantage.

On March 23rd, Miss McComas gave an illustrated lecture on the art of the Renaissance as typified in France, Spain and Germany in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. She talked on the merits of some of the paintings of the period. I am sure that we of the Normal School appreciate to the fullest extent the fine work Miss McComas has done this year in giving us the benefit of her rich acquaintance with art.

On March 27th, the seventh grade of the Campus School, with the assistance of Miss Shegogue and Mr. Moser, gave a Maryland Day program. With orderly sequence they portrayed the main events of the history of Baltimore City, the knowledge of which should be a part of its every inhabitant.

On March 28th, the Senior Class, through the medium of short scenes from his plays, helped us to become more fully acquainted with the amazing versatility of Shakespeare.

On March 30th, Dr. B. B. Ide, a member of the State Board of Health, gave the second lecture on teeth. He based his talk on dental caries, explaining their cause.

On April 5th, as a culmination of Music Week, the seventh grade of the Campus School delighted us with their version of Negro music as portrayed in a Negro church. This was no mere entertainment; it was much more, having as it did an air of seriousness and sincerity. The second act of the program portrayed the lighter side of Negro life and the music helped to bring out the salient points.

On April 6th, through the auspices of Dr. Leonard of the State Department of Health, Dr. Ben Robinson, Dean of the Baltimore School of Dental Surgery, gave a scientific talk on "What the School Teacher Can Do to Improve Oral Hygiene in the Schools." He told us that the Normal School should instruct in oral hygiene and teach the necessity for such a phase in the elementary school. His reason for this statement is summed up in the purposes of oral hygiene and hygiene proper, which are: to make growth more perfect, life more vigorous, decay less rapid, and death more remote.

On April 10th, Dr. Roscoe Hyde, Head of the Department of Immunology at the School of Public Health and Hygiene of the Johns Hopkins University, gave a talk on the common cold. He explained the importance of colds in their tendency to lead to more serious diseases and in their expense to the nation. An interesting point of the lecture was the statement that scientists believe that the cause of the cold is due to an agent from a new, perhaps living, world, in which field are many possibilities of discovery and enlightenment.

On April 11th the Glee Club of Morgan College provided the audience with a program of vocal selections, including many old spirituals.

On April 18th, Dr. Wheeler, from the Pratt Library, spoke of the value of books to all people in all walks of life. He said that there was something potent and powerful in the ability to use books intelligently. Our duty as teachers should be to interest children in reading books.

On April 20th the assembly was given over to the New York Trip people.

On April 21st, Dr. Andrews, from the Johns Hopkins University, spoke on the "Contributions of Chemistry to Modern Thought and Life." He believes that the world is undergoing a social and economic revolution which can be traced back to chemistry, physics and other sciences. The steam engine and the Bessemer converter are only two examples of science causing a revolution in transportation. The changes in the next fifteen years will far surpass the changes which have occurred up to the present. This makes life and industry very unstable. The effect of chemistry on thought is just as marked. By the use of such concrete examples as the effect of a new method of curing rubber, upon competition, and the increased energy output of gasoline made possible by addition of lead tetraethyl to it he made very clear to us the profound effect of science on life in the industrial phase. An interesting note of the speech was the revelation that one could play quite a symphony with the vibrations of sulphuric acid. It is thus observed that science and æsthetics are closely related. He closed his talk with the observation that a scientific attitude is needed by everyone to make himself adaptable enough to meet the rapid changes that occur in life.

On April 25th, through the influence of the Mummer's League, Mrs. Quinn, of the Vagabond Theater in Baltimore, was our guest speaker. She was well qualified to speak of her work as director and actress in an organization of people who love the theater as an art, not as a purely business proposition. At the close of her talk she gave some requisites of acting.

On April 27th, Miss McComas gave another illustrated lecture dealing with modern art. She spoke of the influence of the French Revolution upon free expression and of the various schools of art which have recently been established: The Romanticists, The Realists, and The Impressionists. She commented on some of the greatest works of the exponents of each school.

On May 1st, Miss Dougherty of the Campus Elementary School gave an illustrated talk on various types of architecture with which she came in contact during her summer in Germany.

On May 2nd, Dr. Ralph Cleland of Goucher College spoke of the "Contributions of Biology to Modern Life and Thought." He presented a vivid picture of the world as it was and would be without the influences of biology.

On May 4th, Dr. MacCloud, from the American Red Cross Headquarters in Baltimore, was our guest. He spoke of the history of the Red Cross Organization as a vital factor in eliminating many accidental deaths. At the close of his talk Dr. MacCloud awarded Dr. Abercrombie a gold medal for her outstanding work in spreading the gospel of First Aid.

On May 5th, Dr. Reynolds of the Horace Mann School, Teachers College, Columbia University, talked on the subject, "What a Modern School Should Do For a Modern Child in a Modern World." With amazing ease and forceful purpose he told us that education should teach four things: To know things worth knowing, to do things worth doing so as to be a man of action and of character; to think straight, for, after all, life is a succession of choices and one must think straight to make the wisest choice; and to feel the realities of life. If education taught children these four things it would indeed be a marvelous and potent force.

ELISE SHUE.



### The Freshman Dance

THE freshmen on April 1st surprised themselves as well as the rest of the school by the huge success of their first social function. Misses Treut, Rutledge and Sperry were our hostesses and advisers.

The music was delightful because the far-famed leader Bob Iula himself and his orchestra played in their most artistic way. The color scheme of green, black and silver was supplemented by several large attractive easels which gave a studio atmosphere.

Jig-saw puzzles and cards were placed here and there for enjoyment. With such an evening of dance, color and companionship every Freshman voted the affair a huge success when the midnight bell tolled in the old tower clock.

M. R. Tongue, Freshman IV.

### The Rural Club Dinner

EMBERS of the Rural Club have learned to look forward to the annual spring dinner, and this year's event was no disappointment. The guests included Dr. Tall, Miss Scarborough, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Hulsizer, Miss Logan, Miss Stitzel, and the Student Council Presidents.

In a few words Miss Tall pointed out the advantages of a rural environment, urging us to make the most of our heritage. Time rolled back when Miss Scarborough pictured for us the "little old red schoolhouse" in which present rural America was educated. She pictured the little red schoolhouse as a real institution of learning despite its handicaps.

No Rural Club dinner would be complete without mention of the Glen project, and Miss Logan brought us the work of the Elementary School in connection with the tree and flower planting.

Does it seem possible that in the year of 1927-1928 there could be found, in lands not far distant from our own, schools in which the reading of the first grade consisted only of the alphabet and the traditional "a-b, ab; e-b, eb; i-b, ib," etc.? Yet this was the condition Mr. Allan Hulsizer found when he left Normal School in 1927 and became Superintendent of Public Instruction in Haiti.

The story of his work there—how he wrote his own textbooks, how he trained teachers in more modern and economical methods, how he spread modern health, knowledge—all was most interesting, though difficult to portray. The work being done in his own progressive school in Georgetown, Delaware, furnished illustrations of what modern progressive education may mean to a rural school. Each one present was inspired to see what he might make of modern progressive rural education in his own "little old red schoolhouse."

EUNICE BURDETTE.

#### Visions of Loveliness

Visions have I of loveliness Caught and hugged in close. Lest one remembered shade be lost I count them once again.

Color of sky and field fresh after rain, Red cool buds of an old oak tree And wind-blown grass. A plum tree choking with its own white loveliness.

Tall bronze walls of canyons broken by stiff green pines, Water rushing over rocks with quick, gurgling laughs. Chipmunks poking friendly noses around the corners of a rock, And the feel of their sun-warmed fur.

Blue incense of mountains rising mistily, Slant of sun on a lonely peak. Cold wind and Iceland poppies cupped with snow. A snowflake caught in fur.

A face lighted with a mystic glow, An inner halo—one long hushed moment.

MARGUERITE SIMMONS.

## Query

What is the meaning in a kiss, And what are its horizons? What is it, but a chain, to weight Those seeking wings, in promise?

Oh, I would rather give you, far The warmth of touch in sunlight—Distance free, like wind on sea. Music that stabs and stretches!

M. A. D.





North Campus

# What Art Might Do For Us

How many of us have felt the urge of crying or laughing when we knew that it was impossible to release those emotions? What did most of us do? We controlled those inward feelings until we found an opportune moment to display them. But not all of us take care of our other emotions in the same way.

Among our many acquaintances we find some people who like to express themselves through creation of visual material. (At times we

can hardly call it art.)

It is a common belief that those persons who are artistically inclined produce their best work when they have the strongest feelings surging through their bodies. Whether we believe that or not is another story.

Art, besides serving as an outlet for our emotions, helps us to see better line, mass and color in our daily surroundings. Art, like music and other classics, helps us to see the more beautiful phases of life.

Most of us are artists in one way or another. If we can arrange a room in a balance that is pleasing to the eye, if we can select our costume in colors that blend, if we can appreciate architecture that is

beautiful, then we have played the part of an artist.

We observe art work created by an artist and recreate it in our own minds. We see the artist's thoughts in his paintings, and our own thoughts are stirred. We transform colors. We picture different arrangements of line and shadows. When we observe purposefully we are being creative. It is not always necessary to create paintings and other forms of tangible art work in order to be artistic. Too many of us praise only those who have given us gorgeous paintings. It is true that they are worthy of recognition and praise, but let us not forget that every man is an artist if he leads a life that is a full life.

EUGENIA R. MATELIS, Junior II.

## Elections and Elections

NE of that great throng called poets tells us that "in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." However, I am inclined to believe that ye olde poet never attended college—or, if he did, he was not observant of the function of extra curricular activities. A young (college) man's fancy does not await spring to turn his thoughts to love, but spring does turn his thoughts to the elections in the various campus activities. These usually fall during April, at least they do at "dear old Crumbelhill College."

Elections are supposed to be fair, but often slips occur—well, not slips, but definitely laid plans. Here at "Crumbelhill" we have fraternities and sororities. Fraternities are bad enough—politically—but with

the addition of sororities, April becomes a perfect nightmare.

For example, lovely Laura Littleton is president of Cap and Bells, a very snobbish dramatic society. She is one of the Zeta Zeta Zetas. They are not very "powerful." But her boy friend, Hank Hawkins, is Kappa Theta Nu, and his fraternity is powerful. Now Hank has not done much around the campus. He is just a playboy, but through the efforts of his fraternity brothers, he had acquired several pretty little "gold du-lollies" (note to the editor—please spell this correctly, if you can) to wear on his watch chain. Ordinarily, these are called honorary fraternities, such as is O.K.D., but at the present moment, they have degenerated into nothing more than pawns of the powerful fraternities.

However, there is a third party, Pat Reilly, who has never "gone fraternity" due to many reasons, mostly financial. Pat has really worked hard in the activities, and considering that he has no fraternity to back

him, is known far and wide as a "leader."

Now (don't tell me you've guessed it), lovely Laura replaced industrious Pat in her affections for handsome Hank. Hank didn't say much when he was "ditched," but just bided his time until elections for O.D.K. should come up. Obviously, Pat should get O.D.K.—the campus expects it and wants it for him. However, April rolls around—elections are held. Hank and his cohorts mow down such sentiment, and Pat is left out in the cold, while some insignificant Kappa Theta Nu gets the gold du-lolly.

The students learn that Pat has been double-crossed, but do nothing, so used are they to such proceedings, and so the year comes to a

close.

But still the story isn't ended. Lovely Laura's sorority is writhing at the actions of despicable Kappa Theta Nu. Instead of forgetting all about it in the fall, enmity deepens, and as the years go on, a tradition that the Zetas and the Kappas are terrible enemies, becomes firmly fixed at "dear old Crumbelhill."

This is perhaps somewhat exaggerated, but the swapping of votes, personal prejudices and traditional animosity often sway elections which should be based entirely upon personal merit! The thing is endless. We are all aware of it yet docilely accept it. Why do we accept it?

All is not gold that glitters, and remember that there are various ways for the glitter in "du-lollies" to find its way to the boy friend's

watch chain.

A University Man.

# Comprehensive Study of Basketball Tests

#### INTRODUCTION

And all thoughts turn towards the test. It is only logical that after three months of strenuous and exhaustive practice the Freshmen should make some definite statement of their work; that is, an attempt to put their practices into theories. The following is simply a selection of questions and answers picked at random from the paper of one Lucy, an inspiring Freshman girl. It is needless to say that Lucy represents an average Freshman (which says quite a bit).

Excerpts from Lucy's test paper:

I.—What is a juggle?

It is difficult to state in words what a juggle is. I know what I want to write, but fate, with a powerful hand, is rendering me helpless. However, in a juggle, you throw the ball in the air and then try to catch it. ("'Try to catch' it is right," thinks Lucy.) In a word, a juggle is a dribble upside down.

II.—When do you advise a player to use the dribble or juggle?

That is the player's lookout. I had to guess-let him do it once.

III.—Describe a nine court basketball floor, using O to indicate one team and X to indicate the other.

A nine court basketball floor is divided into nine courts or stall-like affairs. Players are situated so that each court has an OX in it.

IV.—How close should one stand if one is guarding?

One stands relatively close to the person one is guarding, all other things being equal. Personally, I always stand two or more inches away from the person. This distance arouses that coolly detached feeling so necessary between two opponents.

V.—What things would you advise a player trying to catch the ball to do to be sure of maintaining his balance?

First the player should have a good grip on the ball—that is most essential. Then, to keep his balance, he should maintain a state of calm dignity with both feet on the floor. If there is any danger of toppling, it is always helpful to fix the eyes steadfastly on some object which is not in an out-of-the-way place—such as the floor, ceiling, or other non-movable objects.

VI.—Why do you play nine court instead of regulation basketball?

To be frank, I had little to say in the matter. It was simply a matter of not acting anti-social.

VII.—Describe all the movements of a chest throw.

Hold ball so that the lacing is on top. Press elbows firmly into ribs with right foot slightly ahead of the other. Bend slowly, keeping the back straight, but allowing the arms to move in a slow circular motion. Then with lightning speed shoot the hands forward, letting go the ball and bringing the body up to rest. All you can do after that is pray the ball goes through the basket.

VIII.—In learning the forward roll, what is a good position for starting in respects to hands, feet? Give the exact words you would use with a learner in telling what to do next.

Place both feet on the floor. Hands should be palm downward and touching floor—the right hand to the left of the right foot and the left hand in the same position, using the left foot as a guide instead of the right foot. "Give yourself a vigorous push originating in the heels and traveling rapidly over the curved body with enough strength to push the head under. The rest of the body bends under with the head. Then uncurl yourself and try to stand up without using any hands."

IX.—What is a good position to start the backward roll?

Sit comfortably if you can and think of something pleasant. Do not think about the roll. Bend the arms in half so that the back of the hands touch the front of the shoulders. The position of the head is immaterial to me. I surmise that the usual position will do quite well.

X.—What position should one remember to maintain during the backward roll?

One can roll better if one is more or less curled up. Then you don't have to bother about what is happening to the various members of your body if they are all near you.

#### CONCLUSION

Lucy, having completed the test, felt that all the knowledge she had ever had had been drained from her. She thought that she might get a "B" if all the others were in the same boat as she, but, then, as Lucy says, "That's just another thought. I really haven't any backing for it."

ELEANOR GOEDEKE, Freshman III.

## Demonstration of All by All

N the evening of Thursday, March 9th, lights were lighted in the auditorium of the Maryland State Normal School for a gala occasion—the Seventh Annual Physical Education Demonstration. This year the event was a unique affair, in that for the first time three classes participated, and the Junior class won. The scores, based upon the average marks of the activities presented in the various classes, proved exceedingly close, as the following shows: Juniors, 67.95; Fresh-

men, 62.91; Seniors, 55.53.

Stimulated by a new spark of enthusiasm, girls hurried across the campus for a prompt start at the long anticipated event. The Juniors and Freshmen took their places in the auditorium and awaited the entrance of the Seniors, who, in a fashion befitting their dignity, marched to their seats in a body headed by their two cheer leaders. The Frosh and Juniors rose and cheered vociferously for the "selected few." At a signal, Juniors started a grand Inaugural Parade down Pennsylvania Aisle and broadcasted through the efforts of Floyd Gibbons, Ted Husing, and Graham McNamee. All the celebrities were there. At the head of the procession was "THE" band and famous bandmaster, followed by President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Vice-President and Mrs. Garner, Al Smith, Tom Mix riding on Tony, Governor Ritchie, other governors and senators. Every available moment stunts and cheers were given by all three classes. The Seniors sang and depicted the sad plight in store for the Juniors and Freshmen. The Juniors imitated and slaughtered the Frosh, while the "youngsters" swept the Juniors out.

Soon the demonstration of the physical education work started. Dances, stunts, and basketball skills were presented by all available students as outgrowths of the regular physical education periods as a demonstration of the work actually done in these periods. Throughout the events there was the true spirit of giving the very best. The performance of the entire group was excellent. Particularly effective were

the Bean Setting Dance, Rufty Tufty, and the Three Dance.

#### THE PROGRAM

1 Seniors—Bean Setting (English Morris Dance).

Junior XI—Rufty Tufty (English Country Dance).
 Freshman V—Hop, Mother Annika; Gustaf's Skoal (Swedish Folk Dances).

4 Seniors, Junior VIII and X, Freshman II—Basketball Passing Relay.

6 Freshman VI—Norwegian Mountain March, "Come, Let Us Be Joyful" (German).

7 Junior IV and IX, Freshman I-Stunts.

8 Junior I and II—Three Dance (Danish Folk Dance).

9 Freshman III and IV—Swedish Clap Dance (Bummel Schottische).

10 Seniors, Junior VIII and X, Freshman II—Rope Skipping Relay, Goal Shooting Relay.

#### SONG CONTEST

When the above program was completed each class lined up to sing its class songs—Juniors on the left of the auditorium, Freshmen on the right, and Seniors in the center. No one knew who was the winner, and after the songs had been sung we were as much in the dark as before. All were excited. Already keyed to a high pitch, Miss Tall worked us up to the topmost notch before presenting the cup to Miss Rutledge, '34's adviser. After many jubilant, congratulatory and disappointing exclamations the classes fused again to become not distinct groups, but students—students proud of Maryland State Normal School. All voices rang out to the strain of Alma Mater.

On receiving the loving cup Miss Rutledge said she thought of many threes and none seemed just right, but when she thought of the Senior class, the Junior Class, and the Freshman Class—THAT was right. I thought of many things when I saw the three classes arranged for the singing, and foremost appeared the significance of the unconscious formation of the letter U, which in my mind stood for US—one united group, merging for the good of all, and ever striding upward.

SELMA TYSER, Junior XI.

## Nine Court Basketball

Ast year Nine Court Basketball was inaugurated at Normal in those classes under the direction of Miss Roach. This adaptation of the regular basketball game is a means of allowing more individuals to play and so have more students better learn the skills and rules of the game. This year all classes played Nine Court Basketball, and, as a culmination of the work done in regular gym periods, time was given after school for a play-off to find the winning section team of the school.

The following is the result of the play-off:

#### JUNIORS AND SENIORS

Junior IV and IX (Miss Roach) vs. Junior IV and IX (Miss Daniels), 14 to 1.

Junior I and II vs. Junior XI, 8 to 2. Junior VIII and X vs. Junior IV and IX, 1 to 2. Junior I and II vs. Seniors, 13 to 0. Junior I and II vs. Junior IV and IX, 1 to 3.

#### **FRESHMEN**

Freshman VI vs. Freshman III and IV, 8 to 5. Freshman I vs. Freshman V, 1 to 6. Freshman II vs. Freshman VI, 7 to 4. Freshman II vs. Freshman V, 4 to 7.

Final game: Junior IV and IX vs. Freshman V, 4 to 5.

Freshman V, the section that proved itself to be victors of the school, had a team composed of the following players: Curley, Thomas, Eckstein, Heuisler, Hoke, Karney, Swope, Claytor.

S. Tyser, Junior XI.

#### Youth

By CHARLES BROWN You see youth as a joyous thing About which love and laughter cling; You see youth as a joyous elf Who sings sweet songs to please himself. You see his laughing, sparkling eyes To take earth's wonder with surprise. You think him free from cares and woes, And naught of fears you think he knows, You see him tall, naïvely bold. You glimpse these things, for you are old.

But I, I see him otherwise-An unknown fear within his eyes. He works and plays, and never knows Where he is called nor why he goes. Each youth sustains within his breast A vague and infinite unrest. He goes about in still alarm, With shrouded future at his arm, With longings that can find no tongue. I see him thus, for I am young.

> From Younger Poets: An Anthology, edited by Nellie B. Sergent.

D. Appleton & Company, 1932.

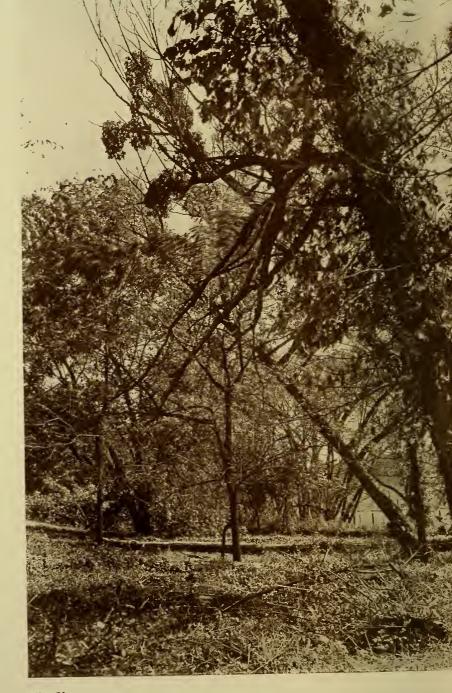
#### So What?

GARDING the recent "ways and means" council of war over at Richmond Hall, the best we can manage is a would-be flippant "So what?" The two-hour discussion could have been boiled down to one concise, all-explaining remark, "There are no jobs," and that remark, being the by-word of the present "world crisis" (are we quoting, or aren't we?) isn't calculated to brighten anyone's outlook in these times. Seriously, though, there simply isn't any work of any kind to be had in this year of grace. Why gripe over the lack of demand for teachers? Consider the humble stenogs—there are three hundred of them for every teacher without a class. We didn't pay to come to Normal—not as higher education goes, or rather costs—it wasn't obligatory. It was purely a matter of choice, and that choice didn't carry a goldedged guarantee. We knew, or should have realized, before we even registered that only the best of our class would be given positions. Kipling's Jungle Law takes care of that nicely. Even way back in the halcyon pre-depression days that "best" couldn't possibly have included all. So what? So even then some of us wouldn't have made the grade. In these lean days the percentage of "grade-makers" is practically nil. No matter what choice we had made back in 1930 the results would have been the same today. "There are no jobs" is the motto on the wall for all the professions.

As for the chief bone of contention at the "discussion"—the married teacher-why pick on her? After all, she must have had some grey matter to have arrived where she is. Even in the good old B.C. days (before the crash, to you) would-be teachers weren't eased into lucrative positions simply because they thought seven-year-olders "just too sweet for words" and cherished an abiding desire to mold the tender minds. Any student teacher can tell you how very much more than maudlin sentimentality is needed for that job of molding. If those married ones had the ability when they began, obviously they must still have it. So what? Who are we to say we'd make better teachers (that is, if we had their jobs)? There certainly is room for improvement in the teaching profession (if this be treason—?). There are teachers who should be almost anywhere else except in front of a class. But that's no reason for singling out the ones with wedding rings. The ones who should be set aside are those who make a habit of absence. There are in all seriousness—teachers who average a week home out of every month —and they're not half so rare as those proverbial "hen's teeth." Sentimentalists in need of an outlet might consider the puzzled youngster wading through a term under the so-called guidance of one of these



Dormitory Garden



The Glen

chronic truants. Every two or three weeks he must meet and adjust himself to a new personality. His work, his learning process (again we quote), his whole school life for a few days is practically at a standstill. Not so very hard on the X child, but think of the poor Y and the Z. A substitute can carry on work already begun, but very rarely can she give that personal help the slow child needs so badly. So what? So Group I marches in place, while Group III falls by the wayside to wait for the regular teacher to come back and lead them up to the rest. Then next month-if not sooner-the whole thing happens all over again. In a school term it's a full time job for a regular teacher keeping Group III in line with the rest. If that regular teacher hands the slow child over to a substitute five or six-or even two or threetimes in the course of a term, how can he possibly be expected to keep up? Naturally he drops behind, and in the due course of events gets himself classified as mentally "weak" or even as a problem. All he needs is someone he knows—and who knows him and his needs—to be always on the job to help him and show him the way. No substitute can do that in the short time she has the class. A teacher who makes a habit of staying home—for real or fancied reasons (there are such) has no business teaching. She's not playing fair with herself nor with the seven-year-old. If she has poor health she shouldn't be holding down such an all-important position. Would-be teachers must meet stringent health standards, so why not the appointed teacher with her full time job of getting the best from her charges?

So what should be the attitude of a teacher? What have I to offer that puts me in a preferred class professionally? Do I know my work and carry it on better than others married or single? Am I never lazy

or indifferent in regard to my work?

V. STINCHCUN, '32.

## Seen and Heard

Paced by the fact that this is to be our last attempt to slap together enough nonsense in a manner supposedly humorous, ye editor sinks to the depths. Our conscience has forced us just a trifle too far. In the search for startling announcements we have made a real find. We now know that "A. Nony Mous" is not the real editor of this column, but that you have been plagued by a most conscientious fault-finder who dares sign his name to this feeble attempt at the nonsensical.

THE TOWER LIGHT has not appeared now for two months, but we have the real lowdown on its non-appearance. Oh, yes, we know you were told it was the bank situation. Well, maybe it was, but here is what ye editor surmises. Have you visited the new T. L. (Tower LIGHT

to you) office? Well, the staff had become so accustomed to a pigeon hole office that it has taken them exactly two months to become adjusted to their new surroundings. Can you imagine being able to sit down and write (even this) without pushing Shakespeare off Miss Munn's desk. Can you feature being able to consult Webster without dropping this worthy volume on some trembling Freshman awaiting a conference? We consider these conditions the realization of a long-sought dream.

After three years of the same drivel we expected to become quite calloused and pessimistic toward such things as spring, spring fever and its subsequent tribulations. Still a responsive chord was struck within us to witness the innocent development of this thing called love among the student body.

May we ask was it the spring weather that caused a certain Senior to write a feminine name all over the cover of his notebook.

Was it the attraction of the blooming violets that caused the Freshman and Junior class presidents to visit the glen on the same day. (Of course, they didn't go together.)

Denials are in order, but we are inclined to believe it has been the spring weather that enticed Mr. President of the Junior class to be seen rather consistently with a certain dormitory Junior. May we ask, Mr. Pres., is this being independent?

While discussing class offices, you may probably have noticed that Mr. Pres. of the Freshman class and Miss Pres. of the Resident Student Council are rather busily engaged. Rather important administrative business, we imagine.

Do not overlook the vice-presidents who are unusually active when compared to other vice-presidents. It seems that Mr. Vice-Pres. for the Junior class has become quite interested in the radio in Richmond Hall Parlor, but then again it may not be the radio. Who knows?

We naturally disregard the affairs and activities of the Senior class, since we feel that they are above reproach in every way.

It has been such a long time since ye editor has written this type of column that he has been reduced to a palpable state on account of the professionals and others.

May we recommend for the Hall of Fame the idea to give proceeds of a basketball game for a scholarship fund? Why not in the next year select two games for each sport and definitely call them scholarship games? The game might be followed by a dance. I am sure that the student body and our visitors would be very favorably impressed by something of this kind.

Isn't it queer that all three classes have men presidents? More partiality?

The Freshmen and Juniors deserve special mention for the excellent dances sponsored by these two groups. The Freshmen did very well. The Junior dance . . . well . . . low lights . . . soft music . . . a moonlit night . . . and one o'clock. Revolutionary!

It seems like such a long time since the New York trip that we can't say much about it, but it will be a long time before we forget the good time.

Space will not permit us to say "I told you so." However, we were quite satisfied with the student choice of officers. Here's wishing them a successful term.

The Men's Revue deserves special mention. The affair was produced and presented to a large gathering. The affair was well supported especially by the Alumni, to whom the Men's Revue presented an opportunity for a homecoming.

Miss Weyforth is to be congratulated on the fine performance of

the operetta, which was presented in excellent fashion.

After viewing the show, we have decided to emulate that Hollywood director who dissected the various stars and put together different parts of different people to make his conception of the ideal individual. Here is our attempt to provide a perfect male:

Form like Stanley Maleski. Face like Jean Benbow. Agility of Lou Harris. Athletic ability of George Rankin. Voice of Harvey Nichols. Piano ability of Herman Miller. Violin ability of Leonard Kulacki. Will power of Henry Kitt. Artistic ability of Charlie Meigs. Dancing ability of Gerson Woolf. Logic of Jimmy Dugan.

Have you noticed that the three Council officers consistently fill the first three seats on the platform. As a suggestion we recommend that these chairs be labeled to inform the lowly class officers that they

rightly belong to the Council presidents.

We gather the following from the files in the Health Office. It seems that on the final health examination required of all Seniors, one of the group (a Senior, too) filled in the blank which required the "marital state" of the individual with the word "Maryland." Another Senior scratched over the above-mentioned phrase and wrote the words "no-single."

In parting, may we offer a few words. We wish to apologize to any individual who may have come to the attention of ye editor and

been held up to the eyes of the school. Anything that may have been mentioned was said in a manner intended to be humorous, not mean.

We are sincerely sorry to be leaving the school. To say more would put your columnist in a sentimental vein of writing, a condition we have tried to avoid in all our writings. We wish you "happy landings" in all your future endeavors. For the last three years we have striven to a certain degree to be anonymous (you may say, "I knew it all the time"). We are reasonably sure it is for the best that we did remain anonymous, due to the fact that the editor of this prattle has been threatened many times.

Saying . . . so long . . . thanking you for your interest . . . we

leave . . . just . . .

EDWARD GERSUK.

## Emerson's Self-Reliance

Perhaps one of the most inspiring statements made by Emerson in his "Essay on Self-Reliance" is the one in which he says that a young college graduate who hasn't received his desired reward after a few years has no right to be discouraged and dissatisfied with life.

Emerson, when he wrote this essay, may or may not have foreseen a period of depression such as the one in which we are now living. Emerson may or may not have reacted favorably were he living now and were he now a young college graduate. However, it is not with

Emerson's reaction that we are concerned, but with our own.

To those of you who are now Seniors and who soon will be college graduates with no immediate reward in view, and to those of you who will not be fortunate enough to return to school next year to continue in search of the reward you desire, I put this question: Are you going to go on living hopelessly, disheartened, and dissatisfied, or are you going to go on and make life worth living by exercising the powers given you? As Emerson says, "Let a Stoic open the resources of man, and tell men they are not leaning willows but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust new powers shall appear."

Louis Rachanow, Senior.

A conjuror was producing eggs from a hat. He addressed little Peter in the front row:

"Your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Peter.

"How's that?"

"She keeps ducks."



Students' Room



Newell Hall Dining Room



#### **Future**

Wilma Smith and Ida Hausman—These two are "internationally minded." Probably they will become the traveling research workers of an international library.

Mike Salzman-We don't know what Mike will do. Perhaps the

stage? (He is at his best when embarrassed.)

Martha Smith will be an unselfish worker in her community. Her

kind-heartedness will merit her the title of "a good neighbor."

Margaret Spehnkouch—"Spen" will be the vivacious leader of "the younger married set" of her church.

Marianne Simpson will make a fine "little lady." We see her among

fragile tea cups.

Mary Wright shall spend day upon day and night upon night with-

out sleep, without food, delving into old volumes.

Genevieve Shules is a perplexing individual, when one tries to fit her into one mode of life only. Whether she becomes an artist in some field or sticks to the domestic life, her feeling for drama will translate her life into something vivid and intense.

Louis Rachanow will intersperse his teaching with homely philosophy

and bits of wit.

Marguerite Kimball, Ruth Michel, and Marguerite Kurrle, though living very different lives, will "get together" in private life to form a delightful "Tish, Aggie and Lizzie" combination (Mary Roberts Rinehart) in their propensity for "doing things."

Gladys Quatman fits best into a future of bungalow aprons, flower

gardens, and a sunny kitchen with the odor of baking cookies.

Elnetia Ewing's questioning attitude, and feeling for responsibility

will serve her in working out some philanthropic purpose in life.

Ruth Caples—Her nature is too elusive to "lay a finger on," or label. No phase of life will be able to hold all of her. She will always be young, because she is close to flowers, and stars, and earth.

Helen Cox has a deft manner in short story writing. Her palm

indicates a life of artistic expression.

Eunice Burdette—A fine girls' school down South will look to her for guidance, as its principal.

Martha Bennett, as a wise and fine teacher, will be the type whose

"boys and girls" will come back, years after leaving school.

Fannie Chadakowsky would make a devoted wife, and a fondly, anxious mother.

Ben Kremen has enough humor, dogged persistence and sense to fashion him into the kind of successful man who would recall his boyhood with a chuckle.

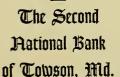
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OF A FRIEND

## Birthday Party

THE Birthday Party for the men in residence was held on March 16, 1933, at Newell Hall.

Our guests were Dr. David M. Robinson of Johns Hopkins, Dr. John R. Abercrombie, Mr. Donald Minnegan, Mr. F. Curt Walter, Mr. Harold E. Moser, Mr. Robert C. Calder, Mr. Daniel R. Finn, and Mr. Clement Erhart.

The table was decorated in St. Patrick style. The menu included Emerald Isle Cocktail, St. Patrick's Broth, Roast Stuffed Blarney (pig), Praties, Millarney Shot, Paddies Meat, Romantic Bits, Baked Shamrocks, the Eating of the Green, Pride of Erin a la Mode, Home Brew (withdrawn at last minute due to the fact that it was still illegal), and Brag and Bluff.

Dr. Robinson gave us a short talk suitable for the occasion. Mr. Walther gave a talk on Baltimore, 4000 A. F. (After Ford), copyrighted by Mr. Walther.

Mr. Moser challenged any Irishman present to answer three questions, with the response "yes." He also made a ten-cent bet with his opponent. Mr. Finn accepted the challenge. The first question was, "Do you or do you not think that Mr. Minnegan is a bluff?" Answer, "Yes." The second question was, "If your mother was standing barefooted in the snow at your door, would you refuse her shelter?" Answer, "Yes." The third question was, "If you win this bet, will you return my money?" Answer, "Yes."

JOHN F. OWINGS, Freshman IV.



















